

Working wives are here to stay
Gordon Sinclair—the legend and the man
Beginning: The Fabulous Dunsmuir
Why they pick the wrong mate



HOMES '61

11 pages packed with
new decorating ideas
from three
award-winning
houses

Does she...or doesn't she?



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Though every season, every age has its own special beauty, *she* knows that the quality of freshness never loses its appeal. Her hair is soft and shiny, the color rich, sparkling, fresher than the freshest blossom. She keeps it that way with Miss Clairol. With Miss Clairol, it's quick and easy and it looks so natural. Besides, it keeps her hair in beautiful condition—so silky to the touch!

That's why hairdressers everywhere prefer Miss Clairol to all other haircolorings . . . recommend it as the haircoloring that truly lives up to its promise. Its automatic color timing is most dependable. And Miss Clairol *really* covers gray. But best of all, it keeps hair lively, lovely, so natural-looking! Takes only minutes. Try Miss Clairol, yourself. Today. Creme Formula or Regular.



MISS CLAIROL HAIR COLOR BATH*

THE NATURAL-LOOKING HAIR COLORING • MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ALL OTHER HAIRCOLORING COMBINED

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*Reg'd Trade Mark



EDITORIAL

Are Canadian magazines doomed?

THIS MONTH I want to talk about the future of CHATELAINE. Or to put it more bluntly, will there be a CHATELAINE — or any Canadian magazine at all — in another ten years?

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But the game, as played by some U. S. publications, is *not* fair. Advertising is the source of revenue for any magazine. Two U. S. publications, Reader's Digest and Time, have been adding to their ready-made U. S.-produced magazines in which all articles, photographs and artwork have been paid for in the U. S., a few pages of Canadian material and calling themselves "Canadian editions." Then, parading as Canadian magazines, they have replaced all their U. S. advertising pages with Canadian advertisements. As a result they each end up with a magazine full of Canadian advertising for the cost of producing a few pages of editorial material. The situation is the same as if a U. S. manufacturer started to dump flour or electrical appliances on Canadian markets without having to pay for his wheat or his steel. Could Canadian farmers or manufacturers who pay for raw materials and every step in the production of their goods, meet that kind of competition? Can you imagine with what indignant speed the U. S. Government would react if Canadian magazines were being unloaded on the U. S. market in the same way?

Freedom of the press is *not* at issue

There is *no* threat at all to our "freedom of the press," although some newspapers, and certainly Time and Reader's Digest, have tried to create this impression. *We are the first to assert the right of any and all genuine U. S. publications to be sold in Canada.*

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Now the question is: are Canadian magazines, presenting as they do a Canadian viewpoint and helping to promote as they do a Canadian identity, worth preserving or not? Surely this report, unlike many other Royal Commission reports, will not gather dust at Ottawa while our few remaining Canadian magazines die off one by one — as they surely will — in this unequal struggle?

Doris McCubbin Anderson
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER 1961, Vol. 34, No. 9

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ANOTHER FASHION FIRST... THE FORWARD-LIFT BRA

with that **Formfit** *feeling!*

m-m-m-m... a new look for you,

Formfit Bra 552

Bewitching new magic... delightful new
flattery with the Forward-Lift line. The magic...
youthful, uplifting reinforcement in lower cup...
cloud-soft ladder stitched cups...
elastic front comfort release... delicate Nylon lace
combined with cotton broadcloth.

Welcome Autumn with this new fashion look...

that Formfit feeling. Formfit 552 — **\$250**

Sizes A 32-36; B and C 32-38.

Matching longline — Sizes B 32-40;

C 34-42. — Style 652. \$4.00

Pretty companion to 552... Forward-Lift bandeau
with moulding Polynet lining in cups. Sizes A 32-36;
B and C 32-38. Style 553. **\$4.00**

Matching longline — Sizes B 32-40; C 32-42;
D 34-44. Style 653. \$6.00

Shown with today's fashion must — a new long leg
Skippies pantie girdle. Satin elastic front panel.
2½" waistband S. M. L. XL. White. Style 898.

\$6.50



THE FORMFIT COMPANY • TORONTO • PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SYDNEY

WHAT'S NEW WITH US

Jean Yack with actor Charlton Heston:
a jog-trot before breakfast.



How a star keeps fit

As a staff of enthusiastic volatile females, Chatelaine's editors frequently take their own advice. That's why so many of us are busily doing push ups according to the **RCAF XBX plan** (CHATELAINE, October 1960). When one of our muscle women, associate editor **Jean Yack** met actor **Charlton Heston**, the conversation just naturally seemed to centre on exercise. Keeping fit is particularly important to Heston for the many athletic roles, such as *Ben-Hur*, that he plays in movies. His method is to jog-trot in a plastic gym suit for about fifteen minutes every day before breakfast. His wife **Lydia** prefers a less sticky, strenuous method of keeping trim. She practices on a ballet bar at home.

Diary of a working writer

Just out of personal curiosity, **Patricia Young**, author of our three-part series, *The Fabulous Dunsmuir* (page 38), kept an account of her labors on this fascinating tale of the famous west-coast family. Here it is: forty-five hours of interviewing, two hundred and eighty hours of research, twenty hours of telephoning, eight hundred miles of travel. She went through one thousand news clippings, five years of microfilm, five thousand pages of court testimony. She made four hundred pages of notes, typed seventy-five thousand words, used ten thousand sheets of paper, hammered her way through five typewriter ribbons and consumed four bottles of aspirins.



Patricia Young.

Pat Young was born in England and began writing at the age of twelve. She now has twenty-one

novels to her credit. She came to Canada in 1946 to do a lecture tour and settled in Vancouver. CHATELAINE ran her story of how she suffered a brain tumor, nearly went blind and then recovered, "I'm Glad I Died a Little," in December 1960.

Just recently she received a **Canada Council grant** to do research on B. C. pioneers. She lives in a large rambling house in the Shaughnessy district of Vancouver with her mother, and works on an old school desk in what she describes as "utter confusion."

New editor for Teen Tempo

Wendy Williams, our new *Teen Tempo* editor, was born in Liverpool, England, but grew up in Hamilton, Ont. Being of Welsh de-



Wendy interviews ballet expert Betty Oliphant for October issue.

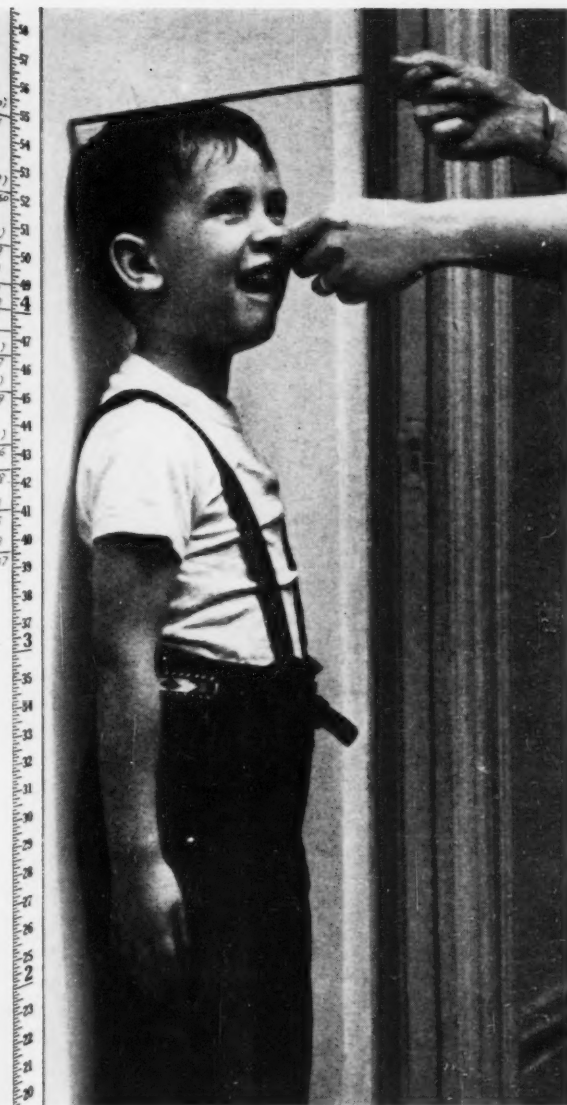
scent, she was steered toward a singing career by her family and took part in several musical comedies. She has held a wide variety of jobs, including women's editor of a large company paper, writing fashion advertising copy, office manager in a public-relations firm, and hostess of a radio show.

Her hobbies are singing, tennis, dramatics and designing clothes. She says she loves dancing, South American music, shrimp cocktails, colonial furniture and cocker spaniels. She dislikes ironing, doing dishes, knitting, red and cats.

What's New Continued on page 5

Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa. For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

Johanne (10)
Aug 1961
Johanne (9)
Aug 1960
Johanne (8)
Aug 1959
Mary (8)
Aug 1961
Johanne (7)
Aug 1958
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Johanne (5)
Aug 1956
Mary (5)
Aug 1958
Johanne (4)
Aug 1955
Mary (4)
Aug 1957



Will he "measure up" in his school work, too?

"Chin up! Shoulders back! Stand tall!"
"You're a big boy now—ready for school."

What about your youngster? Even though he may appear to be in tip-top condition—like the one shown here—it is a sensible idea to have his health checked before school opens.

Your child's doctor will be alert to problems—both physical and emotional—that could interfere with your youngster's school progress. For example, he might have some slight and unsuspected defects of his eyes or ears which, if attended to now, could prevent difficulty later on.

And when you see the doctor, you can talk with him about your child's health habits. If, for instance, he skips or barely eats breakfast, he will have a

poor start for his day's work at school.

Now's the time to make sure, too, about your child's protection against the communicable or "catching" diseases. Are his immunizations up-to-date against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and smallpox? Protection against influenza is also given to some children.

A preschool check-up could make the difference between a good or a disappointing year at school—for children who are entering, as well as those who are returning to school.

To supplement your doctor's advice, Metropolitan Life will send you its informative booklet, *ABC's of Childhood Disease*. Simply fill out and return the coupon below for your free copy.

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTCARD

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H. W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada
Please send me the free booklet
"ABC's of Childhood Disease." 90L



**Metropolitan
Life**
INSURANCE COMPANY
A MUTUAL COMPANY

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Four easiest ways you've ever seen to keep your rooms all Bissell clean



Now! Shampoo your rugs as easily as running a carpet sweeper

Just fill the new Bissell Automatic Shampoo Master, then run it over your rug. Instantly, ground-in dirt and dingy film disappear. Rugs come color-bright clean in minutes. Bissell Rug Shampoo has twice the cleaning power of other brands. Suggested retail: Shampoo Master, \$12.95; Rug Shampoo from \$2.39.



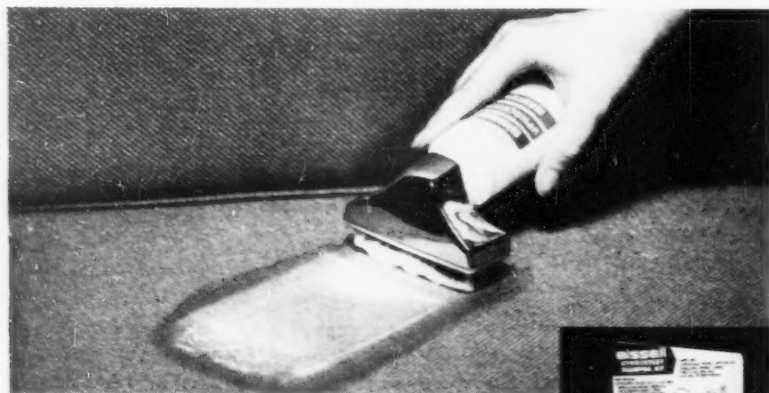
The Cleanest homes depend on a Bissell Sweeper

The perfect answer for daily carpet cleaning . . . Bissell's "2-minute-pick-up" gets harmful dirt, crumbs and dust out before they're ground in. Cuts your heavy cleaning time in half, eliminates daily lugging and plugging. Ask any department or hardware store for the Bissell Grand Rapids, Capri, Flight, Reliance or Champion. From \$8.95.



Fastest way yet to remove dirt and wax from tile floors

No more dirt or "yellowed" wax sticking to your floors. Bissell's amazing new Floor Shampoo removes clinging dirt and old wax from linoleum, asphalt, vinyl, rubber and cork tile. So . . . you get best results yet when rewaxing. Use with the Bissell Sponge Master Mop for easier application. Floor Shampoo 98¢; Sponge Master Mop \$3.98.



Foam-clean an upholstered chair in only 20 minutes. And you don't even get your hands wet when you use the Bissell Upholstery Shampoo Kit. Just pour the shampoo in the applicator handle, add water and brush away. Bissell's "controlled" foam-cleaning gives you radiantly clean upholstery . . . color-fresh, like new! Handy, too, for cleaning car interiors. Suggested retail \$2.98.



FREE!

Get this large 22 oz. can of
Bissell Rug Shampoo

(regular \$2.39) Free when you buy a Bissell Deluxe Shampoo Master at only \$9.95.



You save 31¢ on every 12 oz. can of Bissell Upholstery Shampoo. Regular \$1.29 . . . yours for only 98¢.

SAVE 31¢



These 2 special offers are available for a limited time only at most Supermarkets, hardware, houseware and Department stores. Get yours today!

TO KEEP YOUR HOME **Bissell** CLEAN
Bissell Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.



WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR

CHATELAINE'S fourth annual **Club Award** contest brought us scores of letters and folders from hamlets, towns and cities all over Canada, and it wasn't until the field was narrowed to ten finalists that a clear-cut winner emerged. For prodigious fund-raising and sustained endeavor on behalf of the community's children, CHATELAINE gives its **1961 Club Award plaque** and a cheque for **one hundred dollars** to the



KINETTE CLUB OF BARRHEAD, ALTA.

The runners-up in our contest were: the twenty-one-member **ARROW LAKES HOSPITAL AUXILIARY OF NAKUSP, B.C.**, who win fifty dollars and second place; and the fifty-two members of the **WINDSOR, N.S., HON. H. E. KENDALL CHAPTER, IODE**, who receive the twenty-five dollar third prize for outstanding effort in the field of education.

Seven others rate applause

Honorable Mention certificates go to: the sixteen-member **Little Prairie Ladies' Club of Chetwynd, B.C.**, for building and stocking a village library; the **London, Ont., Venture Club**, whose twenty-two career-girl members give many hours a month to entertaining handicapped and psychiatric patients; the **Mary Martha Fellowship of Chalmers United Church, Kingston, Ont.**, for consistently imaginative community work; the forty-six members of the **Battlefield Chapter, IODE, Stoney Creek, Ont.**, who escort retarded children to and from school every day of the year; the **Blue Star Chapter 825 of Montreal B'nai B'rith** for the variety of its welfare work; the **Winnipeg Jaycettes** for showing a film to twenty thousand school pupils on the danger of talk-

ing to strangers; and the **St. Vincent de Paul Ladies of Assumption Cathedral, Moncton, N.B.**, for extending their services beyond parish boundaries.

Why the Kinettes won

The twenty-nine-member **Kinette Club** in **Barrhead, Alta.**, won the judges' unanimous approval for fulfilling a promise to pay for and build a community wading pool for children. By last fall the club had raised seventy-five hundred dollars for construction of a kidney-shaped pool in a park being developed by their Kinsmen-husbands. Through the winter funds were raised to erect a fence around the pool in time for this summer's opening.

The club also conducts Red Cross swimming lessons for older children at a nearby lake, runs teen-age dances, and has for the past few years conducted daily kindergarten classes from Septem-



Kinettes N. Gies, W. Litke, O. Metcalfe, J. Hosack join young waders.

ber to May, a service otherwise not available in the community.

The energetic Kinettes run concession booths and a beauty contest at the Barrhead Stampede and Rodeo, put on rummage and bake sales, hold raffles and provide catering. For these, and other good works, CHATELAINE congratulates Barrhead's twenty-nine Kinettes. Their average age, they tell us, is twenty-seven and all of them have young families.

What's New Continued on page 6

Now you can easily make these **LUXURIOUS HOOKED RUGS!**

"Rosemary" — No. 945C

"Spanish Grille" — No. 171

Just two of the 67 different designs you'll see in the new book of Shillcraft Rugs.

No frames
... No yarn-cutting
... No experience needed



SEND TODAY FOR NEW FULL-COLOR 24-PAGE BOOK. SHOWS YOU 67 DESIGNS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. PLUS ACTUAL 100% WOOL SAMPLES

- See 67 exquisite "Shillcraft" designs, including contemporary, traditional, Early American—in ovals, circulars, semi-circulars, rectangulars—in 161 different sizes.
- Learn how you can create a perfect heirloom-quality rug your very first try. No frames. No yarn-winding or cutting thanks to "Readicut" Rug Yarn. Do it at a table, even while watching TV. Thousands are enjoying this fascinating, rewarding hobby.
- See how to order by mail at direct-from-importer savings. Not available in stores.



Get everything you need by mail . . . direct from importer.

- "READICUT" MOTH-PROOFED 100% WOOL 6-PLY RUG YARN IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND. Only Shillcraft offers rug yarn cut to size. No winding or cutting. Guarantees evenly rich, extra thick, deep and luxurious rug pile.
- STURDY ENGLISH CANVAS-PATTERN STENCILLED IN FULL COLOR. Match "Readicut" rug yarn to colors on the canvas. You can't make an error.
- SHILLCRAFT PATENTED LATCHET HOOK. Ties wool to canvas easily, quickly and so tightly it cannot pull out, even in vacuuming. Instructions in 24-page book. MAKE A COMPLETE RUG FOR AS LITTLE AS \$11. Use our pay-as-you-go plan, if you wish. As little as \$5 gets you started. (See Rug Book for details.)

SHILLCRAFT RUG KITS BACKED BY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. To get book, send 25c in coin to: Shillcraft, Dept. F-36, 106 Hopkins Place, Balto. 1, Md. In Canada write "Shillcraft," Dept. F-36, 2485 St. Patrick St., Montreal 22, P.Q.



MAIL COUPON NOW
get new
24-page book
in full color plus
wool color card
immediately.

"SHILLCRAFT" Dept. F-36, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Md.

Please send me your new 24-page Shillcraft Readicut Rug Book plus actual samples of 100% Wool Rug Yarn. I enclose 25c in coin to cover handling cost, but otherwise there is no cost or obligation.

NAME.....
PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....PROV.....

In Canada, send to "SHILLCRAFT," Dept. F-36, 2485 St. Patrick St., Montreal 22, P.Q.

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

Continued

Nakusp and Windsor: dedicated approach

The entry from the Nakusp, B.C., Hospital Auxiliary appealed to the judges because of the members' unhesitating approach to the job. The Auxiliary raised nine hundred dollars and just toward rewiring of the eighteen-bed hospital, sewed two hundred sheets, surgical cloths and gowns, and helped with heavy cleaning and decorating — among other things.

Inspiration for one fund-raiser, a "pinner week," came all the way across Canada from the hospital auxiliary at **Sackville, N.B.** The Nakusp group also held a street festival, through their total funds raised in one year to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. (A year ago, the Auxiliary provided one thousand dollars for new laundry equipment.)

Besides supporting national work, the Windsor, N.S., IODE last year helped a local student complete his university term in Halifax. IODE assistance enabled him to live in a

from cut-up plastic cleaning bags.

The range and scope of the projects described by hard-working club women from all over the



Nakusp: **Agnes Maxwell, Mrs. R. Pollock** receive all your assistance.

country were ample testimony of the service rendered to the community by voluntary organizations.

How the judges decided

The judges scored each entry and voted for the winners on the basis of the originality of the project described, the need for the service given, the individual time and effort contributed, the fund-raising methods involved, and the quality of the submissions. Many of the entries bore familiar postmarks and we remembered them from previous Club Award contests.

Some of the entries tell by the wayside because it was felt the projects described belonged more properly in the realm of family activity than club responsibility; some of the fund-raising methods described were so costly that net profit was too small to make the project worthwhile; some clubs were so embroiled in paper work and organizational red tape that the true worth of their activities was obscured; and a few clubs lost valuable points by failing to comply with contest rules and not providing details of membership and fund-raising methods.

But each entry spoke in its own way of countless hours given cheerfully to help others by women in large and small cities and tiny crossroad communities. Some of the projects were so appealing that, although they didn't win prizes, you'll be hearing more about them in What's New in future issues.

What's New Continued on page 8



IODE's: **Jean Curry, Mrs. N. Woodburn, Mrs. F. Woodward, P. Young.**

Halifax boarding house rather than hitchhiking sixty miles a day from Windsor, and also paid the fees permitting him to write final exams. Other projects included helping a needy girl attend teachers' college, providing two twenty-five dollar nurseries for students starting university, providing lunches for school children touring the Windsor area, and giving Christmas sleigh rides to foreign pupils at nearby boarding schools.

Along with the written entries that poured in, clubs sent us snapshots, newspaper clippings, pamphlets and samples of handiwork ranging from lettered match-book covers to life-size miniature French poodles made

have, lady? ... don't do it!

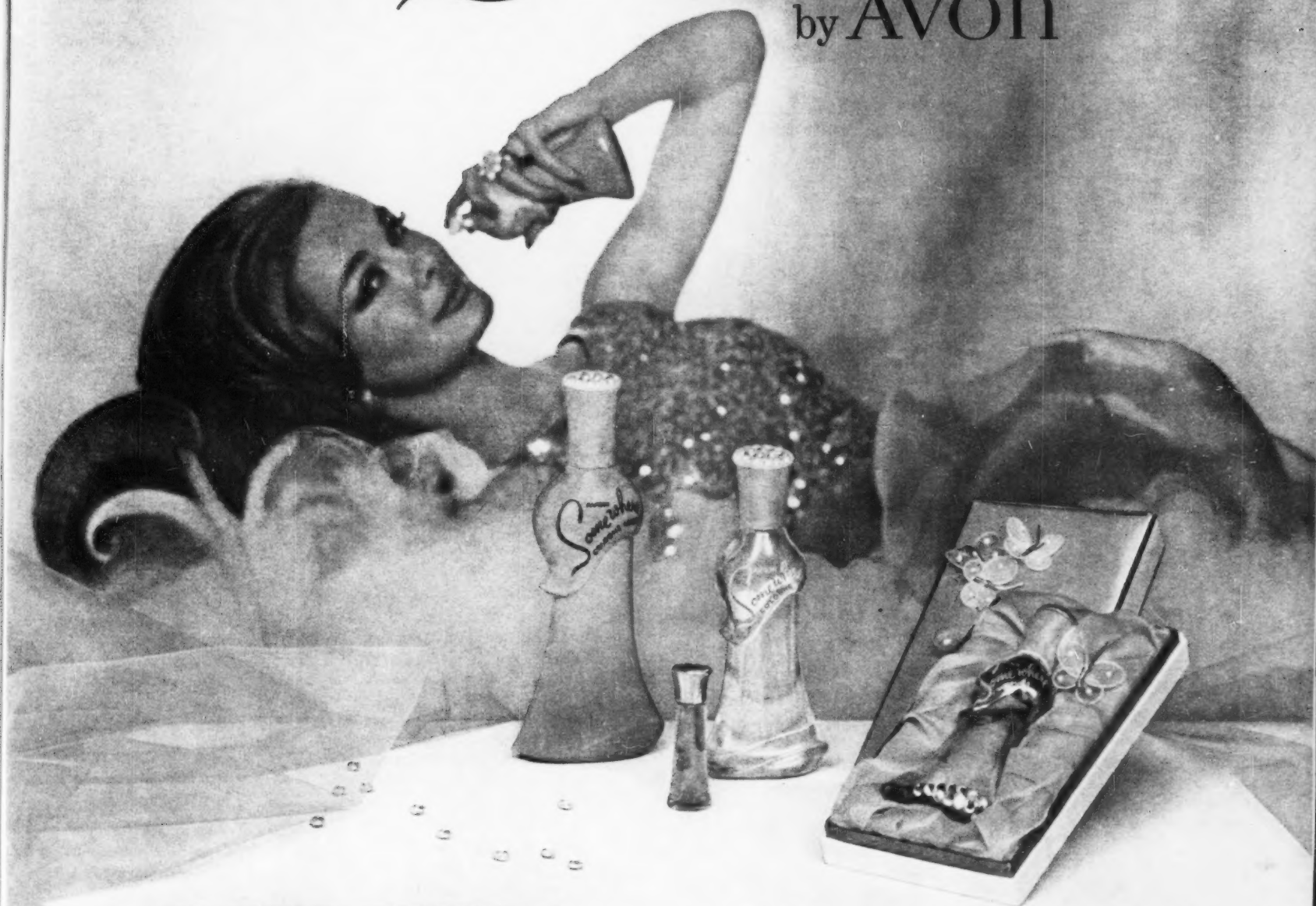
Cream hair away the beautiful way — with new baby-pink, water-soluble cream — you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "hair shadow" — the false shadow of hair left on your skin — legs and underarms. Gentle, wonderful cream gets down deep where no hair can reach — actually breaks down the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow it again, it looks white, silken, there's no shadow at all! No great pain, for the operation, takes legs in weeks, why not try hair — you'll never want to shave again.

Neet



It's new! It's an ethereal fragrance!

It's *Somewhere*
by AVON



"AVON CALLING" to show you, to let you try new SOMEWHERE fragrance. You'll enjoy selecting Avon cosmetics and fragrances at home, with the help of your friendly Avon Representative.

SOMEWHERE is everywhere your heart is... over the rainbow... beyond the horizon... adrift upon a cloud. It's a celestial fragrance—and only Avon brings it to you. ■ SOMEWHERE Perfume comes in an iridescent bottle with rainbow sparkles, exquisitely packaged. ■ SOMEWHERE Cologne and Cologne Mist are presented in the same heavenly theme. And there's a purse-size perfume so you can take SOMEWHERE everywhere. ■ SOMEWHERE, great new fragrance by Avon—a name to remember, a fragrance you'll never forget.

AVON cosmetics
NEW YORK • MONTREAL

YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE CALLING AT YOUR HOME SOON. WELCOME HER.

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

Continued



shave, lady? ... don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way . . . with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *niciest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again.



Nakusp and Windsor: dedicated approach

The entry from the **Nakusp, B.C., Hospital Auxiliary** appealed to the judges because of the members' wholehearted approach to the job. The Auxiliary raised nine hundred dollars last year toward rewiring of the eighteen-bed hospital, sewed two hundred sheets, surgical covers and gowns, and helped with heavy cleaning and decorating — among other things.

Inspiration for one fund-raiser, a "games week," came all the way across Canada from the hospital auxiliary at **Sackville, N.B.** The Nakusp group also held a street bazaar, brought their total funds raised in one year to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. (A year ago, the Auxiliary provided one thousand dollars for new laundry equipment.)

Besides supporting national work, the **Windsor, N.S., IODE** last year helped a local student complete his university term in Halifax. IODE assistance enabled him to live in a



IODE's Jean Curry, Mrs. N. Woodburn, Mrs. F. Woodward, P. Young.

Halifax boarding house rather than hitchhiking sixty miles a day from Windsor, and also paid the fees permitting him to write final exams. Other projects included helping a needy girl attend teachers' college, providing two twenty-five dollar bursaries for students starting university, providing lunches for school children touring the Windsor area, and giving Christmas sleigh rides to foreign pupils at nearby boarding schools.

Along with the written entries that poured in, clubs sent us snapshots, newspaper clippings, pamphlets and samples of handiwork ranging from lettered match-book covers to life-size miniature French poodles made

from cut-up plastic cleaning bags.

The range and scope of the projects described by hard-working club women from all over the



Nakusp: Agnes Maxwell, Mrs. R. Pickard (centre) sell tourist souvenirs.

country were ample testimony of the service rendered to the community by voluntary organizations.

How the judges decided

The judges scored each entry and voted for the winners on the basis of the originality of the project described, the need for the service given, the individual time and effort contributed, the fund-raising methods involved, and the quality of the submissions. Many of the entries bore familiar postmarks and we remembered them from previous Club Award contests.

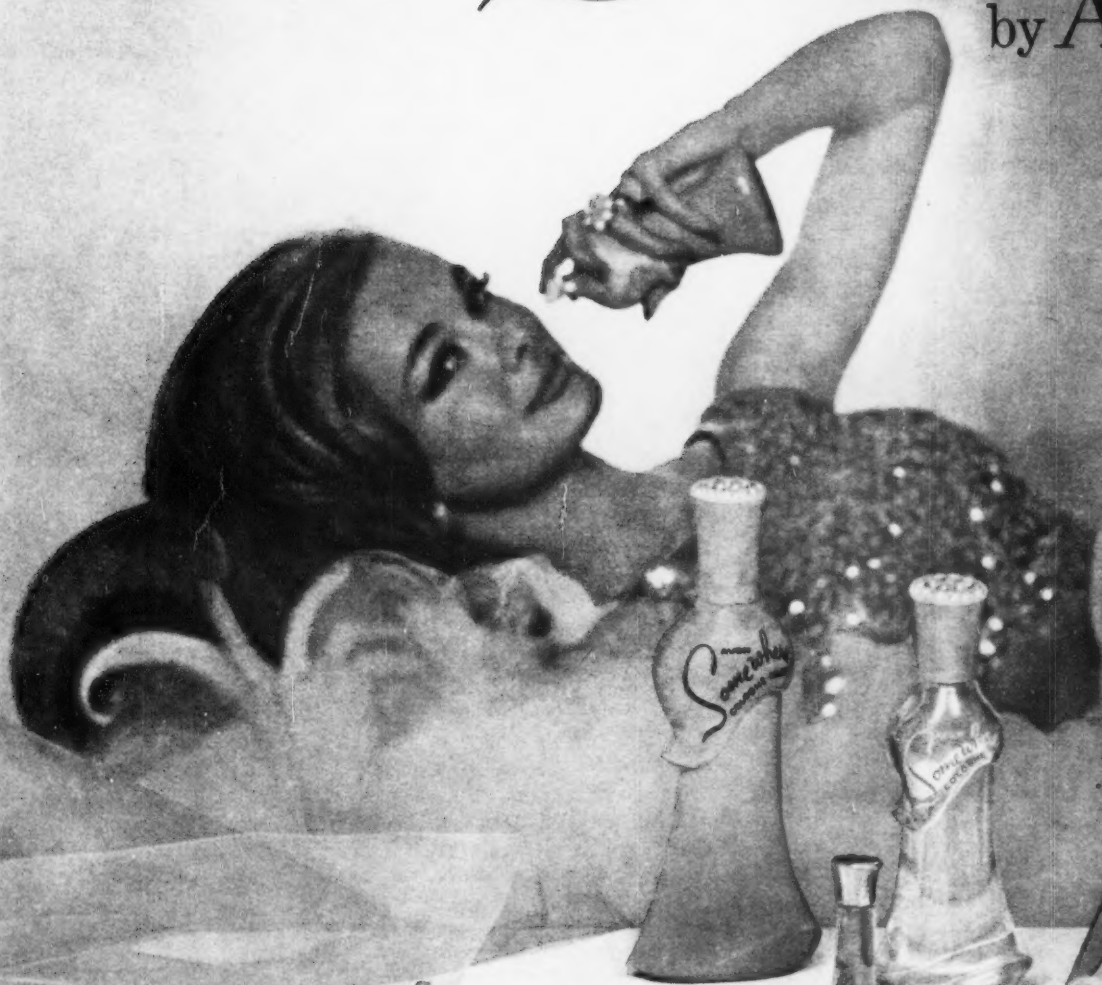
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What's New Continued on page 8

It's new! It's an ethereal fragrance!

It's *Somewhere*
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AVON cosmetics

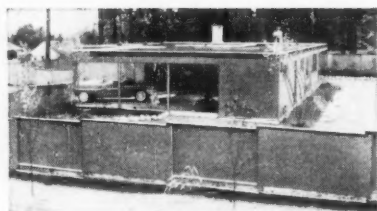
NEW YORK • MONTREAL

YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE CALLING AT YOUR HOME SOON. WELCOME HER.



Cray Cres., East View Park, Kitchener

FLO-GLAZE PAINTS FIRST CHOICE FOR CHATELAINE HOMES



Taylor Pl., Park Royal, Vancouver



Lucerne Ave., Chateaugay, P.Q.

Flo-Glaze Colorizer System offers today's smartest (and largest) choice of colors!

For all three Chatelaine homes featured in this issue, the Chatelaine Home Planning Department selected Flo-Glaze Colorizer Paints . . . used them exclusively for both exterior and interior color schemes. The reason? Only Flo-Glaze Colorizer Paints offer such a large and tasteful color selection—1322 different colors—from delicate pastels to glowing deep tones.

See how easily you can create perfect decorating schemes for your home—with the Flo-Glaze Colorizer System! Look in the Yellow Pages for the name of your nearest Flo-Glaze Dealer.

Flo-glaze Colorizer PAINTS

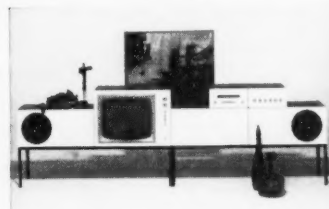
The Imperial Flo-Glaze Paints Ltd. Montreal • Toronto • Vancouver
Canada's Largest All-Canadian Paint Company



WHAT'S NEW IN THE SHOPS

Stack the sound

This **stereo-TV** ensemble (below) either stacks or lines up on 15-inch-wide base units that come in 30-, 45- or 60-inch lengths for versatility. The cabinet pieces have Swedish walnut top and sides.



Front panels have a durable lacquer finish in decorator shades of sunset gold, sunburst orange, peacock blue or off-white, **to mix or match**. Components may be purchased all together or individually. An optional feature: you can buy finished panels for the back and **use the units as room dividers**.

"Perception Modules" by name, it's made by Dominion Electrohome, Kitchener, Ont. Complete stereo unit including the tuner and two bases will be approximately \$900. The TV set is extra, about \$450. Watch for it at dealers across Canada.

Neat feet

Heel bumps, dead skin, corns and calluses can be tidily attended with a new pastel plastic-handled metal file that comes apart **for easy cleaning with soap suds and a brush**. Available for \$1 from The Scholl Mfg. Co. Ltd., 174 Bartley Drive, Toronto.

From the same source: roll-on **foot** and underarm antiperspirant deodorant. Also \$1.

Spray spots away

For convenience, this dry-cleaning solvent comes in a push-button aerosol can. All you do is **spray it**

on the stain, then rub with a clean cloth. Chlorothene NU, a product of Dow Chemical, sells for 98 cents. Added attraction: it's safe to use — **nonpoisonous and non-flammable**. The cleaner is distributed by Dalex Industries Ltd., 100 Floral Parkway, Toronto.

Stays for stems

Here's a fresh idea for holding cut flowers — clear-glass vases each with a mound of large **frosted-glass marbles** in the base. Simply poke the flower stems in among the marbles to keep an artistic arrangement just so. But even if you don't



have any posies these decorator pieces are handsome enough to stand alone. The vases, by **Danish designer Bjorn Wiinblad**, are available from Rosenthal China (Canada) Ltd., 40 Wellington East, Toronto. There

are two styles to choose from: the Trumpet vase at \$31.50, 16 inches high; and the Stem vase at \$34, 14 inches high.

Undercover story

Just reaching lingerie counters are slips and pettislips that **follow the new cut of flared skirts** for fall. They're made by Harvey Woods, 70 Crawford St., Toronto, and range in price from \$9 to \$17.

Young-beauty guidance

Elizabeth Arden has made it easy for **teen-agers to get in the spin** with basic make-up and skin care. Along with the cosmetics in the new kit comes a **pink 33 1/3 RPM** recording — one side features step-by-step Skin Care and the other The Art of Make-up. Sound of Beauty by Arden will be \$5.95 at beauty counters this fall.

ESD

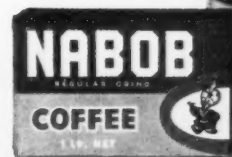


DRINK UP THIS IS YOUR KIND OF COFFEE IT'S NABOB

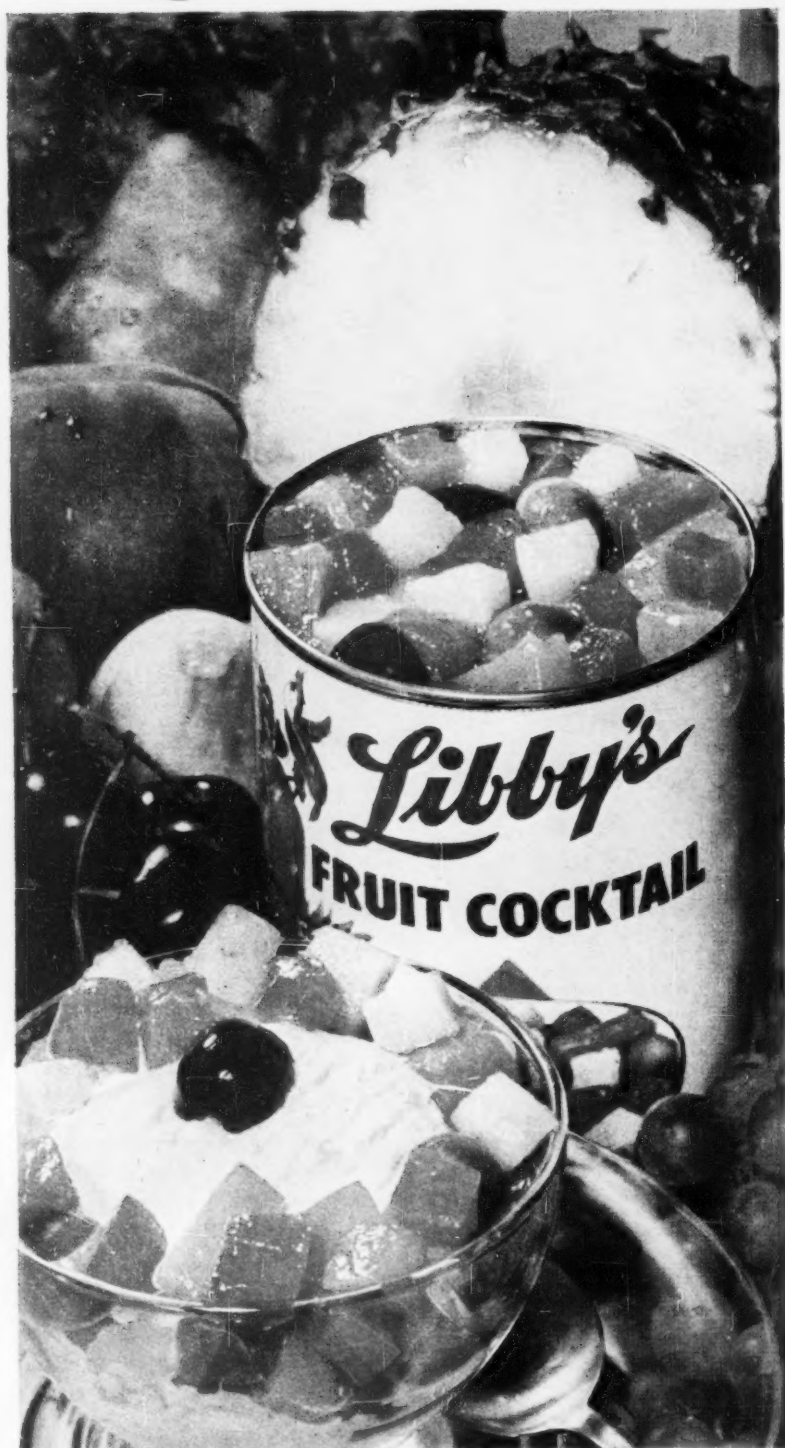
*Why wait when great coffee is just a cup away?
Get a whiff of Nabob's full-bodied aroma. Then taste.
The deep, rich flavor of Nabob will remind you what a
pleasure coffee really is.*



NOTHING BEATS NABOB COFFEE

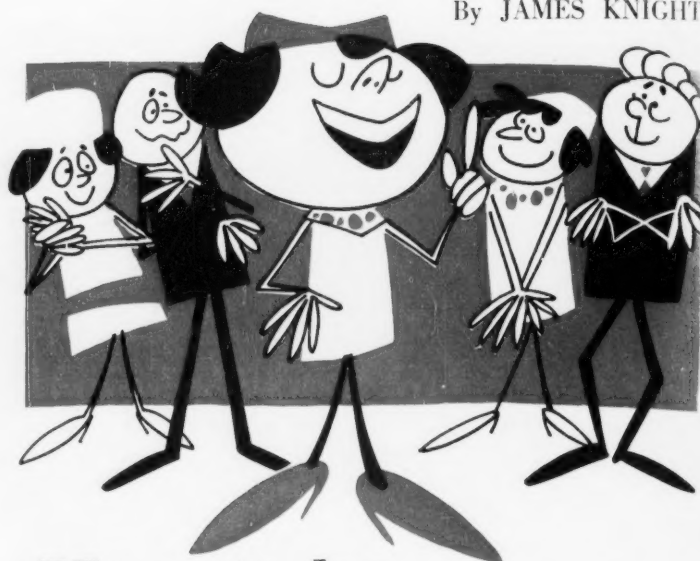


Enjoy the flavour-zest of 5 orchard fruits



Serve
Libby's Fruit Cocktail
tonight!

By JAMES KNIGHT



How to be a Brilliant conversationalist

THE GENTLE ART OF WINNING PRAISE
AS A WIT AND SPARKLING TALKER... WITHOUT
NECESSARILY BEING EITHER

• Brilliant conversationalists ripen like pears; they are not put together, like pancakes. Brilliant conversation issues naturally from people with quick minds and lively sympathies whose wide range of interests keeps them continually astonished at the world around them. And their affection for life makes them want to share their astonishment in conversation.

Nevertheless if you are a conversational pancake, like most of us, you don't have to spend your life in silence. There are things you can do to be *taken* for a brilliant conversationalist.

The first step in this ploy is achieving a reputation among your friends as a sparkling conversationalist. Of course, if you *aren't* really, that may take a little doing. Well, all right — luck. But never fear, you can manage it. A slight tensing of the brow and a sage nod of the head often does wonders. A pregnant pause now and again, during which you *look* brilliant, will help. A delayed answer to even the simplest question, accompanied by an enigmatic smile, is unbeatable for establishing yourself as a sophisticate and wit.

It is safer to approach a reputation for brilliant conversation through the

route of sensible talk. Anyone can be a sensible talker; one merely needs to get a grip on oneself, and memorize a few don'ts.

Don't shout. Don't even raise your voice. It is a general rule of conversation that the loudest talkers have the least to say and the more strident the voice the shallower is the opinion. When the company's attention wanders through lack of interest in what's being said, only volume and harshness can bring it back. Unfortunately, such interest centres on the unpleasantness of the sound, not on the quality of the opinion.

Do use real words

Yet it is also a mistake to murmur. Murmurers do not get listened to for the reason that they cannot be heard.

Instead, pitch the voice low and regulate its volume to fall just short of the farthest person who can be expected to take an interest in what's being said. That makes him hitch his chair up closer, and makes you feel wonderful.

Now for the actual words themselves. Use real words. Avoid the use of unintelligible sounds or meaningless

Continued on page 12



NEW floors for the designing woman/MARBOLITE (new inlaid vinyl by-the-yard) for the smart seamless look. Most glamorous of the "sparkled" stone effects—"Marbolite"—an original design

made in Canada by a Canadian company. For samples or further information, see your dealer or write to: Dominion Oilcloth &

Linoleum Co. Limited, 2200 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal. **NEW FLOORS BY DOMINION**

SELECTED FOR 'CHATELAINE HOMES '61' / DOMINION LINOLEUM, DOMINION VINYL TILE, ASPHALT TILE AND ASSOCIATED PRODUCTS

If you're afraid of dyes
—and fed up with rinses



get Technique!

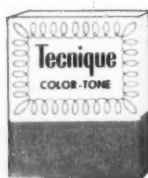
Natural color! (Beautifies your color—no touch-ups!)

Lasting color! (Up to eight weeks—won't rub off!)

Conditioning color! (Penetrates hair with fine oils!)

Never before... hair color that's gentle as a rinse yet leaves no tell-tale rub-off on pillow, brush or towel. New Technique makes your own hair color come alive with highlights and accents that last up to eight weeks. Grey strands? They blend in evenly with your natural hair color.

No touch-up problems... Unlike drastic dyes, Technique does not change your hair color—so there's nothing you have to keep up... no dye line as new hair grows in.



And unlike hair-coating rinses, Technique's color and conditioning oils penetrate the hair for new beauty and luster that last and last!

Conditions your hair... makes it soft to the touch, easy to manage. Ideal for permanent-waved and bleached hair, too. And Technique is shampoo-simple... you can't make a mistake. Just pick the color accent you like best. 2.00 at cosmetic counters everywhere. Also available as a salon service.

SHULTON



FEW CONVERSATIONALISTS
CAN TALK INTERESTINGLY
MORE THAN THREE MINUTES

Continued from page 10
congregations of syllables. People who express their approval of a delicious soup, for instance, by endlessly repeating the syllable "Yum" show want of intellect. Avoid sound completely if you don't have a real word to say.

The same caution applies to gestures. Generally speaking, gestures large enough to constitute a danger to fragile objects, small furniture or adjacent persons should always be avoided; more limited gestures should be used only sparingly.

One more mechanical aspect of conversation should be taken into account: distance. In Vancouver, two men cannot talk comfortably if they are closer to each other than eighteen to twenty inches, unless they are angry. The distance is less in Montreal, a more emotional city, and greater in Toronto. Women can converse comfortably at smaller distances, but a man cannot say anything to a woman unless there is a clear two feet between them.

Few things are more annoying than an uninformed opinion, usually delivered at top volume to cover the lack of knowledge. You simply must know what you're talking about. Yet you need not be a specialist. The basic aim of conversation is amusement, not instruction. Therefore, a wide general knowledge is of more value to the conversationalist than a mass of facts about a single subject: it gives you a broader range of subjects to talk about — and more opportunities for your conversational partners to get a word in edgewise about things you *don't* know.

The mere exchange of facts, however, isn't conversation — it's just talk. Conversation begins when you start exchanging informed opinions about the facts, and it may become brilliant during a comparison of attitudes toward both the opinion and the facts.

Yet however quick the mind and however brilliant the wit, conversation remains a matter of give and take.

Even the quick mind that will not relinquish the conversational ball soon becomes a bore. Few conversationalists, even brilliant ones, can talk interestingly for more than three minutes at a time without consulting notes — and carrying notes is unfair. Continuing to speak without them, however, is selfish, and unselfishness is vital to the success of a conversation. You have to give other people a chance, too.

Bores share a common fault — they lack simplicity. The bore cannot tell his story and be done with it. He must fill in every gap with detail, however meaningless; he must embroider the tattered edges with fancy, color the whole thing with falsehood and go back over its parts again and again to underscore them with repetition until you are dying to scream, "Will you get on with it?"

Never do that.

Tell your story simply and clearly. If your hearers beg for details, you may bring them out one by one, and bask in the centre of attention. If they don't ask for more, it's just as well you didn't make a fool of yourself by dragging the whole thing out first.

Of course, these remarks do not apply to jokes, but jokes have no place in conversation anyway.

Humor is different. Humor is a quality gentle, kind and personal. It's a black-sheep sister of charity; kind and reverent, but not at all pious. And humor is stubborn. It cannot be forced without turning awkward and even sullen. But make it welcome and it will take its place with simplicity, sympathy, tact, modesty, reserve, unselfishness and may even bring to your conversation the hallmark of true brilliance: wit. Wit is the sudden brilliant remark that sheds dazzling light on some unexpected facet of opinion, attitude or knowledge, and is gone.

And that's all there is to it — follow these simple rules and, by Heavens, you may actually *become* a brilliant conversationalist.

END



Who will serve dinner?

You can't tell by looking but the lady in blue is the hostess. She can enjoy her guests because she knows she can trust her automatic Frigidaire range to cook dinner to perfection and to tell her when it's ready to serve. She knows Frigidaire appliances are made by General Motors and like millions of Canadians she takes GM quality for granted.

At General Motors quality is given our foremost consideration. Quality is the yardstick by which we

measure material, workmanship and performance. It's the extra beauty that attracts, the extra performance that satisfies and the longer life that makes every General Motors product a good investment.

What better proof of General Motors' quality than the popularity right across Canada of GM products . . . cars, trucks, buses, Frigidaire appliances, and Diesel locomotives. And *you* can take General Motors' quality for granted because *we* don't.

GENERAL MOTORS IN CANADA

General Motors of Canada, Limited,
Oshawa and Windsor

The McKinnon Industries, Limited,
St. Catharines

Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited
Scarborough

General Motors Diesel Limited,
London



SORCERY IN SCENT



Lotus belongs in your future! This brilliant Yardley fragrance blends fire and finesse into a perfume of infinite promise... into colognes of compelling charm. In all its facets, from deliciously-puffed dusting powder to blissful bath luxuries... add Lotus to your future!

Lotus
BY YARDLEY

ARE YOU MRS. CHATELAINE?



Chatelaine magazine announces its second big exciting contest open to all homemakers in Canada

Here is the list of prizes for the winner:

- Two return tickets via TCA DC-8 jet from Toronto to Paris with its world-famous treasures — the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower.
- A 10-day stay in Paris with \$1000 to cover expenses.
- A handsome Brownie movie camera with six rolls of color film.
- A beautiful Bulova diamond-set "First Lady" wrist watch.
- Three-piece set of ladies' luggage in "Silhouette" by Samsonite.
- An Inglis "Royal Pair" automatic washer and dryer.



**WIN A FREE TRIP TO
PARIS FOR YOU
AND YOUR HUSBAND
VIA TCA DC-8 JET**



Here is what you do:

- 1 Use 8½" by 11" paper and write or type on one side only.
- 2 On a sheet of paper print your full name, address, age.
- 3 Put down your weight, height, color of hair and eyes.
- 4 Put down your husband's name, occupation, and income.
- 5 List the names of your children and their ages.
- 6 Attach to your entry a photograph or snapshot of you/self taken within the last six months.
- 7 State whether you do all of your own housework. If not, put down what paid help you employ.
- 8 Put down how often you entertain at home in an average month.
- 9 On a separate sheet describe any hobbies or projects you enjoy, such as sewing, painting, collecting, etc. To give the judges some idea of how expert you are, describe one of your most recent achievements in your hobby.
- 10 On a separate sheet list what you would include in an ordinary dinner for your family. Then list what you would include in a dinner for company. Write down your recipe for one specialty that wins you compliments.
- 11 On a separate sheet, draw a floor plan of your living room with the furniture arrangement shown. Describe the color scheme. Describe any changes in your home you have carried out in the last five years and any changes you plan in the near future.
- 12 On a separate sheet, name all the community activities (school, church, civic associations, etc.) that you presently take part in; list all offices you have held or now hold.
- 13 On a separate sheet describe your philosophy of raising children.
- 14 On a separate sheet describe your philosophy of being a good homemaker.

Rules:

1 The contest is open to all homemakers living in Canada with the exception of Maclean-Hunter personnel or their families. 2 Clip out this page. 3 Answer all the questions (above), attach photos, this page, separate sheets, etc., and mail to: Mrs. Chatelaine Contest, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. 4 Entries must be postmarked not later than October 31, 1961. All entries and pictures become the property of Chatelaine and cannot be returned. 5 If you are the winner you must be able to take leave of absence from your family for a week in the early part of January to come to Toronto to be interviewed and photographed for our May issue. (The trip to Paris may be taken at your own convenience any time in 1962.)



There's nothing quite like Jell-O and fresh fruit



Jell-O and Peaches à la Mode: Dissolve 1 package (3 ounces) any flavour Jell-O in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water according to directions on package. Pour Jell-O into six dessert glasses. Chill until firm. Spoon vanilla ice cream on top of each serving and then arrange slices of peaches around ice cream. Serves 6.



Jell-O and Banana Imperial: Dissolve 1 package (3 ounces) Black Raspberry, Black Cherry or Grape Jell-O in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Chill until firm. To serve, spoon Jell-O into dessert glasses; top each serving with banana slices, garnish with a topping of whipped cream or Dream Whip. Serves 4.



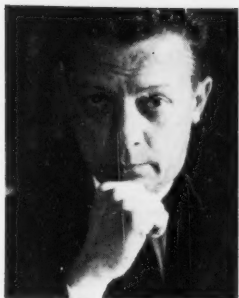
Jell-O Glazed Apples: Dissolve 1 package (3 ounces) Cherry Jell-O and 1 package (3 ounces) Apple Jell-O in 1½ cups boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Core 6 large red baking apples. Starting at stem end, pare off a 1-inch strip of skin around each apple. Place apples stem end up, in a large frying pan. Pour Jell-O syrup over apples in frying pan. Add a large cinnamon stick and 6 whole cloves. Place frying pan over medium heat and bring liquid to a boil. Cover; reduce heat. Simmer apples 15 minutes or until tender. Remove cover. Place frying pan under broiler about 2 inches from heat. Broil apples, basting frequently, 15 minutes or until apples are glazed and lightly browned. Serve warm or cool with syrup. Makes 6 servings.

Note: If apples are to be stored in a refrigerator, pour off syrup into a small pan and chill until set. Before serving, rice or dice the syrup and arrange around each serving.



Jell-O is a registered trade mark owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited.

BY LAWRENCE GALTON



THERE'S Health

Does adoption help overcome infertility?

Adoption of a child by a childless couple does not appear to increase the chance of pregnancy despite a widespread popular belief that it does. Evidence of this comes from a study of 100 women who had adopted children after being under medical supervision because of their infertility for three years or more. Only four conceived within two years after adopting children, which the investigating physicians considered to be the longest reasonable interval for a cause-and-effect relationship between adoption and pregnancy. Six other women became pregnant at later dates, when the connection between adoption and pregnancy would be still less likely.

The rice diet: a new form to treat hypertension

Once widely used for high blood pressure, the rice diet was often helpful but hard to take. Now, a modified, more attractive version has produced good results, a German physician reports. For just five days unpolished rice is eaten along with only sugar, citrus fruits and green vegetables. For the next few weeks the same regimen is followed — but for only two days a week. Most patients have no difficulty — and even take pride — in sticking to the diet, reports the physician after treating 127 women and 42 men, ranging from 28 to 82 years of age. In some cases the diet was used along with an antihypertensive drug and helped to bring down pressure. In every one of 54 patients who tried the diet alone, without medication, pressure fell toward normal. Among those with initial pressures exceeding 200, the average fall was 45 points; among those with initial pressures under 200, the fall averaged 31 points.

Now acne is being "calmed" away

Many treatments, ranging from antibiotics to sulfur lotions and radiation, have been used to combat acne. Now it appears that a calmate drug may be helpful. Reporting in the Canadian Medical Association Journal, a Saint John physician tells of good results in 17 of 21 patients during 30 days of treatment with the tension-relieving compound called Timovan. In several instances, it was noted, adolescent patients became less excitable during treatment and, in addition to improvement in acne, facial tic and stuttering disappeared.

How they're curing abdominal angina

Abdominal pain that appears within half an hour after meals and lasts from one to two hours — often accompanied by progressive weight loss and constipation — may indicate abdominal angina, especially in people over 40. Just as angina pectoris, or heart pain, is caused by narrowing of the arteries feeding the heart, so abdominal angina results from narrowing of arteries supplying blood to the gastrointestinal tract. Surgeons at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, report that relief is now possible in many such cases. Ordinary tests, including gastrointestinal X rays, often do

Continued on page 20



V-8 is a registered trade mark

V-8...beats the taste of a single juice 7 healthy ways

V-8's special recipe gives you the goodness of 8 garden vegetables blended by Campbell's into one great drink. Tastes real good—and real good for you (especially if you're counting calories).

You'll like it—and so will the whole family.

Another Fine Product from *Campbell's*

Your busy day in this pushbutton age of **AEROSOL** PACKAGING

This is the age of convenience wherein you have more free time for the important task of seeing to the needs of husband and children.

That's because certain tiresome, time-consuming jobs now require less time and work than they did a generation ago. Thanks to new products with build-in convenience, you work faster and more efficiently.

One such group of products is the aerosol group... the amazing pushbutton packages that work like this...



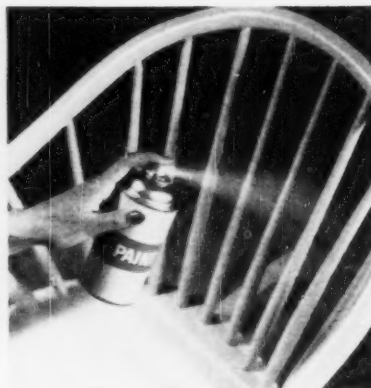
7.45 a.m. You spray "fatless fry" into your frying pan and start the day with your favourite dish. This is the new way to grease a pan; fatless fry is always fresh and handy in its aerosol container.



8.15 a.m. You eliminate cooking odours by spraying room deodorant from an aerosol can. Odours disappear faster, more completely when you spray because millions of tiny particles of deodorant go to work instantly. This aerosol sees plenty of action throughout the day.



10.20 a.m. You spray on oven cleaner and tackle a tough job made easier. Spray penetrates awkward corners. This heavy duty cleaner really works. Your cupboard may contain many such household aids in handy pushbutton cans.



1.15 p.m. You paint a kitchen chair with a spray can of touch-up paint. Awkward areas are covered quickly, easily. And no waste; paint left over stays usable in the can.



3.45 p.m. You spray a bandage over a scrape on your son's arm. The wound is covered neatly with a sterile plastic "bandage". Transparent, too — you can see the wound heal.



4.20 p.m. You spray wax on furniture from one of the familiar aerosol cans. Other common household aerosols are insecticides and mothproofers.



8.30 p.m. You spray your new permanent with protective hair spray before you go out. Your supply of beauty aids may include a home permanent and a delightful perfume in pushbutton spray form.

And so goes a typical day in a life made easier by aerosol products. The full list of them runs from after-shave lotions to water repellants; there are literally hundreds of aerosol applications. Look for them when you shop. Use them with confidence. It's part of the privilege of living in this pushbutton age of convenient aerosol packaging.



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Does your husband bring his *worries* home in his briefcase?

Even the best of wives can do only so much about her husband's office problems. What she *can* do is ease his frazzled nerves, promote a little relaxation, help him get a good night's sleep. Postum's great for this. It contains no caffeine, drugs or stimulants, as do tea and coffee. Never upsets his stomach or his nerves. It's made from whole-grain cereal. Tastes good, too. Next time your husband brings his worries home, try this: make him a cup of Postum. With cream and sugar if he likes them. And join him in a cup — you've probably had a hard day, too! It's a nice habit to get into . . . a Postum break. **INSTANT POSTUM**



HERE'S Health *Continued*

not reveal the problem, but newer techniques for X-ray examination (after injection of a contrast medium to outline the arteries) show up diseased portions of blood vessels, and surgery to bypass these portions with grafts is highly effective. After operation, patients eat without subsequent pain, soon develop a keen appetite, and rapidly regain normal weight. One emaciated man had lost 47 pounds in six months, bringing his weight down to 97 pounds. Free of all symptoms after surgery he regained his normal body weight within three months.

Can drinking lemon juice help kidney-stone victims?

Urate stones, one common type that forms in the kidneys, disappeared after daily use of the sugared juice of two lemons in about 50 percent of a group of patients on whom the simple treatment was tried. The report comes from an Austrian physician. Even more important, he finds, is the preventive value of lemon juice in people who chronically form urate stones. In such cases stone production stopped promptly with lemon therapy.

An injection for sciatica

Inflammation of the sciatic nerve produces severe pain in the leg frequently so great that patients are only comfortable in bed and find relief only after prolonged bed rest. A British study now finds that injection of procaine, a local anesthetic, shortens recovery time. Among patients treated only by bed rest and pain-relieving medication, mean recovery time was 31 days. Among others given a procaine injection the mean recovery time was 11 days.

Fever treatment for the severely depressed

Some gravely depressed people — including those who may be suicidal risks and who do not respond to drug treatment alone — can be helped by use of artificially induced fever along with an antidepressant drug. In announcing this a McGill University physician says that when 26 depressed patients were given a drug, Tofranil, plus typhoid fever vaccine, 15 responded satisfactorily, including some who had been treated previously with the drug alone without having shown any favorable change. In some cases distinct improvement became apparent within a day or two. Fever may facilitate the passage of chemical substances from the general circulation into the brain. It has an effect similar to electroshock but it is a less drastic measure.

The secret of hot-coffee drinkers

People who like coffee piping hot are not, contrary to long belief, less sensitive to heat than those who like coffee lukewarm. In recent palate tests carried out at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, the heat-pain threshold — the point at which heat causes discomfort — was found to be always near 113 F and to vary rarely more than one degree either way among different people. Hot-coffee drinkers, who apparently like the "sting and stimulation," actually protect themselves, consciously or unconsciously, by taking a long sip of air that cools the palate to between 68 and 77 degrees, then a brief sip of hot coffee, followed immediately by another sip of air so that the palate's temperature always stays below the pain threshold.

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(Advertisement)

For a real sizzler . . .

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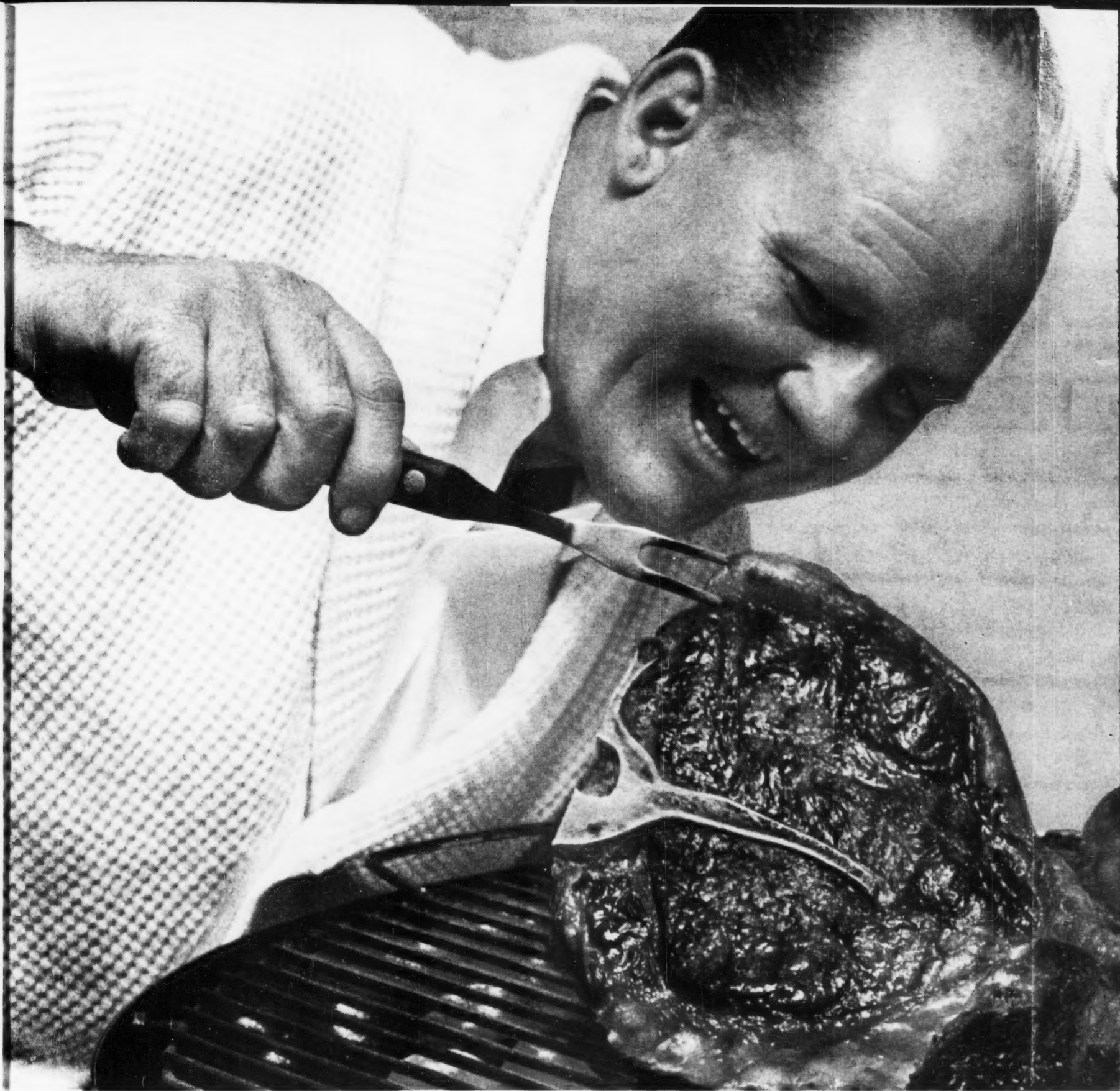
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Can't you almost hear the juices sputtering? Can't you smell that soul-warming sizzle? Premium steak—done the way you like it, just waiting for a knife to slice down deep tender perfection. (And every flavorful bite an excellent dietary source of high-quality protein.) All this is part of the extra value, extra goodness you always get when the l

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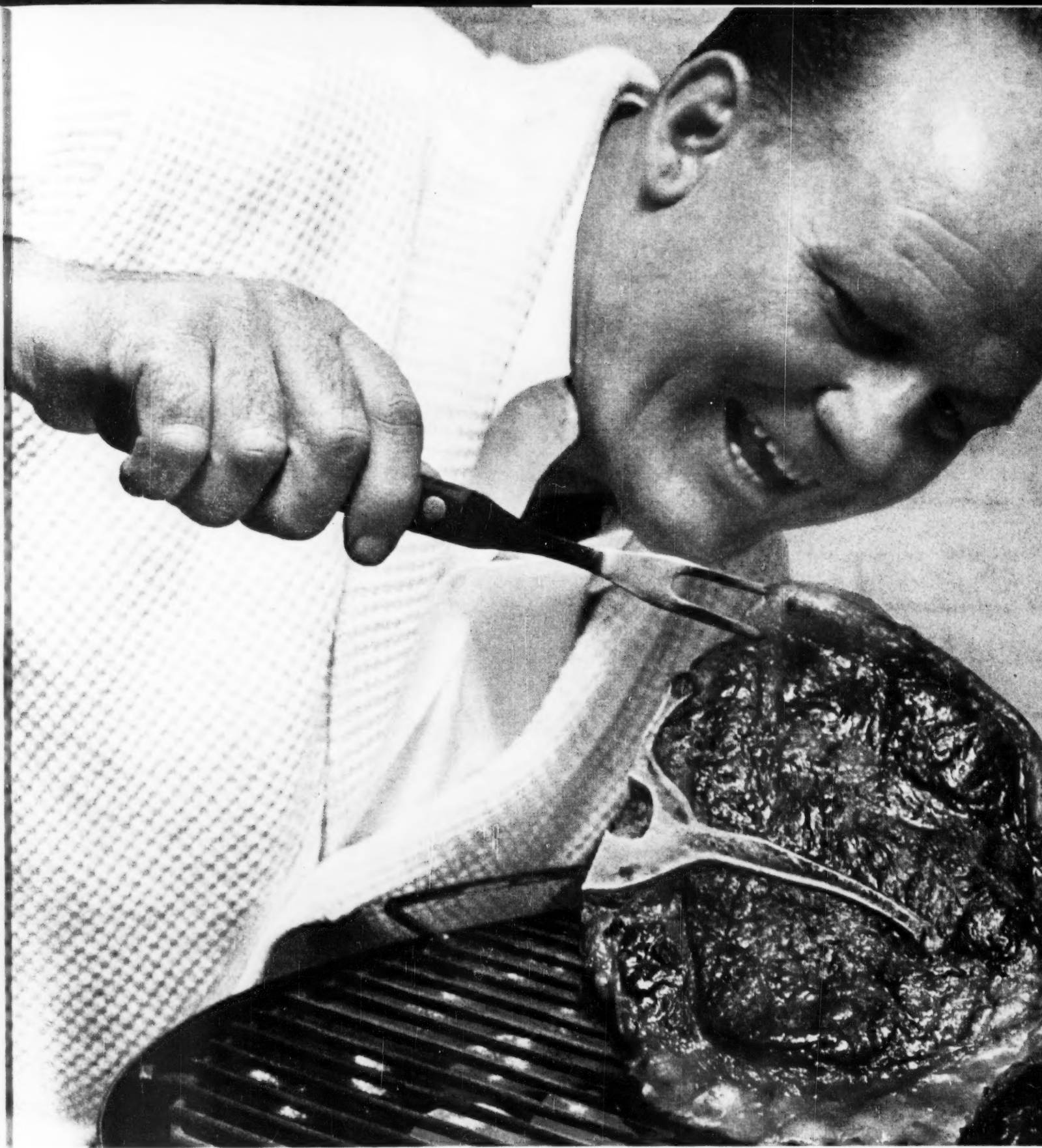
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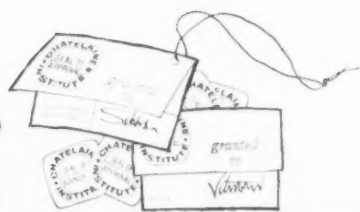


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ShOppING



with CHATELAINE

BY CAROL TAYLOR

For your windows: rods or tracks?

Your choice of curtain rods or drapery track will depend on two factors: first, the type of window they are to be used for, and second, the fabric and style of curtains or drapery to be hung.

For ordinary glass curtains you can choose between a basic curtain rod or a café rod. The extension type in either variety is more common than the cut-to-measure, and has the advantage of being adjustable to different widths and adaptable to most windows. The basic curtain rod can be single, double (for ruffled curtains and a valance), or crisscross. Both single and double rods come either straight or curved. Sash rods are close-fitting for use on doors. Swinging rods are ideal either for stationary drapes or for in-swinging casement windows and French doors.

There is a great variety in styles of drapery track. The track itself is usually single but can also be double (for use with both curtains and drapes), or a combination with a traverse rod for drapery and a curtain rod for the valance. Special rods with end extensions can be used to make the window look wider.

Measure the width of the window accurately to determine the length of drapery track required. If you might want to use the same track on a different-size window later, then adjustable or extension track is your best buy. The amount of extension varies with the initial length. Short track can be extended from twenty-eight inches up to forty-eight inches while a ten-foot track can be adjusted up to eighteen feet. For permanent installations the drapery track can be cut to measure. This can then be curved or bent for special installations, such as bay windows or corner windows.

Conventional drapery track is designed for wall installation, but there are several types that can be used either on the wall or the ceiling. A special point to remember is the construction of the wall or ceiling. Special screws or plugs are necessary for plaster or dry wall.

Drapes can be pulled across on the rods by different methods. Those on the simpler



Compare curtain rods, drapery tracks and fittings to find the best type for your window treatment.

type of drapery track can be moved either by hand or by means of a fling rod attached to a glide on the track. Drapery traverse rods have a cord running along the back and by means of this both drapes can be controlled simultaneously from the side. These cord pulls are usually equipped with steel or plastic weights on the ends. Some track comes with continuous lacing cord which can either hang loosely or be attached to a floor tension pulley.

Drapery track can be designed so that the drapes open from the centre, move from one side only or so that several separate panels of drapery are controlled by a multiple draw.

Always consider the weight of the drapes or curtains when choosing rods. The heavier the fabric the sturdier the rod must be. The weight will be distributed over the whole length when the drapes are closed but will be concentrated at the ends when they are open. Supports should be adequately spaced along the entire length. For extra-heavy fabric it may be necessary to have an extra

support in the centre of your curtain rod.

All parts of the curtain rods, drapery track and accessories should be smooth and free from rough areas. If they are not smooth there is danger of snagging the fabric in the curtains. Slides on the drapery track should run freely and smoothly. There should be some method of removing the ends of the rods so that slides can be added or removed if it is necessary to change the amount of support for the draperies. All metal parts should be made of a nonrusting material such as brass or stainless steel or should be coated with a chip-proof coating such as baked enamel. Weights on the pull cords should be made of a light-colored plastic or be equipped with rubber bumpers so that they will not mark the walls. The cords themselves should be strong enough to withstand the constant wear of being used daily.

Buy the drapery track and have it installed before measuring for the drapes themselves. This will insure that the drapes are the correct length.

END



Look for this seal. It's your guide to good shopping value

New! SLENDERLINE napkins by Kotex

Slimmer, trimmer, yet completely protective



New Fit . . . For the first time ever here is a compact Kotex napkin that shapes to your individual contour . . . adjusts to you. The new Slenderline napkin fits so naturally and so comfortably you hardly know you're wearing one.

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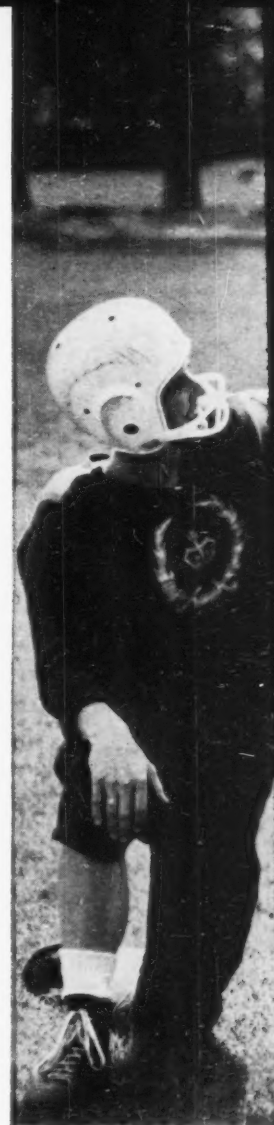
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SUE'S TRICKS TO C

1. Lightly cream eyebrow area. Then clearly define eyebrows by plucking stragglers beneath brows and on bridge of nose.

Hold brow skin taut and always pluck in the direction brows grow. Now cleanse the area with skin tonic.



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New! SLENDERLINE napkins by Kotex

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TEEN TEMPO

By WENDY WILLIAMS

SEPTEMBER'S MISS TEEN TEMPO: Football fan Sue Arkell

"Girls' football team defeats boys' — 44 to 20!" It's true! To understand the game better, teen model Sue Arkell organized a girls' football team, practiced with a coach, then challenged a leading boys' school team, and won. (The name of the boys' school is secret for obvious reasons.) The girls had a twenty-point handicap — could be some chivalry was involved?

Sue is seventeen, a keen Grade 13 student at Bishop Strachan School. English and history rate tops on her best-liked-subjects list. She is vice-president of Sixth Form Club, a member of school Religious Club and Simpson's Collegiate Club.

Her career hopes skip between dress designing and writing. To be ready for either, versatile Sue studies art (she's had sketches published in her school magazine), writes short stories and recently took a modeling course.

Accepting homage from defeated team captain (left), Sue sports a laminated Orlon-and-wool jersey carcoat in gold, with black wool jumbo-knit collar insert, quilted lining. By Irving Postluns, in sizes 8-20, priced about \$29.95.



After the game, Sue tosses winning-team party while friend tosses salad. Admiring glances focus on her Kelly-green wool separates. By Juniorite, sizes 5-15. Button-back overblouse, about \$8.95; the matching paper-doll flared skirt, about \$10.95.

SUE'S TRICKS TO OUTLINE FAIR LASHES AND BROWS

1. Lightly cream eyebrow area. Then clearly define eyebrows by plucking stragglers beneath brows and on bridge of nose. Hold brow skin taut and always pluck in the direction brows grow. Now cleanse the area with skin tonic.



2. Simplest way to outline eyes, says Sue — a water-color camel's-hair brush dipped in mascara. For daytime, draw lines above and below eyes to outer corners only. For evenings, color eyelash tips with brown mascara.



3. Sue pencils above brows with short feather strokes. Finally, she brushes brows to shape them and blend pencil strokes into browline for natural effect. End result: wide-awake, prettier eyes without "made-up" look.



Squares are in — for shoe toes — choose either pin- or stack-heel look, in black, brown or green leather. A Hi-Lo by Savage, price about \$9.95.

Mail Box



Is there any way to get rid of blackheads?

— BEVERLEY

Dear Beverley: To chase away blackheads, scrupulously clean skin is necessary. As well as a twice-daily soap-and-water routine, use a grain cleanser to scrub out the pores at least twice a week. Always follow cleansings with a pore-closing splash of cold water or skin lotion.

My friends say I'm pretty, yet I don't have a boy friend. Maybe it's because my parents say since I'm fourteen I must date boys under sixteen and there aren't many I know. Should I date boys my own age that stop and say, "Hello," or, "How about a date?" — if they seem nice, that is?

— MERLE

Dear Merle: No, no, a thousand times, no! Not only would you be taking a chance because you know nothing of these boys' backgrounds, but as they know nothing of yours, they might easily regard you as a casual pickup. Join a young people's club where you will meet boys properly and avoid unpleasant mistakes.

I am fifteen and have a steady boy friend. When he calls me on the telephone, I just start shaking all over; my hands get clammy and my voice cracks. Is this love?

— DOREEN

Dear Doreen: Sorry to be unromantic, but this is not love—it's just adrenalin. Nervous excitement and not Cupid's arrow is pro-

ducing your reactions to the telephone calls.

This year my folks are giving me a clothing budget. Can you tell me how to plan my wardrobe?


— ELLEN

Dear Ellen: First step to being best dressed for least money: Make a list of all your present fall-winter wardrobe. Then, using a red pencil, add the items you will require to complete it, and budget accordingly. Avoid impulse buying. Choose a basic color for the big items (such as your winter coat), and accessories (such as shoes and handbag), so they will co-ordinate with all items. For sports clothes, look for one of the mix-match sets that include slacks, skirts and blouses.

END



Welcome home!

The smile... the shining eyes... that little, so-familiar gesture... suddenly, you're *there*, in Britain, in Europe — by TCA. Your mother... friends... they want to welcome you. We see it, more and more every year, the vibrant joy of people going to Europe to visit. In the fall, when fares are one third less than during the summer, TCA's great jets to Europe are filled with people who make the most of savings — giving the joy of their visit, having the happiness of being there. Look at the facts and figures. After October 1st, it's Economy Season on TCA! See your Travel Agent or call **TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES**  **AIR CANADA**

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See your Travel Agent or TCA.



Setting by M. W. Roth, B.Arch., M.R.A.I.C. Children's pyjamas—Wabasso "Maori" Flannelette by Luffy Whitewear Mfg. Co.

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SOOTHING INVITATION to a good night's sleep. Cheerful eye-opener on the dullest day. That's WABASSO colour—the pastels that keep your beds looking fresh, the sheets which harmonize with any bedroom colour décor.

NO WASHING PROBLEMS with WABASSO PASTELS. They can be laundered with your regular white wash as the

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WABASSO also makes "Mattress-Form" fitted bottom sheets, in matching pastels, for wrinkle-free beds.



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YOURWORLDNOTEBOOK

a monthly background to the news headlines By Christina Newman



WEST GERMANY GOES TO THE POLLS THIS MONTH

On September 17 the people of West Germany will cast their ballots in a general election of world-wide importance—a high point in this crucial year of increasingly bitter East-West disagreement over the Germany problem. Here's the background of the campaign.



It seems unlikely that West Germans will vote against a government that has brought material goods in abundance.

Who will be voting? Thirty-seven million West Germans over twenty-one are eligible to vote in this **fourth general election** since the Federal Republic of Germany was set up in 1949. To be elected to the *Bundestag*, or parliament, in Bonn are 494 representatives. In addition the government of the Western sector of the divided city of Berlin (see *Your World Notebook* for April) will nominate 22 representatives.

Which parties are important? In postwar years there has been a marked trend in West German politics to a two-party system. In the 1949 election there were ten parties involved; this year only three have any chance of seating members. The most important party, which has won all three previous elections, is that of the **Christian Democrats**, commonly called the CDU (*Christlich Demokratische Union*). Their main opposition comes from the Social Democrats or SPD party (*die Sozialdemokratische Partei Deutschlands*). The only other party thought to have even a slim chance of seating representatives is a right-wing group called the **All-German Party** (*Gesamtdutsche Partei*). The Communist Party was outlawed in West Germany in 1957 and a neo-Nazi group called the German Reichs Party has been unable to rally much country-wide support.

Who are the standard bearers? The election will be fought, as one Western observer phrased it, "not on platforms but on old political prejudices and personalities."

The **Christian Democrats**, who in the last election garnered more than fifty percent of the popular vote, are a postwar conglomeration of a number of nonsocialist groups, including the old Catholic Party, various liberal movements and a number of strong Protestant factions. The man who has managed to weld these diverse elements together into one strong, middle-of-the-road party is **Konrad Adenauer**. Now eighty-five, Adenauer has been chancellor (prime minister) of West Germany since 1949, and with his **economics minister, Ludwig Erhard**, can take credit for Germany's astonishing recovery, in scarcely more than a decade, from a totally beaten, war-torn nation into the strongest, wealthiest country in Europe. "*Der Alte*" (the old one, as Adenauer is known) is a wily, inscrutable politician who still rules his party with an iron hand and commands from most West Germans, if not affection, enormous respect. A lawyer and former lord mayor of Cologne, Adenauer was jailed twice by the Nazis during the thirties and lived out the war in obscurity.

The **Social Democrats**, despite a long history in the classical tradition of European socialism, have in the last year rejected their leftist leanings in favor of a more moderate program that falls somewhere between the philosophies of the British Labour Party and the Democratic Party in the United States. The SPD is pinning its hopes for victory on **Willy Brandt**, the dynamic and able mayor of West Berlin. Brandt's anti-Nazi stand forced him to flee Germany for Norway in 1939, and he has become an almost idealized personal symbol of West Berlin's defiance of the Russians. His long struggle for control of his own party was won last November when he was named its candidate for chancellor and obtained endorsement for his own moderate policies. His chief obstacle is the fact that under Adenauer the average personal income of West Germans has more than doubled.

What are the issues? Essentially the two parties have the same platform. Both are

for maintaining strong ties with **NATO**, for participation in the **Common Market**, for **standing firm on Berlin**. The only difference in policies is that Adenauer has come out strongly in favor of nuclear arms for the new German army; Brandt has neither opposed nor endorsed nuclear armament. The parties are so close in their philosophies that the Christian Democrats are using as their slogan "Everything as it has been in the past" and the Social Democrats are running under a banner of "Everything the same — only better." The Socialists are trying to stress this similarity in the hope that they can get into power in a coalition government with the CDU. They contend that should Adenauer die or retire, as is likely, a struggle for power in CDU ranks could leave West Germany weak in a time of possible Russian aggression. (*Der Alte* has never openly endorsed an heir apparent, but for the purposes of this election he seems to be favoring Ludwig Erhard, his popular economics minister, over the less popular but powerful **Franz Josef Strauss**, minister of defense.) The Christian Democrats are countering by telling voters that the SPD, despite surface changes, is still a strongly socialistic, neutralist party.

The leading contenders



Adenauer (left) with running mate and possible successor Erhard (centre) face a stiff fight from Willy Brandt (right).

What will be the outcome? Most on-the-spot observers expect **Adenauer and his CDU** to be re-elected, believing voters will hesitate to substitute an untried administration for a government that has brought unmatched prosperity. Brandt's candidature will no doubt increase the number of SPD votes but not enough, it's thought, to require a coalition. The election results won't materially alter West Germany's position as one of the world's most hazardous trouble spots. The renewed threats of the Russians to sign a separate peace treaty with **East Germany** or to make **Berlin** into a "neutral" city (thereby handily isolating it for Communist infiltration) will make life difficult for the next West German chancellor, whether his name begins with A or B. END

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Here's the most exciting cosmetic news ever! Now there's not a single face in the world... not out of it... that you can't wear when you use new Angel Face by Pond's. The only compact make-up containing cosmetic vitamins... the exclusive ingredients that give you different skin tones for different fashion colours! And previous cosmetic vitamins actually separate light to give you complexion more lovely radiance; and they prevent skin wrinkles from developing. Now Angel Face shades? They come in 418 tones in the top of the chart, then see how many new colours you can wear with... new Angel Face by Pond's.

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POND'S costume-complexion shade selector

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2	Light	11	Light	20	Dark
3	Light	12	Light	21	Dark
4	Light	13	Light	22	Dark
5	Light	14	Light	23	Dark
6	Light	15	Light	24	Dark
7	Light	16	Light	25	Dark
8	Light	17	Light	26	Dark
9	Light	18	Light	27	Dark



New, complete Beauty Angel Face... powder and foundation in one, really... the delicate pink Day Case—just \$1.99... the blue and gold vanity box—just \$4.99.

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They're labeled
luxury-mad materialists.
They're blamed
for delinquency and divorce.
They're accused
of throwing men onto breadlines.
But the fact is
Canada's 700,000 working wives
are merely unrecognized pioneers
in a social revolution
and, like it or not,

Working wives are here to stay

By CHRISTINA McCALL NEWMAN

● This winter when Canadians are faced once again with the agony of rising unemployment, one sure-fire remedy is bound to be bandied about in the brouhaha of debate that follows: if only we could get married women back into their kitchens, there'd be plenty of jobs for men. For many thoughtful Canadians what will be most disturbing about this idea is not just that it's an outmoded, unworkable approach to a serious social problem, but that it will be expressed, as it was last year, by some highly responsible, though sadly misguided, citizens.

Certainly, for those who see the trend of married women not in the uncertain terms of what *ought* to be, but in the light of what *is*, this kind of argument is a little like the old cartoon of the young expectant father, nervously asking his wife on the way to the delivery room, "Honey, are you sure you want to go through with this?" The belief *Continued on next page*



Biggest problem for working wives is how to cope with the hectic demands of two conflicting roles. To learn how one woman manages see pictures on the next four pages.



Continued from page 31 that by legal decree or public disapproval married women — particularly those with children who've borne the brunt of recent criticism — could be persuaded to give up working is just about as futile.

The truth is that married women in Canada, as in most other Western nations, are in the labor force to stay. Twenty years ago in this country only one married woman in twenty was working outside her home. Today, one wife in five has a job; by 1970, economists predict, one in three wives will be in the labor force.

"What we must realize," says Eric Smit, head of the Family and Child Welfare section of the Canadian Welfare Council, "is that the employment of married women is now an established social pattern. It's a fact, not a fad."

Smit and most other professional people concerned with social welfare believe that there's no point in blindly trying to reverse this trend. Instead, we need to comprehend the social factors involved by finding out the answers to some important questions. Who are the married women who work? Why do they want or need to have jobs? What effect does their employment have on their families and on the economy? What kind of new responsibilities does the community need to shoulder because of this trend?

What started them working?

In the last decade many surveys have been launched to find out the answers to these questions, most of them in the United States and Britain, where the pattern of married women working is even more pronounced than in this country. The major Canadian survey of the problem was published in 1958, when the Women's Bureau of the federal Department of Labor revealed the results of a study of five thousand married women working for pay in eight Canadian cities. In all such studies, the beginning of the trend toward married women taking jobs is traced to the war years when a legion of Rosie-the-Riveters went to work to replace men who had joined the armed forces. This gained for working wives a *Continued on page 72*

For this working mother most days are an exhausting grind of overwork and worry

Jim and Gertrude Carpenter of Scarborough, Ont., have been married for seventeen years, and for most of that time Mrs. Carpenter has worked in an office. Her reasons—as with most women like her—are entirely financial. The oldest of her three sons had spinal meningitis as a toddler, later needed costly medical care for a serious eye defect. The heart attack her husband suffered three years ago means he can only hold a light, low-paid job. So Mrs. Carpenter leaves her children and goes out to work, not for the glamour and stimulus of a career, but to meet medical expenses and mortgage payments.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN SEBERT



7.10 a.m. Day begins as Mrs. Carpenter gives Jimmy, 5, breakfast, prepares baby gear, tidies house, dresses quickly.



8.55 She begins daily job as bookkeeper in firm near home. To have her baby last spring, she missed six weeks' work.



10.30 Jimmy leaves sitter's home for a lonely swing in schoolyard. Some days he says, "Let's all stay home together."



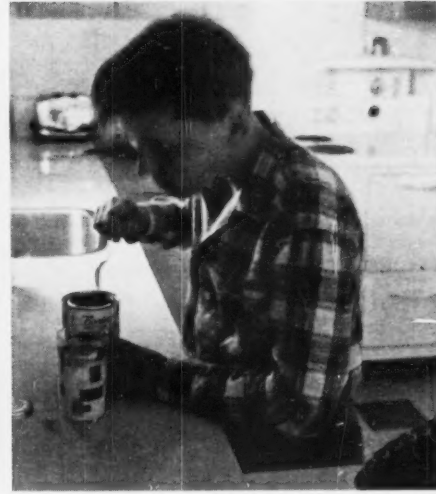
8.20 Dwight, 14, holds door as mother hauls bassinet out to car on way to sitter's.

8.35 At home of neighbor who minds two younger boys for an \$18 weekly fee, Gertrude hands over baby Wayne, 4 months, and feels "a real 'wrench—all I want at that moment is to be able to stay home with my kids."



12.20 p.m. After quick sandwich in restaurant, Gertrude Carpenter spends lunchtime doing errands. Like many homemakers, she does most of her grocery

shopping on Saturdays, but during her office work week she must supplement this with noon-hour purchases of bread, baby supplies, visits to shoe repair.



12.40 Dwight must fend for himself at lunchtime. He lets himself into empty house, washes the breakfast dishes, then makes his own lunch.

The two-job day of Gertrude Carpenter continues next page

WORKING WIVES
ARE HERE
TO STAY *continued*

Evening for
working mother
means more work,
little leisure



6.15 Home from work, Mrs. Carpenter, still in her office dress, starts supper. Dwight helps by peeling vegetables. Later she changes into slacks, relaxes ten minutes with baby.



7.05 She finally gets supper for herself and sons on table, but her husband, who works for hourly rate as messenger, often doesn't return until 7.30, too tired to eat big meal.

8.15 She lingers at dinner table, snatching a few moments for coffee, a chance to talk over day with her husband and cuddle her baby. For both of them, the biggest thing in their lives is their children. "What we want is that all our boys get good educations." Their only outside activities are church, teaching Sunday school, and Home and School.





8.30 Whole family works together to clean up supper dishes, trade stories about their days. Dwight is quiet, helpful, but sometimes rebels at having to spend hours amusing younger brother, Jimmy.



9.30 After tucking boys into bed, Gertrude Carpenter goes wearily to do quick baby wash in the basement. Later she may prepare part of next day's supper, iron a blouse for herself to wear at office.



10.30 Once a week the Carpenters go carefully over their tight budget. The \$60 she earns weekly means a combined income of about \$7,000—barely enough for medical bills and mortgage.

11.45 She finishes last chore, fixing baby formula for next day, as her husband reads paper. Despite workload she rarely complains, says, "It'll come out all right if we keep trying." **END**





Roots are for trees

Lisa's hobby was living in other people's houses and trying on for size other people's lives. It might have gone on for ever, except for one thing . . .

By RITA ENG *Illustrated by Don Anderson*



Lisa was surrounded by the clutter. Bob whistled. "Did you create this all by yourself?"

Lisa Turner was a small blond girl with large brown eyes. She worked as a receptionist and switchboard operator for a daily newspaper in Ottawa. She was twenty-four, pretty, cheerful, sentimental, warmhearted — exactly the kind of girl who should have had a nice husband and a little home of her own. But Lisa lived alone in a twelve-room house that did not belong to her. Furthermore, she did not want either a nice husband or a home of her own. As she often said to her friend, Bob Byrd, "Why should I marry a prince and have him turn into a frog when I can live forever like a princess without signing a lease?"

It was Lisa's belief that with two suitcases full of clothing and a large carton of what she called "atmosphere," she could live like a princess forever simply by subletting the furnished houses or apartments of people who had been foolish enough to grow roots, like trees. "Roots are for trees, and I'm afraid I'm not a tree," she would say somewhat tenderly, a little regretfully to all the men whose proposals of marriage she refused. Since her twenty-first birthday, there had been eight of them: a chemist, a sociologist, an insurance salesman, the proprietor of a motel, a forty-year-old widower, a thirty-year-old

Continued on page 117



Starting a new exciting series

FAMOUS FAMILIES OF CANADA

*The colorful, dramatic and sometimes turbulent stories
of families who, at large measure, helped shape the history of our country.*

WE BEGIN with this issue a three-part story of

THE FABULOUS DUNSMUIRS

*The coal-rich west-coast clan that amassed millions and mansions,
dominated the history of a province, loved and
hated, and shocked British Columbia society for generations*

For four generations the Dunsmuir of Vancouver Island dominated the history and development of the Canadian west. A story of ambition that topped beneath the weight of wealth, a family made a deadly brew of the public that development published special exhibits of their story. What in all, it is a saga of all the human strengths and weaknesses that drive men and women to their quest for wealth and power, and which often destroy them.

Robert Dunsmuir, the founder of the family, who is said to have done for British Columbia what Lord Strathcona did for Canada, was at times called a genius and a monster, a kind prince and a tyrant. The strongest armament he possessed was a little of everything. He was certainly brave.

The Dunsmuir story is best known in an Agincourt and mine of the 1860s when several hundred men below ground, a grimy world with rammed beams and light that came through in a narrow gutter, waiting the skills of mining men and master father. The master, Robert Dunsmuir, wearing the traditional coat and hat of the day, did not know that within fifty years he would control a multimillion-dollar coal, shipping and timber empire and build a fabulous half-million-dollar tropical estate.

A dreamer was in the west

A thin, shaggy youngster with a streak of southernness in his nature, Robert Dunsmuir was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1825. In his early twenties he struck for his trade a sturdy, nineteen-year-old Scottish lass with chestnut-brown hair, hazel eyes and a will-

BY PATRICIA YOUNG

domed as strong as his own. Robert, wood the west while learning nearby Kilmichael Academy and was not as he was most other things to like, with glowing promises and dreams he was able to make good real.

They were married in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847 and it was not long afterward that Robert began to talk about the far-off green coast of Vancouver Island. With a map spread out over the cluttered kitchen table, he would explain about the discovery of land there and the new discovery of coal. There was no other place in the world that offered such promise to those with spirit enough to take on the challenge.

John Macmillan and his wife, who was 1851 and she had already given Robert two daughters—Elizabeth in 1848 and Agnes in 1849. Now expecting a third child, she did not believe in the distant promise of her ambitious husband. He ventured and called The Hudson's Bay Company was offering money for passage to Vancouver Island to work their new mine at Fort Rupert. Why spend the rest of their lives saving for a few shillings a week when there was such good opportunity overseas? Even Uncle Boyd Gilmore was of a mind to take a chance.

Robert's mother would answer the family's doubts. A letter he'd read her, indeed — she wanted to know her morning out of her. And him with only a few pennies left in his pocket some Saturday night. But there was truth in what he said about Agincourt. The land and the mines would always belong to someone else, and what chance did a man have of finding work outside the mines?

By December 10, 1850, twenty-five-year-old Robert and his wife and two children were ready to leave Scotland. And with them was going Uncle Boyd Gilmore. They set sail for Vancouver Island aboard the two-hundred-ton Hudson's Bay Company sailing ship Pekin.

The journey, by way of Cape Horn, took six harrowing months and ended in a disaster when the ship ran aground in a sand bank in the mouth of the Columbia River. On July 1, 1851, the Oregon Spectator headlined its report: *SHIP'S CREW RESCUED!* At a time when seamen's wages were only eleven dollars a month, rumors of the California gold rush had been too much for them. The Hudson's Bay Company officials could do nothing but ask another ship, the Mary Durr, to take off the Pekin's passengers and remaining crew members and transport them up river to Fort Vancouver in Washington Territory.

Birth in the wilderness

The twenty-nine-year-old lieutenant in charge of the small American outpost was often called taken aback to learn that one of the passengers, Robert Dunsmuir, was about to give birth. The delicate situation was handled by a number of local women, and on July 10, 1851, that gave birth to her first son, whom she named James. A lasting friendship developed between the Dunsmuirs and the young doctor, although in later years their paths rarely crossed. For Ulysses Simpson Grant was co-opted in 1869 to become the eighteenth president of the United States.

In November 1851 the Mary Durr transported the

Continued on page 78



Robert Dunsmuir
From mine boy to empire builder.



Joan Dunsmuir
Didn't speak to her son for three years.



Alexander Dunsmuir
Father frowned on his paramour.



James Dunsmuir, by 1900 premier of B.C., with his family at 1901 wedding of eldest daughter Sarah Byrd. Back row: Robin, Marion, Laura Mary, Sarah Byrd, Elizabeth. Front row: Muriel, Mrs. James Dunsmuir, William James, James Dunsmuir.

A penetrating and deeply moving story of a young girl's first love, by Yves Thériault, one of Quebec's best-known authors

IT HAS BEEN SAID of the men of Beauce County, or of Champlain or Montmagny, those men whose feet are so firmly rooted in the rich soil, that they would never need a poet like St. Denys Garneau. For them it would suffice to speak a simple language. ("Lest they fail to understand," was the aside of the esthetes.) Here, to prove the contrary, is the story of Véronique. A Véronique like all the others, a girl like any other girl, with eyes that knew how to laugh and to cry, cheeks the color of fresh blossoms. With a song for joy and silence for days of moodiness. Nothing else. Twenty years old. At twenty, what does one know, what can one know? Fragile innocence, a smattering of knowledge; the knowledge, for example, that the dew lies fresh on the bare skin each morning, that to run bare-foot in the wet grass and to smile is all of awareness and all of knowledge. "Véronique," said her mother, "Véronique, you'll be sick." Sick? What kind of sickness could it be? An illness of the soul perhaps, and it was her innocence, not her wet feet, that exposed her to

The STONE rOse

continued on page 52



Yves Thériault, a forty-five-year-old Montrealer, is one of Canada's most prolific writers in both French and English. Besides three hundred short stories, he has written nine novels, twelve hundred radio scripts, two hundred TV scripts, four books for children, and a play, in addition to his advice-to-the-lovelorn column, For Men Only, in the weekly La Patrie. He is twice winner of the Prix David de la Province de Québec, for literature. Married since 1942, Yves Thériault is the father of two children, Yves-Michel and Marie-José.

TRANSLATED BY JACOB KOHOS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL DAVIES



GORDON THE PUBLIC LEGEND—AND THE SECRET MAN SINCLAIR

His less caustic critics angrily label him cocky, inaccurate, low-brow. With \$400,000 and a five-figure income, Canada's most colorful panelist, columnist, newscaster doesn't seem to care a hoot. But then there's another Sinclair . . .

GORDON SINCLAIR, a separate man, employs the technique of spit-in-your-eye as a handy way of getting through a life. "I have become a wealthy man," he recently declared pugnaciously, "because I'm different." Sinclair's difference is total: attired in a gaudy conglomeration of stripes, plaids and polka dots, he swaggers like a rooster, scoffs and boots sacred cows vulgarly in an era when conspicuous

Canadian is almost a contradiction in terms.

On Front Page Challenge, a panel show rated only second to hockey in the hearts of Canadian television viewers, Sinclair is folksy, informed and irritating. Over Toronto's CFRB, one of the half dozen most powerful private radio stations in Canada, he heartily scorns big business, Boy Scout membership in United

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

Photograph By Robert Ragsdale

Appeal and the joint efforts of bootleggers and ministers to thwart the spread of legal liquor outlets. In the Toronto Star, where he was the zaniest creation of its most flamboyant years, he writes a cheerily garbled entertainment column once a week; he does a potpourri column for Liberty magazine once a month.

His views, expressed any time he feels inclined on radio, television, in newspapers and magazines, follow the line of most resistance.



He has said, for instance, "I personally do not believe the Bible," and, "Royalty is on the way out — they don't really amount to anything," and, "The Commonwealth has nothing in common." Some years ago he called India "the ash can of humanity," and he recently remarked, "Dignity sometimes shrouds incompetence." His most telling battle has been against fluoridation; he is credited by its proponents as being their most influential enemy.

The picture of Sinclair as an arrogant, stonehearted, low-brow iconoclast is so firmly established and richly embroidered with thirty years of evidence that Sinclair, who cleverly hand-tooled the personality himself to suit a market, usually believes it. He tries to ignore evidence to the contrary — that he quietly picks up the tab for hospitalization or refinancing of destitute friends; that he suffers agonies when he receives even illiterate, un-

signed letters comparing him unfavorably with lower species; that he is so insecure and alone that he tries to protect himself against the fates by stock-piling money.

"I've got somewhere around four hundred thousand dollars now, and it isn't enough," Sinclair said somberly this summer, shortly after his sixty-first birthday. "I don't know why, but I know it will never be enough."

"I feel protective *Continued on page 124*

Men vied to protect her
from the past she
feared. But what secret
lay behind those
slanting green eyes?
What did she know
of the strange
happenings
on the
island?

Claws of the cat

FIRST OF TWO PARTS. It started on a beautiful late August evening which seemed to promise nothing more surprising than another fine day tomorrow. The sun was sinking toward the west and firs, pines and spruces stood very still. In the kitchen of the old log house at the edge of the clearing Margo Price and her sister Connie were starting to prepare dinner.

When Joe Hilary brought the motorboat back to the island, he was late. They had been expecting him for more than half an hour. He walked up the path from the dock, past the five tents, and opened the kitchen door. A strange girl came with him.

"This," he said, "is Eva Brown. She needs help."

There was a moment of startled silence.

Connie recovered first. Hastily she smiled, and invited the girl to sit down.

Eva Brown collapsed on the chair. She seemed very young and she wore a faded blue shirt and shabby dungarees rolled up to her knees. Her head drooped and her eyes gazed at the floor. Her hair hung straight and loose to her shoulders and had been bleached to a shade which had never grown from any human head.

Margo looked at this sagging little figure and slowly let out her breath. With good reason she had begun to consider Joe Hilary her personal property, and to see him with another girl had produced a reaction she was glad to forget. Now she was able to see why Joe had brought her with him. Joe Hilary could resist a call for help about as easily as a squirrel could resist a walnut.

"I'll make some coffee for her," she said.

Joe turned to Connie. "Do you suppose we could keep her here tonight? Nobody's using the extra tent this week and she could sleep there, couldn't she?"

Briefly Margo was amused by her sister's expression. This camp belonged to Connie's husband and Connie loved to have guests, but she liked to choose them herself.

"Why, yes, of course," she said after a moment. "If you think it's necessary. But what is wrong?"

"Wait till I find Steve," Joe headed for the door.
"I want him to hear this" *Continued on page 101*



By Florence Ford

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11b



BY ELAINE COLLETT, DIRECTOR CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

TEN NEW WAYS WITH A POUND OF

HAMBURG

A pound of your favorite budget meat, a dash of imagination in choosing ingredients to go with it and you have a family feast or a company special

Whatever name you buy it by — hamburger, ground beef, hamburger or minced steak — the package you pick up with your week's groceries can be as versatile as your own ingenuity. Prices of hamburger vary according to the cuts of meat put through the grinder. The low-cost type is made from trimmings of roasts and steaks. It contains a high percent of white fat which mixes with bits of red meat to give a pink-toned product. The redder the hamburger the less fat it contains, and the higher its price will be. For instance, round steak, ground or in a piece, sells at the one price in most meat stores. Our recipes, which vary from four to twelve servings, will be a success with one pound of hamburger at any price.

Gold-topped Beef Loaf

½ cup dry bread crumbs
1 tsp salt
1 cup evaporated milk
1 tsp gravy browning
1 tbs dark steak sauce
½ tsp dry mustard

1 tsp monosodium glutamate
1 small onion, minced
● 1 LB HAMBURG
½ lb sausage meat
2 grated raw potatoes
Corn Bread Topping

Soak the crumbs in the milk and blend in remaining ingredients thoroughly. Spread half the Corn Bread Topping (see recipe page 61) in the bottom of a greased loaf pan. Evenly cover with the meat mixture and spread remaining corn bread on top. Bake at 350F for 1 hour. Cool slightly and invert on a breadboard, then turn right side up onto a heated platter.

SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH: GOLD-TOPPED BEEF LOAF. RECIPES CONTINUE ON PAGE 61

Photograph by Peter Croydon





NEW! the blouson

*It started at Dior.
It's everywhere today: the one-piece dress with
the two-piece look—a softly
bloused bodice, topping a skirt
either straight or flared. The belt, if any,
is half-hidden by the blousing. Here are five new versions
in two new colors: magenta and green.*

*Opposite page: a go-everywhere, wool-and-Orlon
dress with bow-tied belt,
leather-covered buttons.*

It's by Mam'selle, sizes 7-15, about \$45.

*This page, beginning
at the top: another Mam'selle dress in wool and Orlon—
sleeveless, with a matching jacket.*

Sizes 7-15, about \$60.

*Next, a bloused and flared, day-into-evening dress
by Klever Klad. Wool crepe,
sizes 7-15, about \$35.*

*The green dress with curvy leather belt
is French angora, by Taub,
sizes 8-16, about \$50. Magenta wool twill flannel dress with
flared skirt, by Mr. Mort,
sizes 5-15, about \$35.*

Jewelry, shoes—Simpson's.

For where-to-buy these blouson dresses, see page 52.

By VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT



"Why did they marry?"

By JOAN FINNIGAN



Why do men and women, having little in common — and often widely conflicting interests and clashing temperaments — so often defy common sense, and marry? Here's what the experts say about the hidden motives that lead to heartbreak

When Jane, a girl of beauty, intelligence and initiative, married John, an ill-favored, inadequate and dependent kind of man, the discrepancy between the two shocked all of Jane's friends.

"Why, oh, why," they asked one another, "did those two ever think of marrying?"

Later when the conflicts became unbearable and help was sought, the marriage counselor secretly asked himself the same question. But the process of treatment provided him — and the young couple — with some of the basic answers.

The John-Jane union revealed *Continued on page 134*



Towering Tessie and Half-pint Henry.



Madcap Mary and Silent Sam.

Sketches by John Thorne



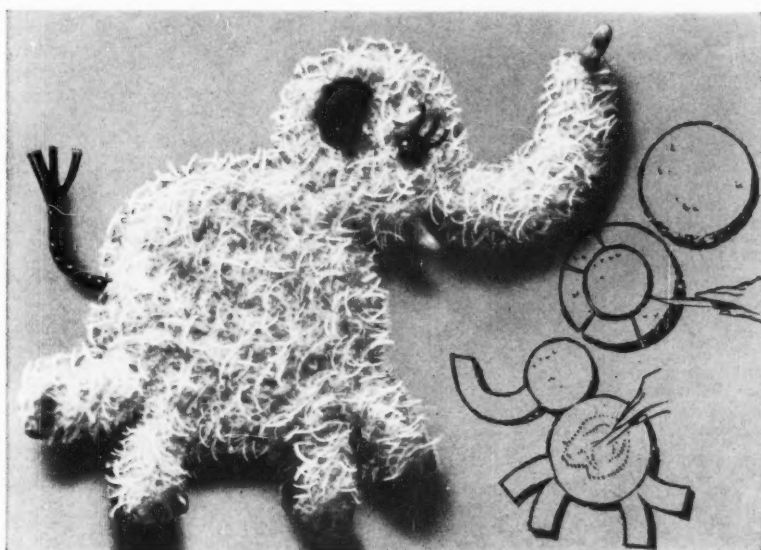
Rumpled Robert and Elegant Ella.

COOK'S NOOK



Please your family in a BIG way with these September Specials

So . . . the children start back to school, and isn't the house beautifully quiet! Almost too quiet as the day goes on, and you're delighted to hear them home again, hungry as only growing children can be. Plan some special dessert, surprise them with a special treat, now and then. September is a good month to try these tempting, tested recipes from General Foods Kitchens.



ELEPHANT CAKE

Underneath all that coconut and fluffy frosting, is a moist, light-on-its-toes chocolate cake. You'll like the depth and richness of the chocolate flavour, that comes from using famous Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate in your cake recipe.

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- * Milk (see below for amount)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or other shortenings, use 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk.

Measure the sifted flour, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add

eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans, 1 1/2 inches deep, which have been lined on bottoms with paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done.



Following diagram, cut a ring 1 1/2 inches wide from one layer. Cut out 1/3 of the ring for elephant's trunk. Divide remaining piece of ring into four equal parts. Place uncut layer on a tray for the body. Use small circle for head, add legs and trumpeting trunk.

Spread pink-tinted 7-minute frosting all

over Elephant Cake, and sprinkle with Baker's Angel Flake Coconut. Use a big chocolate cookie for ear, gumdrops for eye and toes, a peanut for the tusk, and a liquorice whip for the tail. You can't fail to make a big hit with this happy looking, heavenly tasting cake!

CHOCOLATE WHIPPED CREAM DESSERT

As you'll see, there are a number of mouth-watering variations suggested for this big-treat dessert. But don't ever vary the kind of chocolate you use. Baker's Sweet Chocolate is made especially for all such fancy desserts and baking.

- 1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Sweet Chocolate
- 3 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- Sponge cake, ladyfingers, or macaroons

Place chocolate and water in saucepan over low heat. Stir until chocolate is melted. Cool until thickened. Add vanilla and fold into whipped cream. Line sherbet glasses with strips of sponge cake, ladyfingers, or macaroons, cut in quarters.

Fill with chocolate cream mixture. Chill. Makes 5 servings.

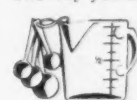


To vary, add 3/4 cup Baker's Angel Pkg. Flake Coconut, or 1/2 cup broken walnuts, pecans, or toasted chopped almonds, to chocolate cream mixture.

Toast Baker's Angel Flake Coconut for a delicious decoration! Spread thinly on shallow baking pan, toast 8 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.). Stir or shake pan often for even browning.



Your measure of baking success



The way you measure ingredients makes all the difference between a cake that's a dizzy success, or a dismal failure. Always use standard measuring cups and spoons, and always measure level.

For dry ingredients, use a measuring cup with the 1-cup line right at the rim; or use individual cups measuring 1/4, 1/3, 1/2 and 1 cup. Heap cup or spoon, then level off with straight edge of spatula or knife. Never tap or shake to level off.

Flour tends to pack, so for the lightest cakes, we always recommend sifting before measuring. Sift first onto waxed paper, then spoon into measuring cup, heaping up and levelling off, as above. Never sift flour directly into measuring cup—you'll end up with less than the standard amount.



Sugar. Spoon granulated sugar lightly into measuring cup, heap slightly and level off in standard way. Sift icing sugar before measuring, to remove lumps, then spoon lightly into cup and level off. Use back of spoon to pack brown sugar so firmly into measuring cup that it holds the cup shape when turned out.

Shortening, butter, margarine. Pack firmly into measuring spoon or cup, to eliminate air bubbles. Level off even with rim of cup. For small amounts, it's easier to measure by tablespoons, remembering that there are 16 to a cup. Use rubber scraper to get every bit.

Liquids need a measuring cup with the rim above the 1-cup mark. Set cup on a level surface, fill to the desired amount and check carefully at eye level.

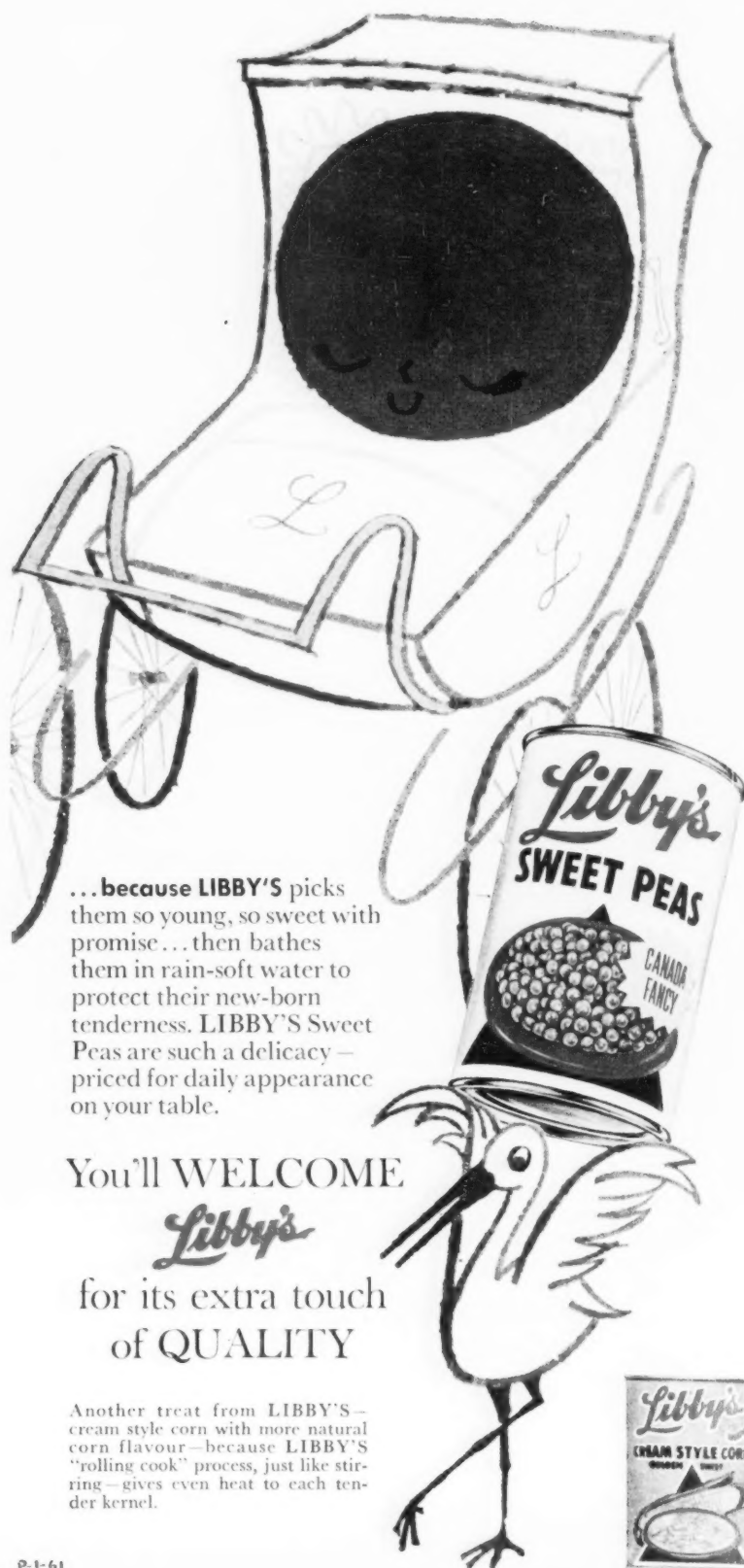
Eggs vary in size, but most recipes are developed for the medium size. Two large eggs equal three small ones.

Finally, doubling a recipe usually means trouble, especially in baking. It takes more time, but you'll be ahead in the long run if you make up the exact recipe as often as necessary. Best of success in your baking!



Libby's

brings you Canada's sweetest NEW-BORN PEAS



...because LIBBY'S picks them so young, so sweet with promise... then bathes them in rain-soft water to protect their new-born tenderness. LIBBY'S Sweet Peas are such a delicacy—priced for daily appearance on your table.

You'll WELCOME
Libby's
for its extra touch
of QUALITY

Another treat from LIBBY'S—cream style corn with more natural corn flavour—because LIBBY'S "rolling cook" process, just like stirring—gives even heat to each tender kernel.

THE STONE ROSE

Continued from page 40

that. Do you see? To understand without knowing... Around her, life continued; the animals in the fields, in the brilliant sunlight, and, for her, nothing mattered but the happiness of beautiful days.

Her father, a Beauce County man, hardened by work, coarse and yet gentle when he needed to be, had not learned the language of the educated, and the one that came to him readily made him a little ashamed, and he kept silent often when he could have, should have, spoken, seated in his rocking chair beside the stove, puffing away at his constant companion. Every day to be sure, saw him come and go, in and out, ploughing, harrowing, planting, harvesting. In harvest time he was busy from dawn to dusk and of the other seasons the same was true.

The days had to be lengthened at both ends. Up before daybreak, finishing long after the sun had gone down and the stars had begun to break through the sky.

(The soft, dark sound of the tottering hayricks, grinding up the ramp to the top of the silo, the squeaking and creaking of the pulleys that lift the hay into the loft; the voice of men and the titter of the women tickled by the chaff; the house, the golden yellows of the windows, as much like eyes as beacons a light-house over a sea of silence.)

He, the father, Anthime; and the mother, heavy and serene, Alma; and then, of course, there was Véronique, and a son who worked in the village, who came home Sundays on ordinary weeks or for the harvest—that was the family.

The farm—a hilly property with bald tops that deceived passers-by. There was rich ground under there, and the crops were so rich and so full that each year Anthime burned three large candles as a thanks offering that once again the winter was provided for.

On the land, and the people on it, a man and his wife, a son fulfilling his proper destiny, and the girl, Véronique, motionless in time, awaiting the moment when she too would take her place in the world.

"Thank it better if she was a little less pretty."

It was not a serious fault. After

all, it was done in the full view of others.

Véronique did not like the village, the people in it, or the noises. She did not care about neighbors. What was important was to take that little path along the length of the farm to the wood lot, at the back, to gather flowers and berries and then return. Or to climb up to the pasture at the rear and watch the cattle living their own quiet life in the sun.

"Leave her alone," said the mother.

WHERE-TO-BUY

the fashions on pages 48 and 49

Mam'selle magenta dress: Jacobson's Ladies Wear, Sydney, N.S.; Paquette's, Quebec City; Fraid's, Montreal; Stein Bros., Ottawa; Simpson's, Toronto; Liberty Women's Wear, Hamilton; Magda Lang, Kitchener; Lefcoe's Ladies Wear, North Bay; Walk-Rite, Edmonton; Ed Chapman's, Vancouver.

Mam'selle green dress with jacket: Wood Bros., Halifax; Jean Fortin, Quebec City; Helen Preston, Montreal; A. J. Freiman, Ottawa; Simpson's, Toronto; W. J. McCance & Son, Windsor, Ont.; La Mode Parisienne, Sudbury; R. H. Williams, Calgary; Duncan's Ladies Wear, Edmonton; Madame Runge, Vancouver.

Klever Klud magenta dress: Holt-Renfrew, Quebec City; Dalmy's and La Jeunesse, Montreal; Middleman's and Murphy-Gamble, Ottawa; Ruth Frocks and May Co., Toronto; Morgan's, Hamilton; Leed's, London; C. H. Smith, Windsor, Ont.; Hollinsworth's, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Saskatoon; Woodward's, Edmonton; Dayton's, Calgary; Laurie's, Vancouver; Hudson's Bay, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, and Vancouver.

Taub green dress: Wood Bros., Halifax; Jean Fortin, Quebec City; Lawrence Sperber, Montreal; Mayfields, Ottawa; Simpson's, Toronto; W. J. McCance, Windsor; Betty Withrow, Winnipeg; R. H. Williams, Calgary; Walk-Rite, Edmonton; Madame Runge, Vancouver.

Mr. Mort magenta dress: Jacobson's Ladies Wear, Sydney, N.S.; Simpson's, Halifax; La Cie Paquette, Quebec City; Holt-Renfrew, Montreal; A. J. Freiman's, Ottawa; Simpson's, Toronto; Leeds of London, London; Holt-Renfrew, Winnipeg; Dayton's Fashions, Calgary; Madame Runge, Vancouver.

"I get my work done without her. She is better off as she is."

That is all that was said.

"If at least, she would keep herself busy in the garden," said the father, who was of a more practical nature.

But he did not insist. He never became angry and he smiled as he watched Véronique leave again and again for her communion with nature or her excursions to the berry patch. He smiled without knowing why. But he was smiling, and that was important.

"She looks after the hen house."

Continued on page 54

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Continued from page 52
retorted the mother, and that put an end to the discussion.

Véronique took care of the fifty hens that filled the little coop. Was that not sufficient evidence of her industry? Why ask more of her?

"She will have lots of time," concluded the mother, "to find herself work when she is married, with her own house, her own children, her own husband. Then she will be glad she had this time to herself when she was young."

ANTHIME. Alma, Véronique, and the son, who was called Lucien—that should have been enough hands to take care of everything, except that age was rapidly overtaking the couple, that the son had lost interest in the soil, that Véronique was day-dreaming more and more, and down there, "there" in the shops and market places, upon which their daily existence depended, there was a constant demand for greater quality in the products... more butterfat in the milk, more wheat to the acre.

"I have it in my head to get a hired man," Anthime began one day.

That was exactly what Alma had been thinking secretly for some time, for she realized the day had come when he must get some help. Anthime left word at the general merchant's, Dumoulin; at Prosper's (he was the village barber); everywhere, in fact, that it might be useful to leave the word that he needed a strong pair of arms. Time passed, let us say a month, and nothing happened.

At Dumoulin's and at Prosper's, the news was discussed secretly, quietly, but Camirand was the only one who dared to speak his mind openly. "Anthime must really be feeling his age, if he is willing to hire someone."

"What age?" protested Prosper. "How old can he be? It seems to me he is about the same age as I am, and I'm only sixty."

"But you," interrupted Camirand, and all of the bystanders in the shop were quick to agree with his wit, "you have never had to lift anything heavier than a pair of scissors."

In any event, it was only after Anthime had written a letter to the local unemployment insurance office that a hired man was finally obtained. He was hungry, thin and tall. His face was hollow, his eyes spirited and a deep blue. He was blond, walked easily with long strides, and

spoke with a strange accent to them. "He's not a man from these parts," said Alma. "He does not talk like the rest of us."

"I am Rumanian, madame."

Rumanian. Roman? You could have as easily said the man in the moon, or the Abominable Snowman, for all that meant to Alma, whose knowledge of geography was limited by the county seat on the east and Ste. Anne de Beaupré on the west.

"Rumanian?" said Véronique, the only one to speak.

One word, but what a turmoil it stirred! Ever since he had arrived and he'd spoken she did not know what had become of her. She no longer had any self-control. She nearly upset the sugar bowl, she misplaced her fork when setting it down, and twice she was surprised to find herself blushing when the newcomer looked her way.

"I am called Nicolas," he said.

He ate with the rest at the big table in the kitchen. He had worked hard all day, that first, that all-important day when you take the measure of a man. And late that night, in bed, Anthime said to Alma, almost grudgingly, "He doesn't know our ways like a fellow from our regions, but he's willing, and he's eager to learn. And if he continues as he has, he'll do."

And that was more than Anthime had said on one breath in over a year.

ANTHIME, Alma, Lucien, who can now be forgotten, Véronique, and now Nicolas. Nicolas the silent, almost secretive, who rose first in the morning and put the kettle on to boil; who was the first to bed, exhausted by the work in the heavy, clayish soil. And Véronique who ran to the woods more than ever, and who went to watch the flocks more than ever, because Nicolas was there, always, always in sight.

So often, in fact that the hired man was soon aware of the presence of the girl who watched him secretly, then openly, from morning until dark. Watched him with an intensity that was a mirror to her soul. A soul full of love.

That's the way it was with Véronique. Twenty years old and before her this handsome, slenderly built man, young, who lived and worked each day with the dedication of a man driven to complete a Herculean labor before daybreak.

Continued on page 56

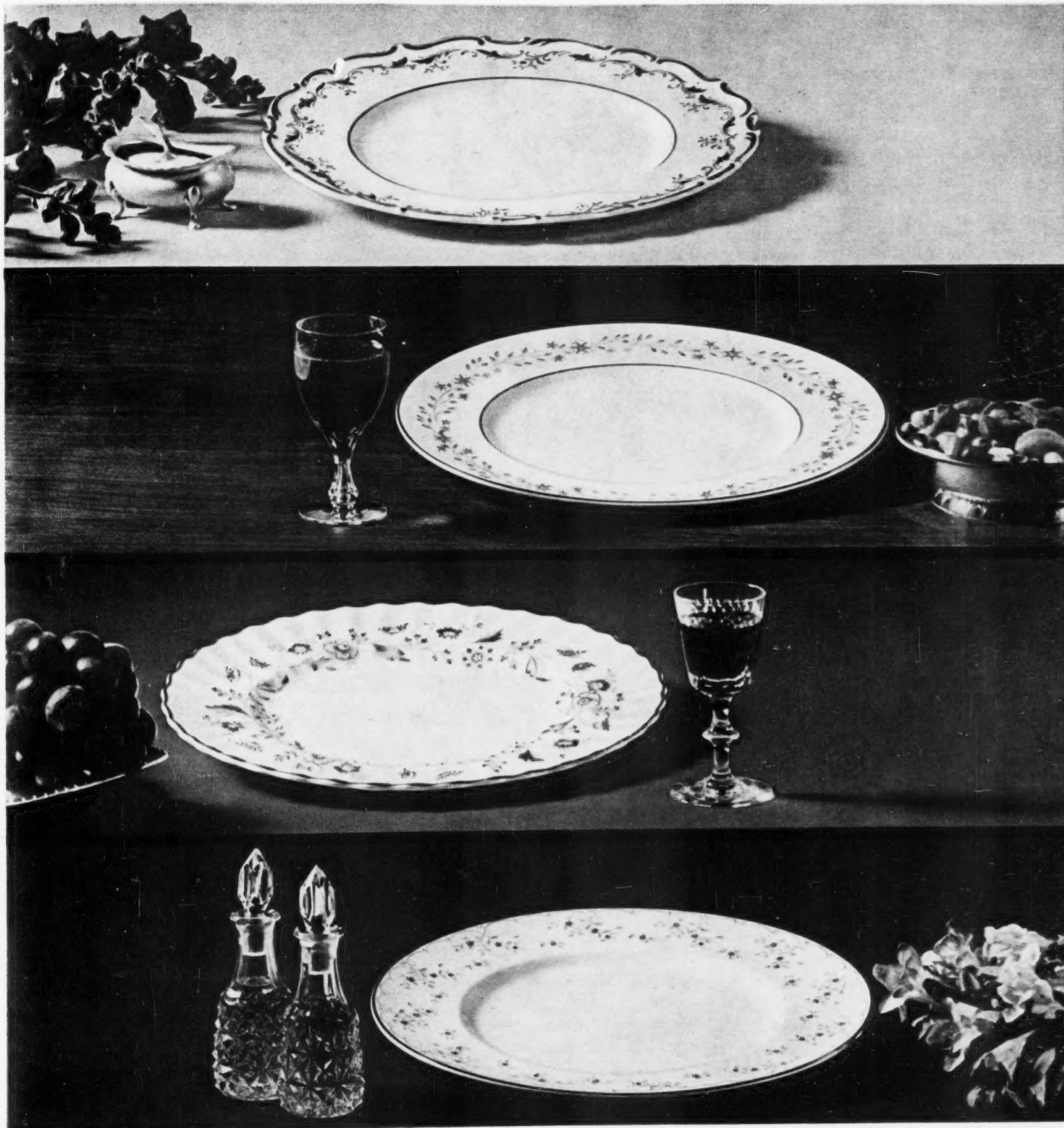
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Continued from page 54

What did they say to each other? Nothing. The ordinary words of everyday life, the meaningless chatter of people who brush against each other day after day.

Then . . .

Then, one morning, bright, walking barefoot, barelegged, Véronique climbed up to the little patch where the strawberries were beginning to ripen; and, purely by chance, there was Nicolas, in the middle of the path, next to the gate to the large pasture which he was repairing.

"Hello."

Veronique had seen him from around the bend and her heart began beating harder, her breathing became more rapid, he stirred in her something she did not know how to identify, something wonderful and quieting. "Nicolas!"

What was the question in that single word? The appeal? Véronique, instinctively was becoming a woman. Gently, with each succeeding emotion, with each thunderclap from her heart, with each glance from Nicolas.

The man was timid, that was easy to see, he was gauche. He put down the hammer, he wanted to speak, to explain himself. His eyes caressed Véronique. They slid over the outline of her cheeks, the fullness of her lips, the softness of her eyes. His eyes swept her to him and the power of them drove her almost out of her mind, she wanted to run away, no, to stay—but then everything would be finished. No. It would not be the end. Just the beginning. The very beginning, and what would follow would last a lifetime, centuries, would foil death itself. The ages. Nicolas . . .

"Nicolas".

What happened to these two, these strangers who had lived for a month not knowing what to say to each other, and who had fallen completely, utterly in love in only two glances?

They had to say something . . .

"Are you fixing the gate?"

(They had to say something.)

When he spoke with that strange, lilting accent of his, and with that voice as soft as honey, what he did not say in so many words could be understood in infinite ways.

"The cows must be kept from breaking through."

Novels are written on a single, eternally meaningful utterance. How can you describe what takes place between two beings who refuse effusions, who are incapable of letting themselves go?

He had difficulty forming his thoughts, his words. His voice left him. But what was uttered had more potency for its constraint, its timidity.

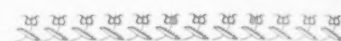
"I see you . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"Ever since I came . . ."

Then the inevitable happened. He said no more that day. Oh yes, they talked—empty words about the wind and the weather. Nicolas spoke about the work. Véronique listened intently. Never moving, her eyes filled with wonder.

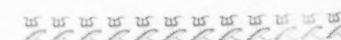
The next day, more words; this time when Véronique came back from her flower gathering. Then one day when Nicolas was helping her in the hen house, she was so close to him



TIME FOR FALL INVENTORY

Now's the time to go over everything in your closet to check your clothes assets and your needs. Try on all your fall-winter coats, suits and dresses and, as you do, make a note of anything that needs cleaning or altering. Check the accessories for each outfit. **Make** a list of necessary replacements with the color possibilities for each. Point to remember: the smart wardrobe is the co-ordinated wardrobe. So think of every item in terms of what you will wear with it — hat, bag, shoes — the head-to-toe effect.

Vivian Wilcox
Chatelaine Fashion Editor



that her bare arm touched his, and in that instant a shiver sprang through the two. And so they found themselves standing before each other trembling, and Nicolas stretched out his hand—his fingers caressed Véronique's flaming cheek.

Nothing more.

It takes only one small stone, no bigger than your fist, to begin an avalanche. A single stone that is stirred and begins to roll. (The simple cause of overwhelming effects.)

Véronique did not sleep that night. Or, if she did sleep, it was with Nicolas in her mind, running hand in hand with him gaily across the countryside.

"You look to me," said Alma, the next morning, "like someone who

Hasn't slept all night. Is something wrong? Are you ill?"

Sick? Of course. A victim of that most beautiful and deadly malady.

"I'm not sick."

How could she, a Véronique of Beauce County, explain to Alma, her mother, the wife of Anthime, that she had touched the bare arm of a man and could not sleep? These are matters for confession. One accuses oneself of mortal sins for much less. Véronique said nothing. Nothing at all that mattered.

"I'm not sick."

IT TOOK six days for the flower to come to full bloom. It just happened. To the simple, to the pure of heart—such a one was Véronique and so could Nicolas have been—progress is made in stages, with long waits, halts, hesitations, misgivings, fears.

Strangely, it was in the village that they got to know each other better. The same village to which Véronique almost never went, and where Nicolas, for his part, had gone only once.

"Nicolas, today it's your turn to go to Dumoulin to pick up the feed. We need twenty-five bags." These things were being said in the stable.

In the house Alma was talking to her daughter, there was nothing pre-arranged about it. "You'll have to go to the village for me. I need some flannelette for new blankets. If I wait for tomorrow I'll be held up another week making them."

The details are not important. What matters here is that Nicolas was sent to the village to pick up the feed, and that Véronique was sent at the same time to get the flannelette. And that the two made the trip together. Along the bank of the river that each spring spilled out of its bed to taste the fresh soil of the new growing season, nourishing and enriching as it passed.

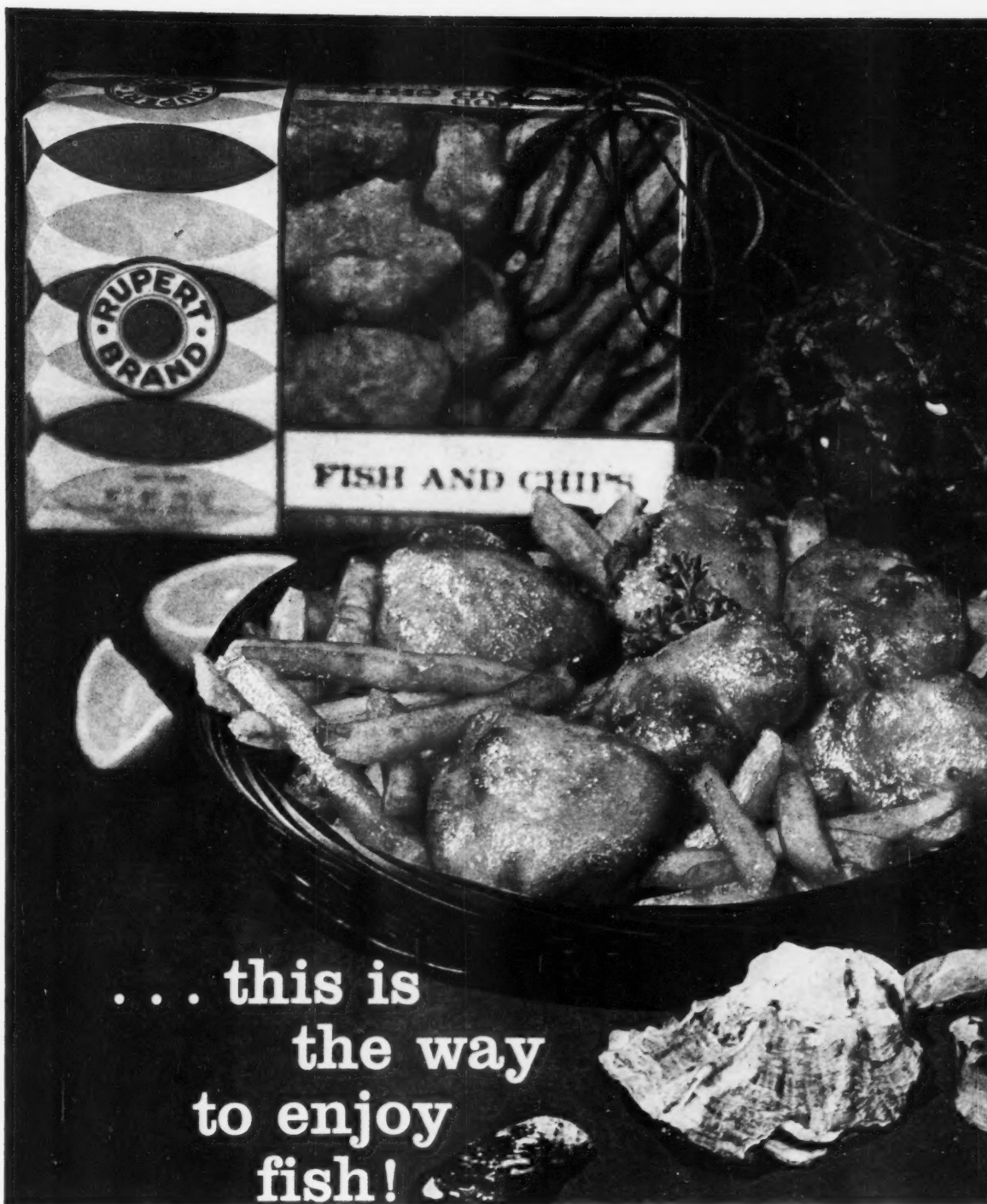
The length of the river, calm today, while in Anthime's car Nicolas drove like an expert.

They didn't talk, it wasn't necessary. Once, Nicolas touched the arm of Véronique and she shrank back into a corner of the seat, shivering with emotion. . . . That would have been enough for one day, if one includes the calm of the waters of the river, the green hills, the sleeping willows and the sky which hung above like a vast dome, blue and serene.


He had said that very first day, "I see you . . ."

It was immense.

Continued on page 58



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the way
to enjoy
fish!

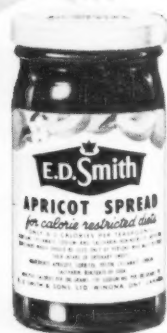
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LEA & PERRINS
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16P

Continued from page 57

They did the things in the village that they had been sent to do. They spent the time necessary to accomplish these things, and they met again where it was most convenient for both, before the church, from where they were to start back.

Behind the car, in the open trailer, he had put the sacks of feed. On the back seat Véronique had loaded all of her purchases. Everything was ready, they could go back home.

"No," said Véronique, "I don't want to go back, not yet." She caught Nicolas' glance, and kept him from moving. "Let's . . . Let us go somewhere, do something. I want to be alone with you. I want you to talk to me. I want . . ."

Sweet innocence, delicate awareness, what did she not want?

Slowly, with patience and gentleness, Nicolas broke away from her gaze, broke the spell, and having freed himself became a man able to express himself at long last.

"Listen . . ."

He made a gesture with both hands, like a conjurer evoking a spirit. At the same time he touched Véronique's elbow, softly, as if applying some magic. "I know," he said. "It was inevitable. We were alone in the world, we two. The only ones of a unique race. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

(A little but more than enough. It wasn't necessary to have had involved courses of study at fancy institutions. It was the woman in her that had received the education, that had, intuitively, all of the necessary perception and sensitivity.)

"Yes, I understand."

He took her by the shoulders, took her along a little farther, raised her head that she might see the facade of the church. He pointed a finger. "Do you see this rose hewn in the stone?"

"Yes."

"There are roses carved in stone that can be found today in the ruins that are so old that no one can say whether they date from four thousand or ten thousand years ago. People are born, live and die. People about whom we've never dreamed have looked on these roses, and these roses, made by the hand of man, go on, oblivious to all those being born and dying about them. Love is like that, Véronique. It matters little that it is consummated. It is important only that it be a great love, so true, so strong and forceful in all its roots

that it can exist through the centuries like that rose of stone."

But Véronique did not understand. "And me?" she said. "And you? What about us?"

"*Quoi qu'il arrive*," said Nicolas, almost to himself.

And suddenly pulling her strongly to his breast he repeated, "*Quoi qu'il arrive* . . . whatever happens."

They returned to the house in silence. Véronique knew very well that

And Nicolas was not in the kitchen when Véronique went there to seek him. Nor could he be found in the stable. He wasn't anywhere to be found.

All that remained as a remembrance of him was his faint body odor, and his shadow which had hung over the house all that season, right into midwinter. Then one day Véronique came back from a long walk in the woods, late, and went immediately to her bed, and stayed.

But this turn was inevitable, for all summer long Véronique had eaten like a bird, and she had begun to fade gradually, as do the June flowers unable to resist the heat of August.

"There's something wrong with you, all right," said the mother. To Anthime she added, "It might be a good idea to call the doctor."

Anthime had watched Nicolas, and he had watched his daughter Véronique. After Nicolas' disappearance he had begun to understand things much better. And one day, when he'd had to close the window in Véronique's little room, he'd noticed the snapshot of Nicolas, with his wife and that beautiful, blond child, left by chance on the top of the dresser.

"She is fading before our very eyes," said Alma. "If this keeps up she won't last very much longer."

Anthime called the doctor, who came, who prescribed pills, and gave her injections, all without success. If, when she had taken to her bed, she had been struck down, invaded, by a fever, if she had become delirious, it might have been considerably easier for medicine to have taken effect. In any case some twenty days passed, and when Christmas arrived, Véronique got up. And though she still seemed sad, preoccupied, physically she was much better.

"My goodness she had me frightened," said Alma to Anthime. "Last week I thought we had lost her forever."

"She may still be lost," said Anthime quietly.

"What was that you said?"

"Nothing."

"You said that she was as good as dead."

"I said nothing."

"I heard you, but what could have made you say a thing like that?"

Anthime was thinking of Nicolas, as he was when he first came to the farm at the beginning of summer, in those days of June which are as moist as a woman's lips. He remembered Véronique and Nicolas together

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Toronto 2.

something out of the ordinary had taken place, but she was unable to define what had happened, it was completely out of the range of her experience.

THE NEXT MORNING on the floor, she found, slid under her door sill, a small snapshot of Nicolas. But he was not alone. Beside him stood a girl just as blond and fragile as he, and between them, a child, smiling graciously.

alone near the fence, speaking to each other, but only with their eyes; fondling each other, but only with their eyes; aware of no one, nothing but each other. Even at that time he had known, understood what was taking place . . .

"It is possible," he said to Alma, "to die inside, just as one dies on the outside. When it is inside, nothing shows. You go on walking, talking. You think the person is still alive. Dying outside, that's another kind of death. I wonder which is the worse . . ."

He got up from his rocking chair, emptied his pipe into the stove and walked quietly out the door. "I'd better do my chores now," he said as he went out. "The cows are becoming restless in the barn."

Struck dumb, Alma watched him go. She hadn't understood a word. (What did she know about Véronique and Nicolas? She was aware only that they seemed to like each other.)

IN THE BARN Anthime attended to the evening chores. To his best milker, a quiet cow, serene and docile, he spoke, "You could marry like that, do you see. You could live your life, one year after another. You could call that living happy, but inside it's death. It is as cold, and as dead and as final as those who are in the cemetery."

Was he remembering things out of his own past, memories, invisible walls?

"Nothing to be done." That was his conclusion. The only one he could arrive at. "Nothing to be done . . ."

Life continued, naturally enough, as Anthime had foreseen it. Everything moving along, nature taking its course. Véronique was not very lively that winter, but with the arrival of spring and the April thaw and the rains she began to move about with renewed vigor. In fact she seemed to blossom again when June arrived. In appearance she was the Véronique of old, except only perhaps that her eyes shone a little less brilliantly than before.

Anthime, who knew nothing whatever of Mélisandes, of Héloïses or even of Juliets, found himself embarrassed if anyone mentioned it to him. And if anyone had ever spoken to him about the permanence of stone roses . . .

But Anthime, who was a simple, unsophisticated man, had the sensitivity and the warmth of the soil he had worked. He spoke only once to

Véronique, that was on a warm summer day, and though she made no reply to his remark, she must have understood.

"The important thing, my child, is to know how to go about it. You must not think of going on, of continuing. You have to begin again.

Every morning you begin again. Put the past behind you. That's the only way."

And so it came to pass that one day, not too long afterward, Véronique married, and made her husband happy. But that's not too important.

What is worth mentioning is that on her wedding morning she was surprised to see tears running down her father's cheeks, and she couldn't understand why. After all she was going to live just next door, and they would be able to see each other every day.

END



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cream corn in the cob

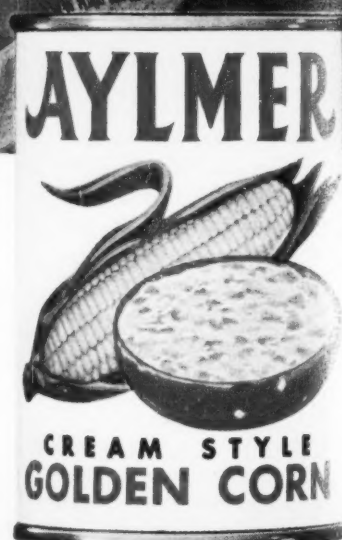


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AYLMER CREAM CORN IN THE COB
Hollow out wiener bun halves, butter lightly and toast under broiler. Heat AYLMER CREAM STYLE CORN in saucepan, and spoon into bun halves. Garnish with strips of crisp bacon. Serve in lettuce shells arranged on platter.

CANADIAN CANNERS LIMITED



TEN NEW WAYS WITH A POUND OF HAMBURG

Continued from page 47

CORN BREAD TOPPING for Gold-topped Meat Loaf: Combine 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn meal, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir in a mixture of 1 cup milk, 2 beaten eggs and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil.

Serve Gold-topped Beef Loaf in slices with buttered Brussels sprouts and mushroom gravy. Add fresh or broiled tomatoes for color. Serves 8.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 90 cents. Calories per serving: 290.

Dinner on a Skewer

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 slice stale bread, crumbled | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp poultry seasoning |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb rindless side bacon |
| ● 1 LB HAMBURG | 1 (15-oz) can onions |
| 1 tsp salt | 1 (20-oz) can white potatoes |
| 2 tbs each minced chives and parsley | Brush and Broil Sauce |

Soak the bread in the sour cream, then combine with the next five ingredients. Form into 18 or 24 small balls. Press the meat balls, onions and potatoes alternately on metal skewers or discarded knitting needles, threading a strip or two of bacon between as items are added. Refrigerate until needed, then brush generously with the sauce and place on the oiled grid of your broiler. Broil slowly for about 15 minutes, turning and brushing with the sauce until nicely browned. Serve with tossed green salad and crusty hot rolls. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

BRUSH AND BROIL SAUCE: Shake together, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup garlic-flavored French dressing, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup ketchup, 2 tablespoons dark steak sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard and 1 or 2 teaspoons barbecue seasoning.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: \$1.55. Calories per serving: 440.

Beef and Rice Balls in Sour Cream Sauce

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| ● 1 LB HAMBURG | 3 tbs bacon dripping |
| 2 tbs chopped onion | 3 tbs flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup quick-cooking rice | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rich beef stock OR |
| 1 tsp salt | 1 can bouillon, diluted with |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp pepper | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mushroom juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp mixed Italian herbs | 2 tbs tomato paste |
| OR $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp each nutmeg and allspice | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red wine |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk | 1 small can mushrooms |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream |

Mix the first seven ingredients together and form into 40 small balls. Roll in dry bread crumbs or flour and fry slowly in the dripping until lightly browned. Lift out the meat and stir in the flour. Add the stock slowly and cook until smoothly thickened. Add the tomato paste and wine mixed together, drained mushrooms and meat balls. Season the sauce to taste. Cover and simmer slowly for about 20 minutes. Stir in the sour cream and reheat without boiling. Serve over plain buttered noodles and add a tossed salad. Serves 6 or 8.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.21. Calories per serving: 370.

Latin Quarter Meat Dumplings

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted pastry flour |
| 1 crushed clove garlic, optional | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking powder |
| 1 tbs salad oil | 1 well-beaten egg |
| ● 1 LB HAMBURG | 2 tbs evaporated milk |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt | 2 (10-oz) cans tomato soup, diluted with tomato juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp mixed herbs | |

Sauté garlic and onion in the oil until lightly brown. Add meat and salt, then stir-fry slowly until pinkness disappears. Remove from heat and stir in sifted flour and baking powder until no flour is visible, then add the egg and milk mixed together. Heat soup in a large skillet, then mold meat mixture lightly into 12 or 14 dumplings and drop into the bubbly soup. Cover and turn heat low. Let steam 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with bacon curls, succotash and tossed salad.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 75 cents. Calories per serving: 326.

Continued on page 62

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the Surprise is when you learn it's Margarine



Continued from page 61

Fruited Sweet-and-Sour Beef Rolls

1/4 lb diced side bacon OR
ground salt pork
2 slices bread, crumbled
2/3 cup milk or vegetable
juice

1 tsp salt
1 tsp monosodium glutamate
1/2 tsp dry mustard
2 firm bananas
Shredded cereal
Sweet-and-Sour Sauce

• 1 LB HAMBURG

Fry the bacon until the fat is clear, but not crisp. Drain. Soak the bread in the milk or vegetable juices and mix in the next four ingredients and drained bacon. Cut the bananas into 8 pieces by slicing lengthwise, then in half. With wet hands mold the meat mixture around each banana piece to completely cover, then roll in cereal. Place in a bake dish greased with the bacon fat, and sprinkle with any remaining dripping. Bake at 400F for 15 minutes, then pour off any fat and add the Sweet-and-Sour Sauce. Cover and continue baking for 15 minutes longer. Serve over fluffy cooked rice. Lettuce wedges dripping with Roquefort dressing are good with this. Serves 4 generously. Cut large bananas into 6 pieces each, and make 12 beef rolls to serve 6.

SWEET-AND-SOUR SAUCE: In a saucepan, combine 2 tablespoons corn-starch with 3 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 (20-ounce) can pineapple tidbits and 2 teaspoons soya sauce. Heat and stir until thickened. Add 1/2 cup each sliced celery and green pepper. Season to taste.

Preparation time: 20 to 25 minutes. Cost: \$1.16. Calories per serving: 434.

Quick Mexican Beef Potato Scallop

• 1 LB HAMBURG
2 tsp chili powder, optional
1 tsp salt
2 or 3 tsp onion flakes

1/4 cup chopped green pepper
1 pkg scalloped potatoes
Tomato juice
Grated cheese

Wet fingers and crumble the hamburger into a frying pan; sauté until pinkness disappears. Stir in chili powder and salt. Alternate the meat, onion flakes, green pepper and dry potato flakes in a greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle each potato layer with the seasoning mix in the package. Use hot tomato juice in place of water (which is suggested on the package). Bake uncovered according to directions. Top with grated cheese. Cook 5 minutes longer. Serves 6.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: 98 cents. Calories per serving: 280.

Tomato Beef Macaroni Pie

3 cups cooked macaroni
Pinch cayenne pepper
1 cup grated sharp cheese
1 cup medium cream
sauce

1 tsp salt
1 small can tomato sauce
1 small onion, chopped
Oregano and pepper to taste
Garlic, optional

• 1 LB HAMBURG

Mix the macaroni, cayenne, cheese and sauce together. Line an oblong buttered casserole with the mixture. Stir-fry the beef and drain off the fat. Add the remaining ingredients and spread evenly in the centre of the macaroni mixture. Bake at 350F until bubbly. Garnish with hard-cooked egg slices and parsley. Serves 6 to 8.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 85 cents. Calories per serving: 356.

Continued on page 64



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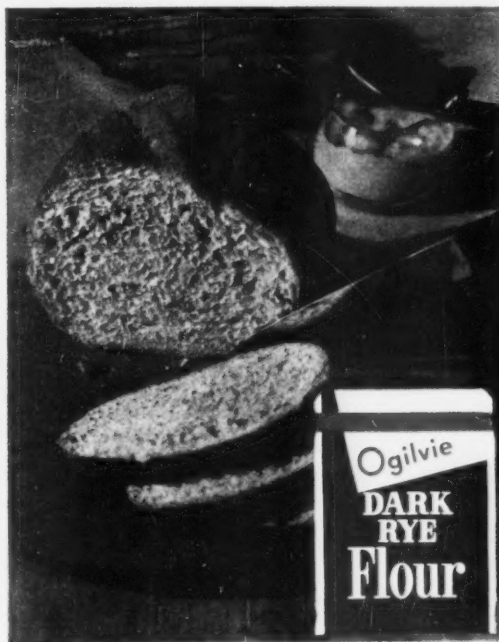


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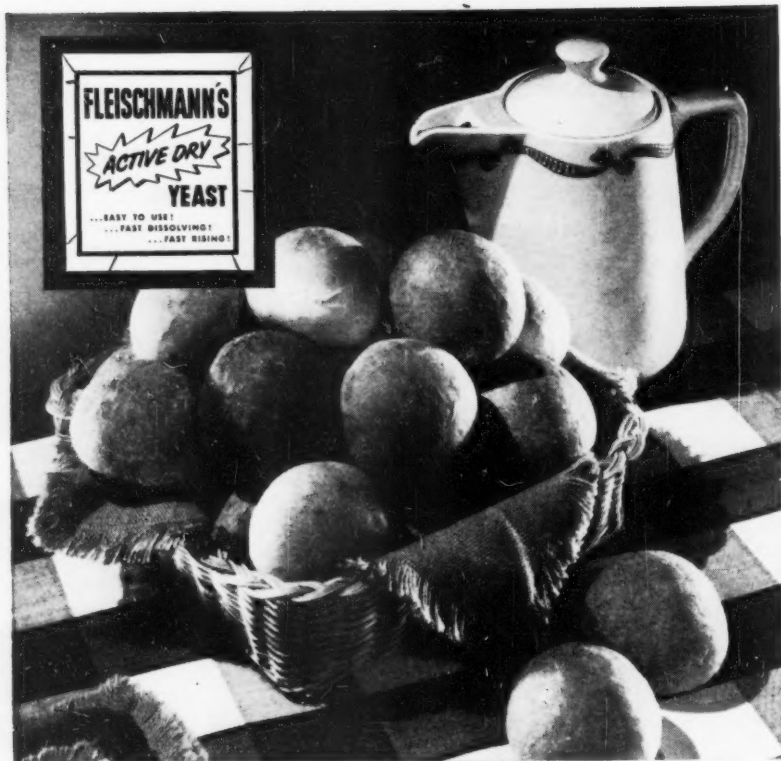
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Potato REFRIGERATOR BUNS

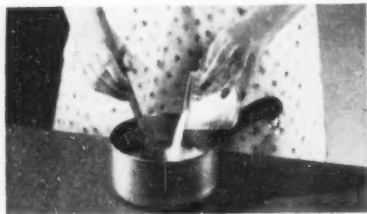
the moment when delicious dinner rolls are just the thing to round out a meal.

POTATO REFRIGERATOR BUNS

You'll need:

- ¾ c. salted potato water
- ½ c. granulated sugar
- ½ c. shortening
- ½ c. lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 4½ c. (about) pre-sifted all-purpose flour

1. Heat potato water (drained from boiled potatoes); stir in the ½ c. sugar and shortening. Cool to lukewarm.



2. Meantime, measure lukewarm water into a large bowl; stir in the 1 tsp. sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well. Stir in lukewarm potato-water mixture, eggs and 2¼ c. of the flour. Beat until smooth and elastic. Work in sufficient additional flour to make a soft dough — about 2¼ c. more. Knead dough lightly in bowl. Cover bowl closely



and refrigerate until wanted. (Dough keeps 2 or 3 days.)

3. To bake a dozen fresh buns: Punch down dough and cut into 2 equal portions—return 1 portion to refrigerator. Allow other portion to come to room temperature in a warm place. Knead on



floured board until smooth. Form into a 12-inch roll; cut roll into twelve 1-inch pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth ball. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover. Let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1 hour. Bake in mod. hot oven (375°) 12 to 15 mins. Makes 2 dozen buns.

Continued from page 62

Beef Pasties or Pie

- 1 LB HAMBURG
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 tbs ketchup
- 1 tbs dark steak sauce
- 2 medium carrots, grated
- 2 tbs grated onion
- ¼ cup milk
- Pinch chervil and sweet basil
- 1 recipe pastry (enough for 3 single-crust pies)

Mix the first seven ingredients together and flavor with chervil, sweet basil and chopped parsley. Roll out the pastry and cut into 24 3-inch circles or squares. Spread a little of the meat mixture on half of each circle and dampen the edge. Fold over, pressing edges together with a fork. Prick the top of each and bake at 425F for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve with escalloped tomatoes or creamed corn and home-fried potatoes. Makes 12 servings.

Note: For speed, make a double-crust pie of the pastry and meat filling. Brush top with slightly beaten egg yolk mixed with 1 tablespoon water and bake at 375F for 50 minutes or until pastry is well done. Serve in wedges.

Preparation time: 15 to 20 minutes. Cost: 80 cents. Calories per pastry: 225.

Cheese and Chili Shortcake

- 1 LB HAMBURG
- 1 small chopped onion
- Garlic, optional
- 2½ tsp chili powder
- 1½ tsp salt
- 4 fresh tomatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 (15-oz) can kidney beans
- ¼ cup ketchup
- Cheese Bread Topping

Stir-fry the hamburger and onion together until pinkness disappears. Pour off the fat and add the next six ingredients. Simmer 5 minutes and pour into a well-greased deep 9-inch pan or 1½-quart casserole. Spoon Cheese Bread Topping over the mixture and bake at 400F for 25 minutes. Invert mixture on a hot platter and serve with buttered Brussels sprouts and cucumbers in sour cream. Serves 6 or 8 generously.

CHEESE BREAD TOPPING: Add ¾ cup grated cheese and 2 teaspoons caraway seed to 1½ cups biscuit mix. Stir in a mixture of ¾ cup milk and 1 well-beaten egg.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 92 cents. Calories per serving: 481.

Spaghetti with Romano Sauce

- ½ lb sliced hot Italian sausage
- 1 LB HAMBURG
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 or 2 tbs chopped parsley
- 1 or 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 small can tomato paste
- ½ bay leaf
- 3 cups water
- 2 or 3 fresh tomatoes, peeled and sliced OR 1 cup canned
- 1 or 2 crushed chili peppers
- 1 tsp chopped mint OR ¼ tsp dry mint
- ¼ tsp oregano
- ¼ tsp salt

Sauté the sausage and hamburger until cooked. Pour off the fat and add the onion, parsley and garlic. Stir-fry 5 minutes, then add remaining ingredients. Cook slowly until thickened, then taste for seasoning. Serve over hot cooked spaghetti, and pass the Parmesan cheese. Serves 4.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: 98 cents. Calories per serving: 478.



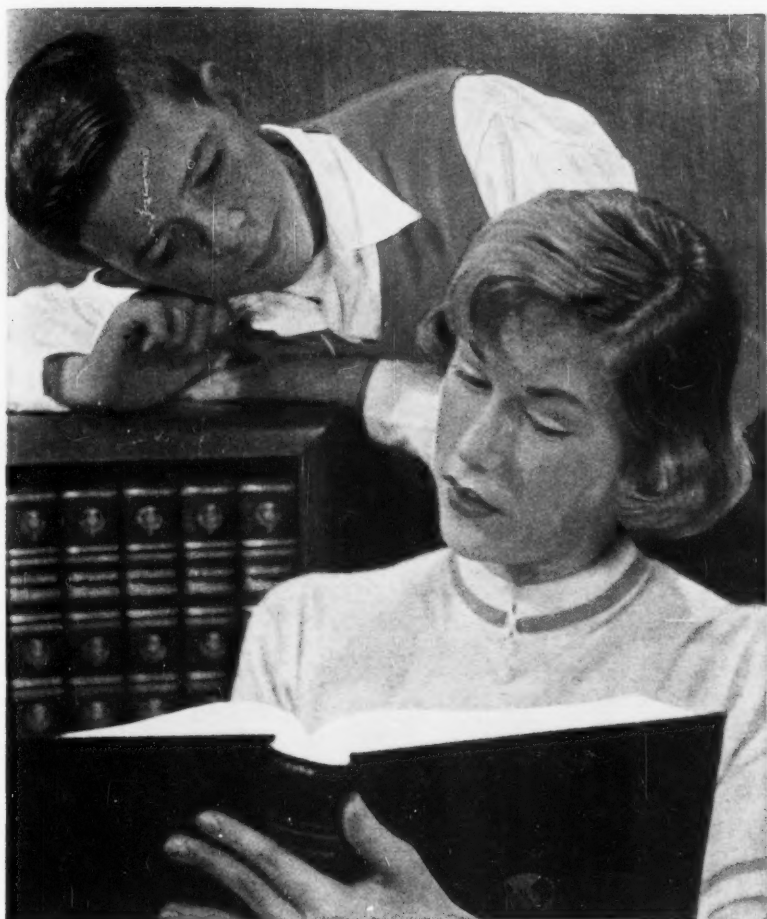
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Elaine Belter

Director Chatelaine Institute

END



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If your children are at the age of hungering to know, isn't this a time you should think about the Britannica? They are at the brink of a demanding age in the history of the world, and what you give them now can be infinitely important the rest of their lives.



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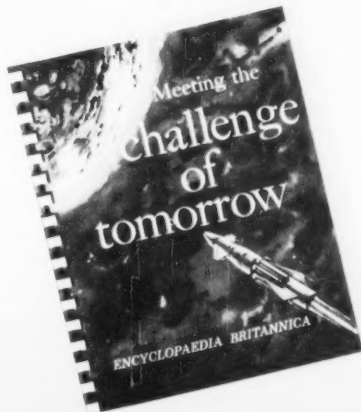
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Beef Pasties or Pie

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- 1 LB HAMBURG
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- 1 or 2 tbs chopped parsley
- 1 or 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 small can tomato paste
- ½ bay leaf
- 3 cups water
- 2 or 3 fresh tomatoes, peeled and sliced OR 1 cup canned
- 1 or 2 crushed chili peppers
- 1 tsp chopped mint OR ¼ tsp dry mint
- ¼ tsp oregano
- ¼ tsp salt

Sauté the sausage and hamburger until cooked. Pour off the fat and add the onion, parsley and garlic. Stir-fry 5 minutes, then add remaining ingredients. Cook slowly until thickened, then taste for seasoning. Serve over hot cooked spaghetti, and pass the Parmesan cheese. Serves 4.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: 98 cents. Calories per serving: 478.



Potato REFRIGERATOR BUNS

the moment when delicious dinner rolls are just the thing to round out a meal.

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floured board. Form into a 12 into twelve 1-1 each piece into Arrange, well cookie sheet. G Let rise in a from draft, unt —about 1 hot hot oven (375° Makes 2 doze

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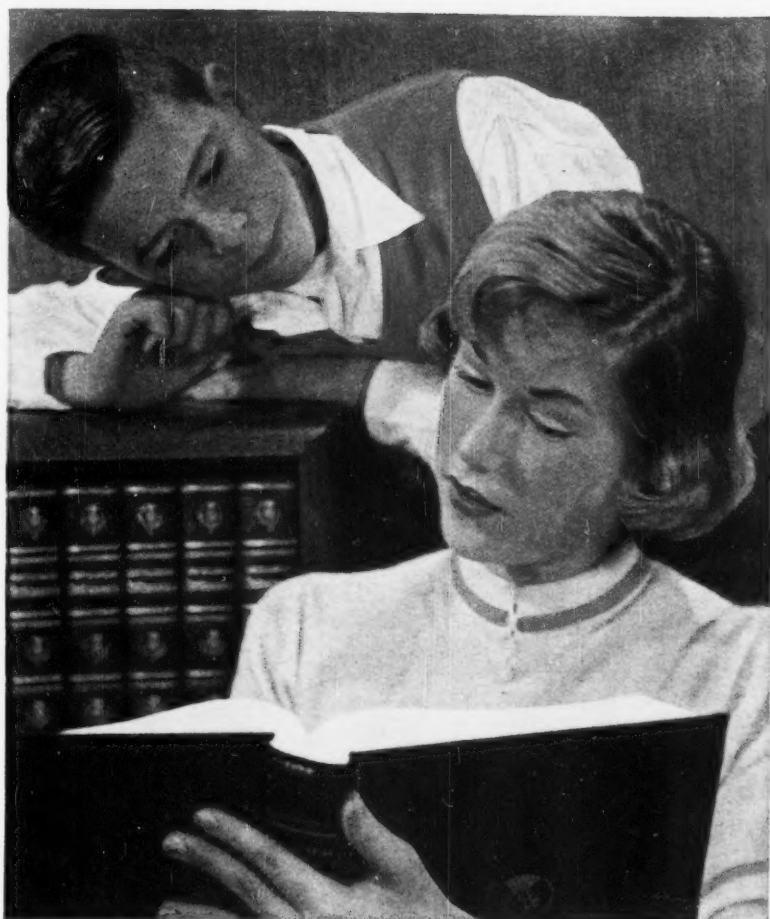
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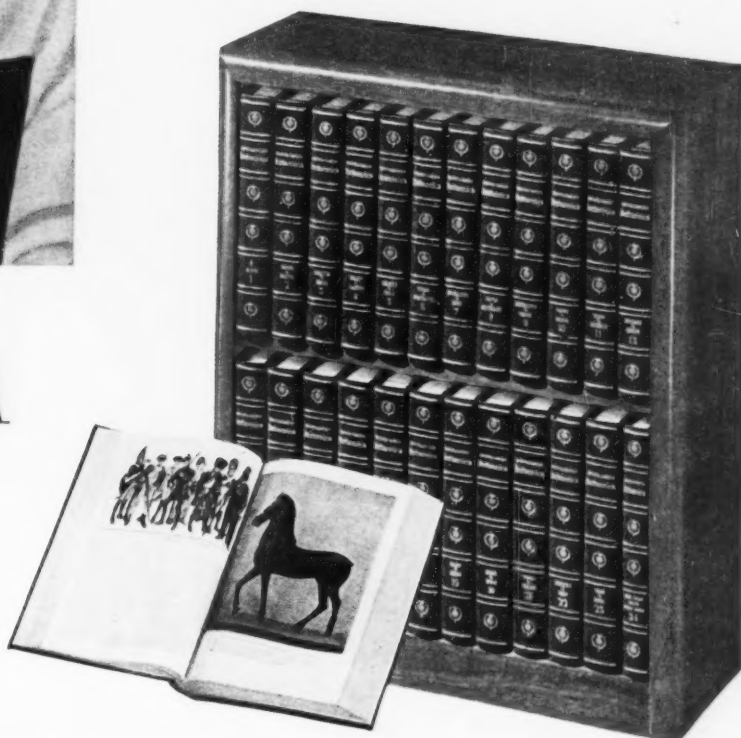
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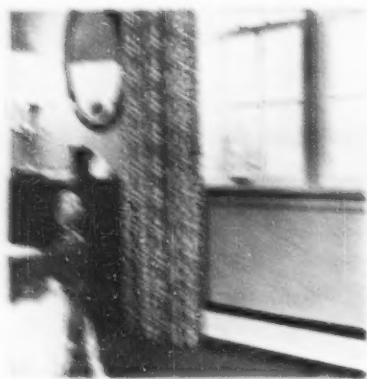
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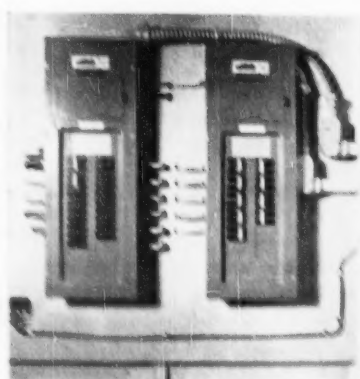
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Roomy, bright, modern living room. This is the heart of the house, the place where you'll spend most of your time. It's a room that's both comfortable and modern. The fireplace is a built-in electric unit, and the large windows let in plenty of light. The room is finished with a beautiful carpet and a modern rug.



Beautiful, modern kitchen. This is the heart of the house, the place where you'll spend most of your time. It's a room that's both comfortable and modern. The kitchen is finished with a beautiful carpet and a modern rug.



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MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN SEPTEMBER

Timely Tips

Feed five for fifty-five dollars with our September menus. Usually we balance menus with some low-cost foods, but this full month of budget menus will please the many readers who have requested it. If you want to splurge a bit, one way would be to substitute more costly cuts—for instance, salmon steaks instead of loaf.

Serve applesauce with added lemon or orange rind and a sprinkling of cinnamon. For rosy sauce add cinnamon candies.

Double pork chops take on a new flavor if stuffed with a mixture of equal parts peanut butter and bread crumbs. Or dissolve two tablespoons peanut butter in the gravy just before serving.

Give noodles a nutlike taste with butter and a shake of poppy seeds.

Sauté chicken wings and a chopped onion. Add curry powder to taste and 2 cups of tomato sauce. Simmer for thirty minutes and serve over fluffy parsley rice.



Recipe of the Month

Cinnamon Pear Mold

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 cups water
1 tbs cinnamon candies
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
5 fresh firm pears
1 pkg lemon jelly powder
1 teaspoon plain gelatine
1 pkg coconut, banana or vanilla pudding (to be cooked)

Simmer first four ingredients together for 10 minutes. Add quartered, peeled pears. Cover and simmer until just tender. Drain and dissolve jelly powder in the syrup. Slice 8 quarters of pear into an oiled dish and cover with gelatine mixture. Let set. Meanwhile, add plain gelatine to the dry pudding powder and make according to package directions. Cool to room temperature and spread over jellied pears. Let set and unmold. Garnish with remaining pear quarters and whipped topping.

DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 Kidney Pie Corn on the Cob Peach Shortcake Whipped Topping Coffee Tea	2 Lamb Patties Pepper Squash Potatoes in Jackets Gingerbread Applesauce
3 Smoked Shoulder Ham Green Beans Mashed Potatoes Deep Plum Pie Coffee Tea	4 Holiday Picnic Cold Ham Potato Salad Crisp Raw Vegetables Fresh Fruit Cookies	5 Macaroni and Cheese Green Salad Peach Crisp Whipped Topping Coffee Tea	6 Grilled Pressed Meat Whipped Potatoes Tomato and Lettuce Creamy Rice Coffee Tea	7 Braised Liver Onion Gravy Corn on the Cob Cottage Pudding Tea Milk	8 Baked Cod Creole Sauce Green Beans Muffins Fruit Oatmeal Cookies	9 Chicken Stew Mixed Vegetables Herb Dumplings Cabbage Salad Baked Stuffed Apples
10 Tuna Casserole Parsley Rice Green Peas Stuffed Tomato Spicecake Fresh Fruit	11 Chicken Pie Lettuce Wedges Caramel Custard Cookies Tea Milk	12 Braised Heart Baked Potatoes Baked Squash Banana Cream Pie Tea Milk	13 Salmon Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	14 Spaghetti and Meat Sauce Green Salad Hot Garlic Bread Fruit Jelly Cookies	15 Meat Loaf Onion Gravy Baked Potatoes Spinach Apple Brown Betty	16 Outdoor Meal Onion Baked Beans Wiener Brown Bread Raw Vegetable Relish Butter Tarts Pears
17 Roast Lamb (lamb in a basket) Oven Roast Potatoes Green Beans Peach Pie	18 Cabbage Rolls Creole Sauce Lima Beans Tossed Salad Cottage Pudding	19 Lamb Curry Fluffy Rice Fried Tomatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce	20 Cubed Steaks Paprika Potatoes String Beans Dutch Plum Cake Coffee Tea	21 Fish Chowder Hot Biscuits Tomato Salad Plum Upside-down Cake	22 Meat Balls Wide Noodles Tossed Salad Peaches Jam Squares Coffee Tea	23 Outdoor Meal Cold Meats Potato Toast Vegetable Salad Peach Pie
24 Veal Steakettes Green Beans Scalloped Potatoes Baked Apples Coffee Tea	25 Sausages Green Tomatoes Baked Potatoes Baked Rice Pudding with Raisins	26 Oxtail Stew Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Jelly Whipped Topping Milk Coffee	27 Creamed Stuffed Eggs Bacon Curls Spinach Chocolate Layer Cake Milk Tea	28 Lamb Casserole with potatoes, small onions, carrots Orange Pudding Milk Tea	29 Baked Haddock Lemon Sauce Oven Fried Potatoes Parsleyed Carrots Peach Shortcake	30 Grilled Wieners Sauerkraut Broiled Tomatoes Plum Pie Whipped Topping

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Lunch
Orange Juice Smoked Kippers Hot Muffins Marmalade Coffee Milk	Minestrone Soup Crackers Celery Sticks Cupcakes Tea Milk
Apple Juice Hot Cereal Cinnamon Toast Tea Cocoa	Fresh Fruit Salad Plate Cottage Cheese Muffins Butterscotch Pudding
Sliced Oranges Hot Cereal Toast Grape Jelly Coffee Milk	Hot Dogs Relish Carrot and Celery Sticks Date Squares Tea Milk
Sliced Bananas on hot cereal Brown Sugar Toasted Fruit Bread Tea Milk	Vegetable Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Tomato Wedges Fresh Fruit
Fresh Peaches Whole-wheat Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot Chocolate	Sardine and Cucumber Sandwiches Crisp Raw Carrots Fresh Fruit Oatmeal Cookies
Apple Juice Cinnamon Pancakes Syrup Coffee Milk	Hot Tomato Juice Peanut Butter Sandwiches Relishes Plums
Fruit Cup Hot Cereal Whole-wheat Toast Grape Jelly Tea Cocoa	Pea Soup Scrambled Eggs on Toast Carrot Sticks Fruit Jelly

Ready! Fresh Crop of Tomato Salads!

Meals are so colorful when you serve salads made with ripe rosy tomatoes! The best tomatoes deserve the best salad dressing—so be sure it's Miracle Whip! No other dressing can give you that lively lightness... with the subtle seasonings of over 20 spices!



AND SATIN-SMOOTH KRAFT MAYONNAISE

is another favorite... with pure lemon juice that Kraft beats into it, for a whisper of zest. It never curdles, so it's ideal to blend with fruit juice or other ingredients.



SHRIMP TOMATO SALAD

Tomato wedges
Lettuce
Cooked shrimp
Thin scored unpeeled cucumber slices
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

For each salad arrange 4 tomato wedges, star-fashion, on a lettuce-covered salad plate. Place shrimp between the wedges. Make cucumber swirls by cutting about $\frac{3}{4}$ through the center of each slice. Cross the cut edges over; place one in center of each tomato star; fill with Miracle Whip — and be generous — its just-right tang is so good with tomatoes!

TOMATO EGG CROWNS

12 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 cup finely chopped celery
6 peeled tomatoes
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Salt Pepper Watercress

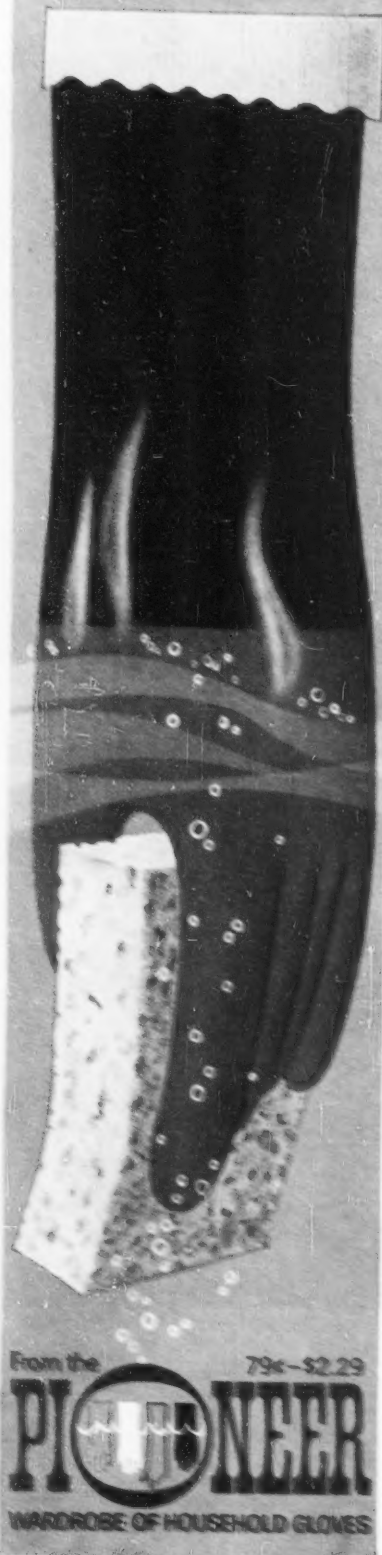
Combine the eggs, celery, Miracle Whip and seasonings. For each serving, partially cut a tomato into 5 sections, poinsettia-style. Spread sections apart and fill with the egg salad. Place on a lettuce-covered serving platter. Garnish with sprigs of watercress.

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WARDROBE OF HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

The PIONEER RUBBER Company

WORKING WIVES ARE HERE TO STAY

Continued from page 32

certain measure of social acceptance.

After the war, as the cost of living spiraled, more and more wives either took jobs or continued to work after marriage. In 1941, before wartime employment hit its full stride, 106,000 married women had jobs; in 1960, 716,000—or nearly seven times as many—were working.

Despite this upsurge, the proportion of women to men in the work force has changed very little. (There are still, as there were in 1941, about three men for every woman in the labor force.) But now more of the women who work are married. Instead of remaining single, until they've saved up enough to set up housekeeping, young couples tend to marry early and both expect the wife to continue working.

At the same time, employers have gradually abandoned their opposition to married women. These days very few classified ads for clerical help or factory workers specify that the applicant has to be single. School teachers, nurses and female civil servants used to have to give up their jobs as soon as they married; now there is such a demand for skilled people that marital status rarely is a factor in their employment.

Is it fair to the children?

As a result, unhampered by social disapproval or employer opposition and faced with a need for two pay cheques to keep up with what's generally accepted as a minimum standard of living, women have come to look on working after marriage as a perfectly natural state of affairs. Many of the people who criticize this trend seem to believe that most married women take jobs for the personal stimulation involved.

The Women's Bureau survey, however, showed clearly that the majority of Canadian wives work not for self-fulfillment, but because they feel they need the money. Many working wives have just never given up the jobs they held as single girls. Others go back to work in a time of economic crisis, to help pay off mortgages, to save up for new cars or furniture, to establish a fund for their children's education or to help pay medical bills and other debts that

their husbands' salaries won't cover.

Whatever their reasons for working, women weren't noticeably discouraged from doing so during those postwar boom years when there was full employment. There were occasional grumblings, notably in speeches to women's clubs, when earnest if almost completely ineffectual attempts were made to correlate wives who work with the increase in juvenile delinquency and the multiplying divorce rate.

But the first really serious criticism of working wives was triggered last winter by a session of the Senate Committee on Manpower and Employment in Ottawa. On January 26, Senator T. D. Leonard, on the basis of an economist's report submitted to him the previous day, suggested to Dr. Eugene Forsey, research director of the Canadian Labor Congress, who was appearing before the committee, that a large percent of the unemployed were married women ".... for whom it is not a necessity to work...." Dr. Forsey replied with vigor, branding this reasoning as "astounding nonsense" and saying that anybody who is willing to work but is without a job can be counted as unemployed, married woman or not.

But the implications of the senator's statement launched a rash of editorials condemning married women for working. A Vancouver minister, the Reverend G. Rupert Evans, urged that working mothers of preschoolers should be chased back to their kitchens by legal decree. Even women took up the cry. Elizabeth Wood, the mayor of New Westminster, B.C., offered to step out of office herself if she could persuade enough married women working to give up their jobs until the unemployment crisis had passed. (There was no noticeable stampede to join Mrs. Wood's movement and she's still New Westminster's mayor.) Even more shattering for the champions of women's rights was a Gallup Poll survey taken in late June when a sample cross section of Canadians was asked, "Do you think married women should be given equal opportunity with men to compete for jobs or do you think employers should give men first chance?" A whopping seventy-nine percent of both men and women surveyed said men should be given first chance at jobs.

"The current hysteria over working wives," says Marion Royce, director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Ottawa, "is not only discouraging, but in many

ways, very foolish. To give women's jobs to men you'd have to change the whole occupational structure." By far the greatest proportion (more than one third) of the women employed in this country are in clerical jobs as typists, stenographers, business-machine operators, occupations for which men are rarely equipped. The bulk of the rest of women workers are either in light manufacturing (such as garment factories) or in service jobs, a generalized category, that includes store clerks, waitresses, cleaning women and so on, all low-paid jobs which men would be unwilling to take. The professions in which women form the largest proportion of workers are teaching, nursing and social work, positions that require long educational training and for which most unemployed men, who are mainly unskilled workers, would be totally unfit.

Men don't sell lingerie

"People who rail against working women," says Marjorie King, the editor of *Canadian Welfare*, "ought to ask themselves a couple of fairly simple questions: Which women are taking which jobs from which men? Do unemployed steelworkers want to sell pastries or lingerie?" Some champions of the cause of married women working go further and claim that if wives left the work force, not only would a great many jobs be left unfilled, but the economy would suffer even greater hardships since family purchasing power would drop.

As a further rebuttal, many sociologists point out that the employment of married women is not so much a new phenomenon as a natural result of our modern economic system. "The majority of women have always contributed to their family's economic needs," says Eric Smit of the Welfare Council.

"True, it may not have been in monetary terms. But on a farm, say, a wife did many things like churning butter, milking cows, spinning cloth, selling eggs that would contribute to the family budget. Ever since the industrial revolution, urban women have gone out to work in factories. It was only in the upper classes that women could expect to live a leisured, nonproductive existence. Today in a money economy, if a woman is to recapture this role of producer, she has to earn cash."

The difference is that the farm wife could be a producer and still

stay home to look after her children, and the factory worker of yesteryear usually had a grandmother in the house to tend to family needs. Now a woman has to go into an office, shop or factory for eight hours a day and even if she's lucky enough to have relatives in the same town, it's unlikely that they will be free to baby-sit. In fact, part of the increase in married women working is due to the number of older women with jobs. Today a woman of forty-five can, because of increased life expectancy, look forward to at least twenty more healthy productive years. Grandma's no longer available to tend the hearthside; she has a job herself.

The effects on the family of the mother-figure being absent from

reason for women taking jobs. Although less than a quarter of Canadian working women could be called "career-oriented," even the woman who toils as a waitress or on a factory assembly line, may find a stimulus missing in the routine round of housework.

"We're too late to turn back the tide," says Mrs. Clare McAllister, associate executive secretary of the Canadian Welfare Council, who has children of her own and has been a social worker for most of her adult life. "If we want to keep women in the home, we'd have to revamp

our educational program. You can't expect a girl who's been educated on an equal basis with men to suddenly lose all interest in the outside world, simply because she's married."

Whether or not a woman can successfully juggle a job and family life depends largely on how good her re-

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Last autumn it was *purple*. Come spring, it was *pink*. What's coming this fall? *Magenta* and its related tones — American beauty, old rose; and *rich berry tones* — reds with blue, purple or black in them. Plus reddish brown, peacock blue, teal blue and green.

In sportswear, watch for spicy tones — gold, rust, paprika — as well as the magenta, blue and green tones.

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

home have been the subject of recent sociological studies. Most of them have found that in this period of transition when working outside the home is still largely a novel idea, women themselves suffer a great deal of emotional conflict. Sociologist Elizabeth Herzog, of the United States Department of Labor, has remarked, "Women today feel guilty if they do work and guilty if they don't." No phrase sums up this feeling more succinctly than the oft-heard apology, "I'm just a housewife."

This kind of remark indicates that women think a job will give them greater importance as people, and one British study shows that a wife by working has a great deal more influence in family decisions. This desire for self-fulfillment seems to be second only to economic need as a

CHICKEN—TOMATO ACCORDIONS

2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup diced celery
Salt and pepper

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup HELLMANN'S Salad Dressing
6 medium tomatoes

MIX chicken, celery and HELLMANN'S Salad Dressing together.
ADD salt and pepper to taste; chill 30 minutes.
TURN tomatoes stem end down; cut down *without* cutting to bottom, making five slices.
PLACE chicken salad between slices.
ARRANGE on crisp greens; garnish with celery and carrot curls.
SERVE with HELLMANN'S Salad Dressing.
YIELD: 6 servings.

VARIATIONS:

Tomato Tulips: Cut tomatoes *not quite* through into 6 equal sections; spread apart. Fill with chicken salad; garnish as desired.

Tomato Towers: Cut tomatoes crosswise into 3 slices; reassemble each tomato top down; spoon chicken salad between slices. Garnish with HELLMANN'S Salad Dressing.



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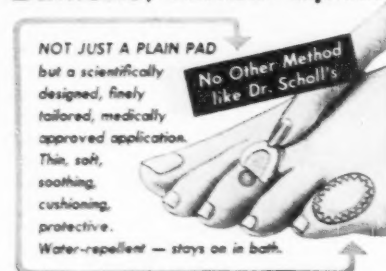
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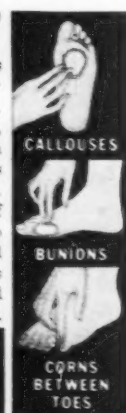
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lationship with her husband was in the first place. "If a family unit is a happy one, the fact that the woman works isn't going to endanger it at all," says Eric Smit. "But if there is already friction in the family, it will be aggravated."

In other words, a woman who has a domineering husband may say she's typing all day to save up for a new rug or an automatic washer, but in fact she's probably trying to prove her worth as an individual. If her husband doesn't feel sure of her or isn't happy in their relationship, he may focus his resentments on her job, and the whole structure of the marriage will be weakened. But if a man and woman look on their marriage as a kind of loving partnership and agree that the wife working can help them both to achieve whatever they want from life, then her job won't affect them adversely.

Despite such soothing sociological arguments, any working wife knows that it's impossible—no matter how happy her relationship with her husband—to keep her home and job running smoothly, unless she can afford outside help with the cleaning (which most families can't) or her husband is willing to share the housework.

One Ottawa civil servant, whose wife had worked as a teacher for more than a decade to help their three children through college, told me, "After a couple of difficult years at the beginning, I realized that I had a lot of nerve expecting my wife to get my breakfast—or to wait on me at all. Now I get her breakfast while she makes the beds and neither of us feels put upon."

"My mother is important"

The necessity for making family adjustments is immeasurably complicated for working wives with children. Of the more than seven hundred thousand married women in the Canadian labor force, probably half have children under sixteen. Psychiatrists have proved that the quality of the relationship between a mother and her child is based on much more than the amount of time they spend together, but even so, working mothers often hear the charge that their money-making activities may cause juvenile delinquency. No scientific study supports this conclusion.

Elizabeth Herzog, of the U.S. Department of Labor, concludes that the mother who stays at home but doesn't

keep careful track of her children is far more likely to cause delinquency than the working mother who arranges for careful supervision. Even more astonishing is the conclusion of Ivan Nye, an American sociologist. He compared school marks of New York children whose mothers worked with those whose mothers stayed home and found that "adolescent children of working mothers often do better in school than children of nonworking mothers."

While there is little concrete evidence that the mere fact of a working mother will alone cause undesirable effects in children, her full-time employment often does bring about a realignment of functions within the family. A good example is the spectacle of children yelling to their mothers in the hurly-burly of post-breakfast chores. "Hurry up, Mom, you'll be late for work." Children used to feel there was some sort of stigma in having their mothers working, but now for many urban youngsters, living in communities where a number of wives work, there's a certain prestige attached to a working mother, a my-mother-is-important-enough-to-be-wanted feeling.

Surprisingly enough, there is a growing conviction among psychologists who have studied the problem that some women are better mothers if their mothering activities are part-time. These scientists are convinced that husbands and children will suffer damaged relationships, if the mother who wants to is not allowed to take a job and consequently resents her role in the home.

Nearly every survey done in this area shows that the effects on children are determined less by the fact of the mother working, than by the effectiveness of the arrangements she makes to provide alternate care for her offspring. "Anthropological evidence gives no support to the value of an accentuation of the tie between mother and child," says Margaret Mead, the famous American anthropologist. "On the contrary, cross-cultural studies suggest that adjustment is most facilitated if the child is cared for by many friendly people."

Who these people are and how they care for the child obviously are the crucial considerations. In Canada mothers get discouragingly inadequate help in meeting this problem.

"In Europe, where they've long since accepted working women as part of the social pattern," says Mrs. Clare

McAllister, associate executive secretary of the Canadian Welfare Council, "a complete day-care program, as a supervised community service with regulated standards, is expected as a natural right." In many European countries, notably England, France and Denmark, not only do local governments provide day nurseries, but often employers set up crèches attached to their factories. A mother can then see her child during coffee breaks or at lunch hours and isn't faced with the difficulties of taking her child to a nursery in one part of town and then going off to her own job miles away.

Where are the nurseries?

Even in the United States, where day care is still inadequate, a strong need for it has been recognized. At a Conference on Day Care held last year in Washington, social workers from all over the United States expressed the belief that with so many mothers working, day care "ought to be a public utility as essential as electricity or water supply."

But as one of the four Canadian observers at that conference remarked, "In Canada there hasn't been much thought given to this problem—even among educators and social workers." Most large centres in Canada do have a few day nurseries, but it's generally agreed that there aren't enough to meet the demand, and those that do exist aren't effectively controlled by government supervision.

Only one province—Ontario—has a Day Nurseries Act, but the other provinces do make some sort of attempt, usually in their child-welfare legislation, to regulate the setting up of day nurseries. (Ontario is also the only province to provide government subsidies for day nurseries.) The standard legislation on most provincial statute books decrees that anybody taking in more than three children to be cared for during the day in exchange for money has to be licensed and will be inspected regularly. "But inspection staffs are small," a Toronto social worker told me, "and nobody has time to check up on those who don't bother to take out licenses. In fact, there doesn't seem to be much to stop anybody—totally incompetent or otherwise—from placing an ad in the paper and taking half a dozen small kids."

Results of the 1958 Canadian survey of working women showed that forty-eight percent of women were

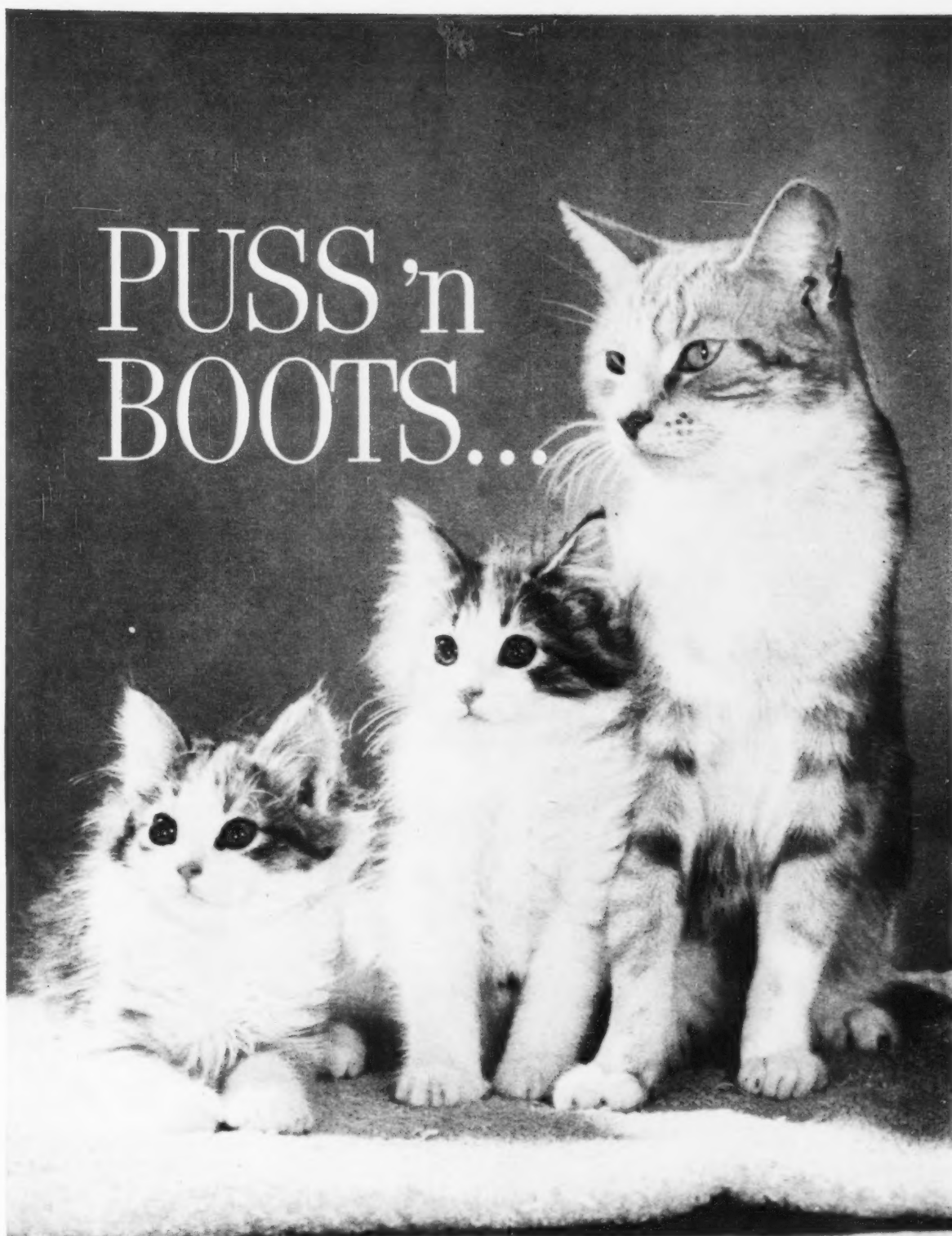
either able to place their children with relatives or to arrange their own working hours so that one parent could be home at all times. But for the rest, day-care arrangements are far from easy.

As a matter of curiosity, I recently made a survey of facilities provided for working mothers of preschool children in my own city, Ottawa. Despite the fact that Ontario has the best day-care legislation in Canada, the results weren't encouraging. In Canada's capital city, which has a population of 350,000, there is only one public day-care institution, the Ottawa Day Nursery, a Red Feather agency. It can accommodate only eighty-five children, and Mary Laing, the nursery's director, told me that she regularly has to turn people away. There are also three private nurseries in town but they function only a few hours daily and provide, not all-day care for children of working wives, but preschool training for children whose parents can afford this extra privilege. The only other resource a working mother in Ottawa has is to place her preschool child in one of the private homes advertised in the city's newspapers.

In Edmonton three years ago the University Women's Club undertook a systematic survey of such homes and found some appalling conditions. In one private day-care house they discovered seven infants lined up on a basement floor in makeshift bassinets. Only in Vancouver, where concerted attempts have been made to provide adequate day-nursery facilities, does foster care in private homes come under a supervised agency of the community chest. No Canadian city makes any attempt whatever to provide systematic after-school or lunchtime care for school-age children of working mothers.

This kind of neglect is a typical indication of the unrealistic attitude Canadians have toward married women working. What we as a nation need to worry about is not, "Should married women work?" but rather, "What can be done to make the lives of working wives easier?" For married women with jobs not only are here to stay, the statistical odds are with the prediction made recently by Eric Smit of the Canadian Welfare Council: "Just as we're now appalled that women in some countries aren't allowed to vote, in fifty years it will be regarded as very odd that a married woman is supposed to stay home."

END



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By **WANDA NELLES**
Chatelaine Crafts Editor

JACK OR JILL SWEATER (above) suits either boys or girls, with its zipper-front closing and fold-over collar. Chart includes sizes 4 and 6. Instructions, A-191, 25 cents. **Mary** (below) has a little lamb gamboling on her button-front sweater with fold-over collar. Chart gives sizes 4, 6. Instructions, A-192, 25 cents.



LONG-OR-SHORT CARDIGAN (above) can be knitted in hip or waist length, and with a choice of three sleeve lengths. It's an all-over seed stitch, with vertical cable-stitch pattern. One size fits 14 to 16. Instructions, A-193, 25 cents. **CLASSIC PULLOVERS** (left) in stocking stitch. Sweater, far left, has a snug, fold-over collar, trim on sleeves, waistband. Sizes for women 14 to 20; men's 38 to 44, A-194. Right, with fold-back collar, shoulder, sleeve, waist trim, women's sizes 14 to 18; men's 38 to 42, A-195. Instructions each, 25 cents. *Exclusive designs produced for CHATELAINE by Miss Mary Maxim Ltd.*



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styled for any room in the home.



THE FABULOUS DUNSMUIRS

Continued from page 38

Dunsmuir, Uncle Boyd Gilmore and the rest of the Pekin passengers on to Fort Rupert, halfway up the east coast of Vancouver Island. The glowing picture Robert had painted for his wife exploded in her face.

Conditions on the island were so bad that Governor Richard Blanshard had given up his attempts to subdue the warlike Indian tribes around Fort Rupert and retired to England in despair. James Douglas had taken over as governor and was trying out a policy of diplomatic relations with the Indians instead of rule by soldiers and cannon. The situation remained tense. White men were killed. Indians were hanged. The white population of the island was estimated at about three hundred men, women and children living at Victoria; one hundred and twenty-five at Nanaimo and only twenty-five at Fort Rupert.

The baby's crib was empty

To this crude settlement of Scottish coal miners, French-Canadian fur trappers and Hudson's Bay Company officials, Robert Dunsmuir had pinned his waning hopes. The community lived inside a rough triangle of wooden pickets and bastions. There were two wooden buildings used for trading with the Indians. An inner courtyard housed the twelve-by-twelve-foot log cabin occupied by Commander Beardmore, who was in charge of the fort. Compared to the miners' cabins

it was a palace and they called it "Beardmore's Castle."

The log cabin allotted to the Dunsmuir family was about half the size of the commander's and had only a bare earthen floor spread with crushed clamshells. Bunks were built at either side of the single room and a pot-bellied stove sat in the centre. A round hole cut in the roof served as both chimney and ventilation. Whenever Joan Dunsmuir required water, she had to take a leather bucket and go to a stream outside the fort. The gates of the fort were left open during the day so that the Kwakiutl Indians would have free access to the trading buildings, but at night they were closed and barricaded, and sentries guarded the walls, firing a cannon at intervals as a warning to the Indians.

Joan shed a few private tears as she put the children to bed at night. But, with Scottish stubbornness, she hid her disappointment and began to create some semblance of a home. One alarming incident in the lives of the Dunsmuirs during their early days at Fort Rupert arose from the fact that the only cooking facilities in the entire fort consisted of a large bake oven located in the centre of the inner court. One day Joan left nine-month-old James asleep in his basket while she took four-year-old Elizabeth and three-year-old Agnes with her to start Robert's supper cooking. She was away from the cabin for only a few minutes, but upon her return James' crib was empty. With alarm, Joan remembered how much the Indian squaws had admired the white baby with golden hair and blue eyes. They had offered

to buy him, setting their price at as many sea otter skins as would reach the height of a man.

Hurriedly, Joan reported the kidnapping to Commander Beardmore, and a search party was organized. By the time Robert arrived home from the mine located some eight miles outside the fort, he found his supper burned and the search party ready to go out to the Kwakiutl Indian encampment. They set out, a dozen or so men and women who had no idea of what kind of reception they would receive. As they approached the camp they became aware of chanting and a circle of squaws seated around the glowing fire performing a strange ritual of passing a small bundle from hand to hand.

"Why did you steal my son?"

As Joan and her husband drew closer, they realized with horror that the "bundle" was baby James. Robert, hungry and bone-weary from a day's work at the mine, angrily confronted Chief Wun-wun-skim of the Kwakiutl and demanded to know why his son had been stolen. The chief explained that the women of the tribe had decided that they wanted James as their chief when he, Wun-wun-skim, died.

Joan put a restraining hand on her husband's arm, and told the women as diplomatically as she could that they could not have her baby because he was already destined to become a leader of his own white people. Reluctantly the Kwakiutl women returned James to his parents.

Joan little knew then that her words would be true in thirty-eight years. As Robert and Uncle Boyd Gil-

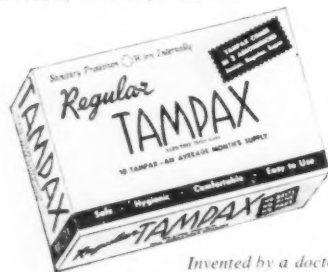
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The Dunsmuirs — the first three generations of a Canadian legend

ROBERT DUNSMUIR m. Joan White

Elizabeth m. John Bryden

Agnes m. James Harvey

James m. Laura Surlis

Alexander m. Josephine Wallace

Marion Joan m. Charles Houghton

Mary Jean (Jane) m. Henry Croft

Emily m. (1) Worthing Snowden
(2) Henry Burroughes

Jessie m. Richard John Musgrave

Ann m. Arthur Gough-Calthorpe

Henrietta Maud m. Reginald Chaplin

Robin m. (1) Maud Schubert
(2) Florence Swinden

Sarah Byrd m. Guy Audain

Joan Olive

Elizabeth m. John Hope

Laura Mary m. Arthur Bromley

Alexander Lee

Emily Elinor

Marion m. Percival Henry Stevenson

Muriel m. (1) Edward Molyneux

(2) Maurice Wingfield

(3) Graham St. Clair-Keith

James (Boy)

Kathleen m. Seldon Humphreys

Dola m. Henry Cavendish

more struggled with the inadequate equipment at the Suquamish mine, Joan struggled to make a home for her family. A slight woman, she wore the wide, ankle-length skirts of the day, tiny lace-up boots and the inevitable apron and Scottish shawl of her ancestors. She quickly learned to hold her own in a community where boredom and hard work led men to drink, fights and complaints against the company to which they were contracted.

Indians who came to the fort had a habit of pilfering anything that was not nailed down. Men were inclined to curse the Indian known as Coal Tyee, said to be the first man to discover coal on Vancouver Island only a few years earlier. The fever of coal was nonetheless strong in the blood of the men who realized that the new age of steam was going to increase the demand for coal at even higher prices.

Joan Dunsmuir, too, had grasped this significance and was ready to suffer any hardship to help her husband progress beyond the stage of digging coal for other men. "We'll work and pocket the profit ourselves yet, lass," was Robert's optimistic outlook. By 1853, when the Hudson's Bay Company abandoned the Suquamish mine outside Fort Rupert, Robert Dunsmuir was earning approximately fifty dollars a year for three hundred and ten days' labor. The family then moved to the comparative luxury of the shanty town of nearby Nanaimo, where Robert was put in charge of the Vancouver Coal Company's Harewood Mine.

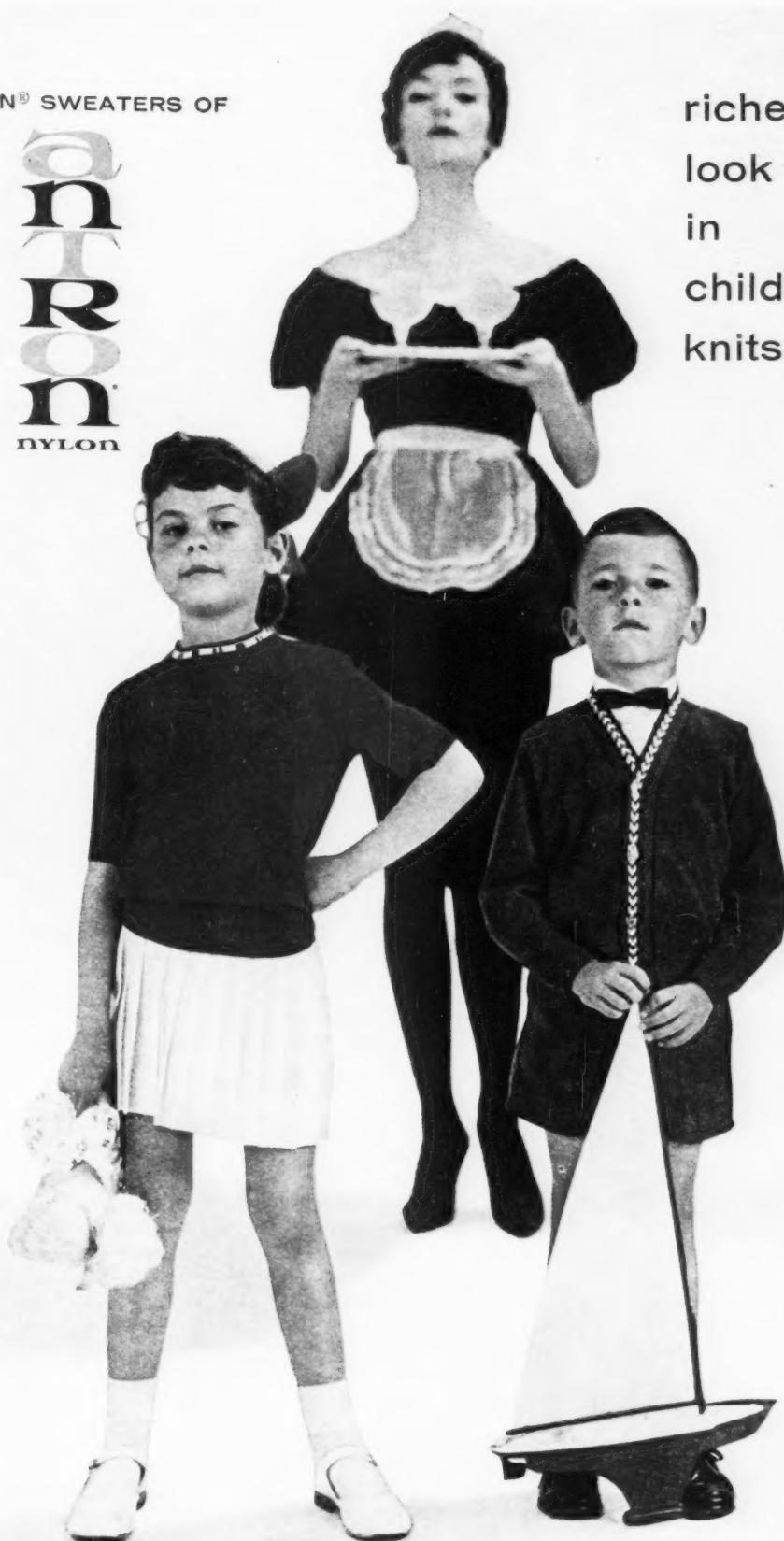
Nanaimo in 1853 was a fast-growing community. The miners and their families who lived behind the fortress walls still drank too much and the Indian tribes outside were just as surly and troublesome. Joan, pregnant again as she moved her few precious possessions to the new cabin, once witnessed a brawl between two Indians in which one of them, a Kanaka named Tomo Sagarawitti, had his finger bitten off by the other.

The community's weekly newspaper, the Nanaimo Gazette, occasionally found it necessary to scold the womenfolk for their slovenly appearance, advising them to comb their hair, walk more gracefully and dress in a more womanly style. In that same year Canada ceased to be a remote British colony when the Canadian Steam Navigation Company established regular ocean mail service to and from Great Britain. In the eastern city of Toronto, citizens were

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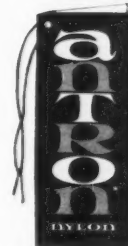
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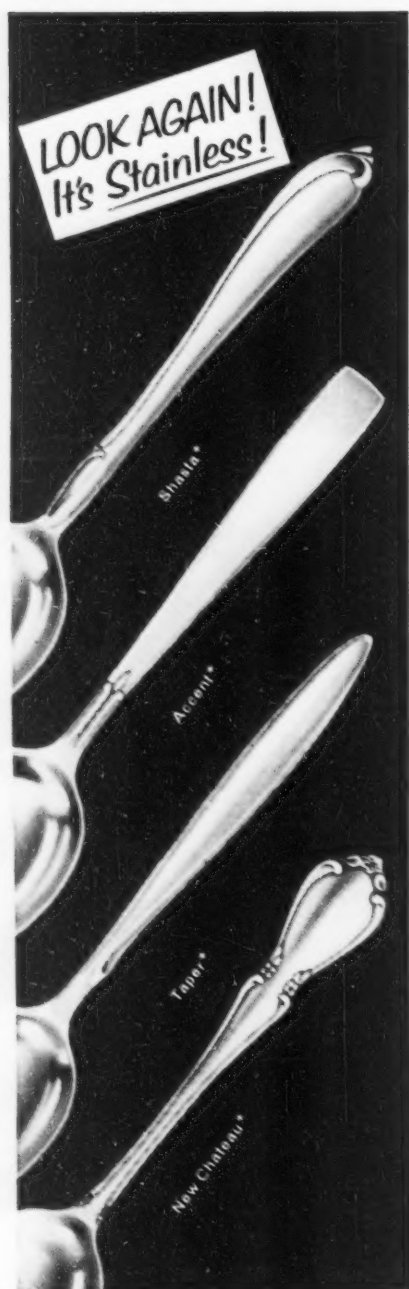
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buying the first issue of a new daily newspaper, The Toronto Globe.

On July 17, 1853, Joseph William McKay, a fur trapper with the Hudson's Bay Company, commonly known as the founder of Nanaimo, recorded in his diary: "Two births have occurred in the cases of Mrs. Dunsmuir and the native wife of John Malcolm, labourer." Joan gave birth to her second son, Alexander, on July 8, 1853, in the stifling heat of a dingy log cabin, suffering her labor pains as stoically as the Indian woman on the bunk opposite her. Alexander was the first white baby to be born in the Nanaimo community. The squawling bundle of wrinkled red flesh that was placed in Joan's arms was, forty-nine years later, to become the centre of a dramatic family feud and a lawsuit costing half a million dollars. But as far as Joan was concerned at that time, it merely meant more diapers when James was barely out of his.

Joan's courage was to be put to the test once again during their early years at Nanaimo. She was in her cabin with her two youngest children, James and Alexander, when a wild-eyed Indian, with lank black hair and wearing greasy buckskins, appeared in the open doorway, brandishing a hunting knife. For a split second Joan stared at the man, then quickly drew the children into her arms. A frightened scream rose inside her but she suppressed it and bowed her head in anguished prayer. When she was able to look up again, the Indian had gone. Joan released her breath and rushed to a neighboring cabin. The Indian was located and taken away. It was learned that he had come to the fort to revenge for the supposed hanging of his friend.

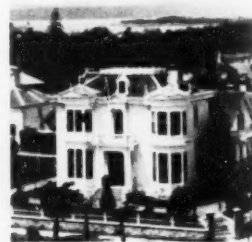
The year 1855 was a significant one for Robert Dunsmuir and his family. Uncle Boyd Gilmore's contract with the Hudson's Bay Company had expired and he was anxious to return to the reasonable comforts of his beloved Scotland. He pleaded with Joan and Robert to return with him. Robert might have gone but for Joan. It was she who now had the most faith in the colony's future.

Robert's mind was in conflict. Ever since the California gold rush of 1849, tales of the fabulous wealth to be found there kept seeping back to the troubled coal town. Miners came to Robert secretly and told him they planned to break their contracts and slip across the border to California. By September 1855 Robert was toying with the idea of pulling up stakes

The house-to-castle milestones that marked the upward march of the Dunsmuirs' fortune



Ardoon, a twelve-room, two-story frame house, was built by prospering Robert Dunsmuir at Nanaimo, B.C., after opening his first coal mine.



Fairview, Victoria. Robert's home in 1883, near Assembly where he sat as member.



Craigdarroch, Robert's triumph. The thirty-five-room castle cost over \$500,000.



Burleigh, at Departure Bay, was Robert's gift to his son James on his wedding to Laura Surles, daughter of wealthy Carolina plantation owner.

and joining the stampede to the south.

But Joan was adamant in her arguments that they remain. With four children under seven years of age and pregnant with another, she pleaded with Robert that their best hope lay with the black "gold" they could see and touch, rather than with the elusive yellow gold that had become the tyrannical dream of whisky-swigging miners heading southward. Besides, Vancouver Island coal was growing in popularity. So why didn't Robert apply to Governor Douglas for permission to search for coal on his own account?

\$1.25 for a ton of coal

Robert listened to his wife's reasoning and took her advice. The necessary permission was granted on October 12, 1855. In that same year, Joan had a fifth child whom they named Marion Joan.

As soon as she was on her feet again, Joan began to think about the education of her growing children. A small school had just been opened in Nanaimo by the Hudson's Bay Company, and heading the list for enrollment were the three eldest Dunsmuir children, Elizabeth, Agnes and James.


As foreman of the Harewood Mine, earning \$1.25 for every ton of coal he could haul out, Robert soon became something of a leader in the community. And to celebrate his being granted permission to search for coal in his own right, he handed Joan ten dollars and told her to hire the new laundress who had just opened up business in town.

The Dunsmuirs moved from the dilapidated Hudson's Bay cabin into a cabin of their own. Two more daughters were added to the growing family—curly-haired Mary Jane, on February 11, 1862, and Emily Ellen, on January 5, 1864. James, although barely in his teens, was already being taught the rudiments of coal mining at the Harewood Mine.

The population of British Columbia was now a little more than three thousand, while the entire population of Canada exceeded three million. A royal proclamation had fixed the seat of the Canadian government permanently at Ottawa and declared that the Dominion of Canada was to come into existence July 1, 1867. Sir John A. Macdonald became the first prime minister.

It was not until 1869 that Robert

Continued on page 82



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Simpson's, Toronto and Montreal; Simpson's, Halifax and London; Bowrings, St. John's, Nfld.; Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Saint John, N.B.; Murphy-Gamble Ltd., Ottawa; Maurice Pollack Ltd., Quebec.

Continued from page 80

Dunsmuir's private search for coal met with success. He told of his tremendous discovery in a simple, down-to-earth letter to Hector Louis Langevin, then federal Minister of Public Works, casually estimating the yield of the field to be somewhere in the vicinity of seven thousand tons an acre. A few days later he sank a temporary shaft and located the seam in a forest three miles west of Wellington, near Nanaimo.

Having only a little money saved, Robert Dunsmuir immediately looked around for a partner. He found him in a man he had met some years earlier, Lieutenant Wadham Neston Diggle, of HMS Grappler based at Esquimalt just outside Victoria. Diggle raised twelve thousand dollars, and in 1871 Messrs. Dunsmuir, Diggle Company opened the Wellington Colliery, which, from the outset, began producing close to one hundred and forty tons of coal a day. Two years later Robert took in two more partners, Commander Arthur Farquhar who was in charge of the navy base at Esquimalt, and Captain Frederick Wilbraham Egerton. Dunsmuir retained controlling interest in the mine and complete management of operations.

The Dunsmuir family promptly built their first proper home in Nanaimo, a twelve-room, two-story frame house, which they called Ardoon. Robert began to invest in real estate in Nanaimo. He dabbled in farming and brought out prize cows from Scotland. Joan was not idle, either. She produced a sixth daughter, Jessie, in 1866, followed by Anne in 1868 and Henrietta in 1872. By the time she was forty-five Joan Dunsmuir had borne her husband eight daughters and two sons in twenty-four years.

The Dunsmuir name, and the mounting success accompanying it, was steadily gaining fame. A letter written by a Wellington resident in 1874 claimed, "The beel of labour guided by the strong hand of management is working great things for us all." Robert Dunsmuir was the strong hand of management and, although his methods sometimes gave rise to criticism, he continued to drive his way to wealth.

He visited San Francisco, which was receiving the bulk of its coal from Australia and England. He offered better deals to deliver British Columbia coal, and to get it there faster he built and chartered a fleet of colliers. He then opened an office

in San Francisco and sent down his second son, twenty-three-year-old Alexander as his business representative.

The fact that Robert considered handsome extroverted Alexander a better businessman than James never appeared to mar the close friendship that existed between the two brothers. This friendship and the fact that Alexander eventually left his entire fortune to James was, in 1902, to bring about one of the biggest and costliest lawsuits in Canada's history.

James received further education at the military institute at Blackburg, Virginia. It was there that he fell in love with a pretty southern belle named Laura Surles, daughter of a wealthy Carolina cotton plantation owner. Laura, a slender beauty with a skin as white as magnolia blossom and masses of light-brown hair softly knotted at the nape of her neck, was everything that James needed in a wife. At twenty-five he was a modest unassuming man, a nondrinker but given to smoking a briar pipe. He punctuated his conversation by sucking upon his pipe, as if to disguise the hesitancy of his thought. It was because James did not have the gifted tongue or aggressive manner of Alexander that Robert Dunsmuir, an impatient man, was deceived into believing that Alexander was the smarter of his two sons.

A home for unborn heirs

James and twenty-one-year-old Laura were married at Fayetteville, North Carolina, on July 5, 1876. A month later James brought his American bride home to Vancouver Island on the steamer City of Panama. Robert's wedding gift to his eldest son was a handsome two-story, colonial-styled, thirteen-room house at Departure Bay, a few miles from the Wellington mine.

Burleigh, as the house was named, cost Robert some thirteen thousand dollars to build, a sizable sum in those days when the dollar was worth four times as much as it is today. There were eight rooms on the main floor and five on the second, including a day nursery and a night nursery. Robert apparently expected his son and new daughter-in-law to rear a family as large as his own. James and Laura, who moved in with a Chinese cook and a maid, were not to disappoint him.

While Alexander remained childless, and not one of his eight sisters

Continued on page 84



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Continued from page 82

bore more than three children. James and Laura, between 1877 and 1903 were to produce a family of twelve, of whom only two failed to survive. A boy, Alexander Lee, born in 1886, died at six months, and a girl, Joan Olive, born in 1880, died at four. The remainder were designed to add yet another dimension to the growing Dunsmuir legend—a riotous generation of dapper men with diamond stickpins in their ties and flappers with bobbed hair, knee-length skirts and more money and freedom than they could handle. The first of this new generation was a son, Robin, who was born on August 21, 1877, in Nanaimo. Their first daughter, Sarah Byrd, with the Dresden features of her mother, was born in 1878 in North Carolina while Laura was visiting her parents.

In 1882, when fifty-seven-year-old Robert Dunsmuir was prevailed upon to represent the Conservatives of Nanaimo in the B.C. House of Assembly, the life of the Dunsmuirs underwent yet another drastic change. Because traveling by steamer to Victoria from Nanaimo to attend sessions took up two entire days of his time, Robert decided to build a home in Victoria. He bought several acres of choice property at the corner of Quebec and Menzies Street, opposite the Parliament Buildings, and gave orders for the building of Fairview, a fifteen-room, two-story home with stables for his newly acquired hobby of breeding show horses, and several small cottages to house the eight servants he now found it necessary to hire.

The Dunsmuirs and their five unmarried daughters, Mary Jean, Emily, Jessie, Anne and Henrietta Maud, moved into Fairview in 1883. Elizabeth their eldest daughter had married a John Bryden in 1867 from the Dunsmuir home in Nanaimo. Ardoo, Agnes, their second, had married a James Harvey in 1870, while Marion Joan, their third daughter, had married a Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Houghton in 1874.

For the next five years Fairview became the backdrop for Victoria's most lavish social events as well as big-business deals and political strategy. Robert's daughters, all passably attractive in the somewhat plump mode of the day, quickly acquired a taste for wealth. They ordered gowns by Worth of Paris, hats from New York and San Francisco, and shoes from London. Joan and Robert in-

dulged their children outrageously. At the same time their instincts for thrift caused them to keep close tabs on every penny spent on the servants' food. Robert once went so far as to compare prices at the two butcher shops in town and afterward told his cook to shop at the cheaper one.

Fifty-five-year-old Joan, still the stubborn woman who had stood up to the hostile Indians of Fort Rupert, now exercised her stubbornness in their new social world. Occasionally when Robert became too engrossed in business and tried to escape one of the family's social affairs, Joan would resort to drastic measures. Once, she lured him into the kitchen on some pretext and "accidentally" tipped the contents of a hot kettle on his foot. Robert was forced to remain home and attend the event, even though it meant sitting with his leg bandaged and propped upon a stool.

\$25,000 and a grand piano

The life of the Dunsmuir girls revolved around an endless number of picnics, parties, balls and afternoon musicals. When the Marquis of Lorne, fourth governor-general of Canada, and his wife, H.R.H. Princess Louise, visited Victoria in September 1882, making their first official visit to the city, it was considered by all natural enough that they should be entertained at Fairview; it was, after all, the home of the wealthiest couple on Vancouver Island. On July 1, 1885, twenty-three-year-old Mary Jean, Robert's fourth daughter, married Henry Croft. It was the first wedding to take place at Fairview and the most lavish Victoria had ever seen. Robert's wedding gift to his daughter was a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars. Joan gave her a grand piano. The following year, twenty-two-year-old Emily, their fifth daughter, married Worthing Pilkney Snowden.

The lives of Robert Dunsmuir's sons, James and Alexander, meanwhile developed along very dissimilar lines. While James reared a family at Burleigh—the thirteen-room home at Departure Bay, a wedding gift from Robert—Alexander continued to live flamboyantly at San Francisco's Grand Hotel. His standing order for dinner was a whole roast chicken and a bottle of champagne, neither of which seemed to affect his handsome looks or his lean figure.

Continued on page 86

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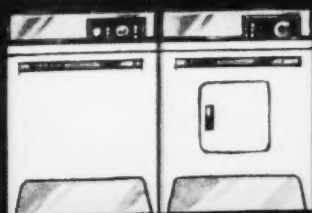
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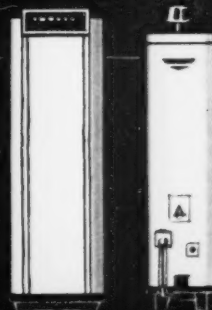
DISHWASHER



AUTOMATIC WASHER AND DRYER



WRINGER WASHER



GLASTEEL WATER HEATERS

Continued from page 84

The seeds of the costly Dunsmuir family feud were sown here. It began when twenty-four-year-old Alexander first met Wally Wallace, a young law student and sometime baseball player. The two men got along so well that Wally soon invited Alexander to move in with him and his wife Josephine at their home on Eddy Street. The Wallaces had a pretty, four-year-old daughter named Edna.

It was not long before the boisterous fun-loving Alexander found himself passionately in love with his friend's wife, Josephine, whom he called his "Dresden shepherdess." Josephine, who was head usher at San Francisco's California Theatre, was impressed by the brash overtures of the wealthy Canadian and finally succumbed to his ardent wooing. The Wallaces separated in 1879, and Alexander, Josephine and her daughter immediately set up housekeeping on Jones Street in San Francisco. Although Edna had to change schools occasionally because of rumors about her mother's "arrangement" with the man from Canada, this romance was to last eighteen years and eventually cause an irreconcilable rift in the Dunsmuir family.

From the outset, Joan did not approve of the match and would only refer to Josephine as "that woman in San Francisco." Alexander made a few futile attempts to win his parents' approval of the woman he loved, but he knew that they would never accept the daughter of a saloonkeeper as a daughter-in-law, and that his father would disinherit him if he ever married her. Robert's will, which had already been drawn up, split most of his cash fortune between his wife Joan and their two sons, and endowed their daughters handsomely. Robert's business interests were split between Alexander, James, and Joan who held the controlling interest.

He feared outsiders

Alexander, while loving his Josephine, apparently loved money more. He had even developed a strange fear of outsiders getting the Dunsmuir money. For this reason he could not bring himself to be civil to his sisters' husbands when he met them on his occasional visits to Victoria.

Robert Dunsmuir's attention had meanwhile turned to other projects, including the building of a proposed eighty-two-mile-long railroad running north and south between the Vic-

toria suburb of Esquimalt, and Nanaimo, halfway up the island. The idea of such a railroad had been conceived before British Columbia entered Confederation in 1871. Since Sir John A. Macdonald's federal government badly wanted British Columbia in Confederation, he offered a \$750,000 federal grant plus "other benefits" to anyone in British Columbia who would undertake the project, the grant being part of the bargain for entering Confederation. The logical man to accept the job was Robert Dunsmuir, the wealthy Scotsman with neat grey beard fringing his chin and almost hypnotic grey-blue eyes.

"A wee drap of whisky"

Robert waited and, as was expected, the proposal was put to him. In 1885 he presented his terms. He would do it in return for the three-quarter-million-dollar grant, plus "all the coal, marble, slate, mines and minerals that border the sea of Vancouver Island and one and one half million acres of choice Peace River land."

Instead of being stunned by Dunsmuir's demands, the provincial government was overjoyed and, as a bonus, threw in all the logging rights on the island. The only property excluded from this tremendous land grab was that required for military purposes, Indian reserves and small holdings of a few pioneer farmers.

The building of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad began in 1884, and Dunsmuir had to raise two and a quarter million dollars to complete the line. Only later history was to reveal the prodigious profits Robert made on his deal, when the resale of the timberland alone brought in a tidy twenty-five million dollars.

The opening of the railroad in June 1887 throws a human sidelight on the personality of the man they were now calling a coal baron and lumber king. When Sir John A. Macdonald arrived in Victoria with Lady Macdonald for the official opening, they were driven to Shawnigan Lake in Robert's private railroad car named after his youngest daughter, fifteen-year-old Maud. The women were decked out in their newest finery, with broad-brimmed, ostrich-plumed hats, ankle-length dresses and dainty white gloves.

Following the long throat-parching journey, and the driving-in of the golden spike officially opening the line to traffic, both Robert and Sir John were of a mind to celebrate the

occasion with "a wee drap of whisky." When both wives protested, Robert then innocently suggested the alternative of going down to inspect the mine. The ladies were aghast at the thought of ruining their clothes, but agreed that it was fitting for the prime minister to be shown around. Thus the opening of the railroad was officially christened over a case of Scotch whisky, some six hundred feet below ground.

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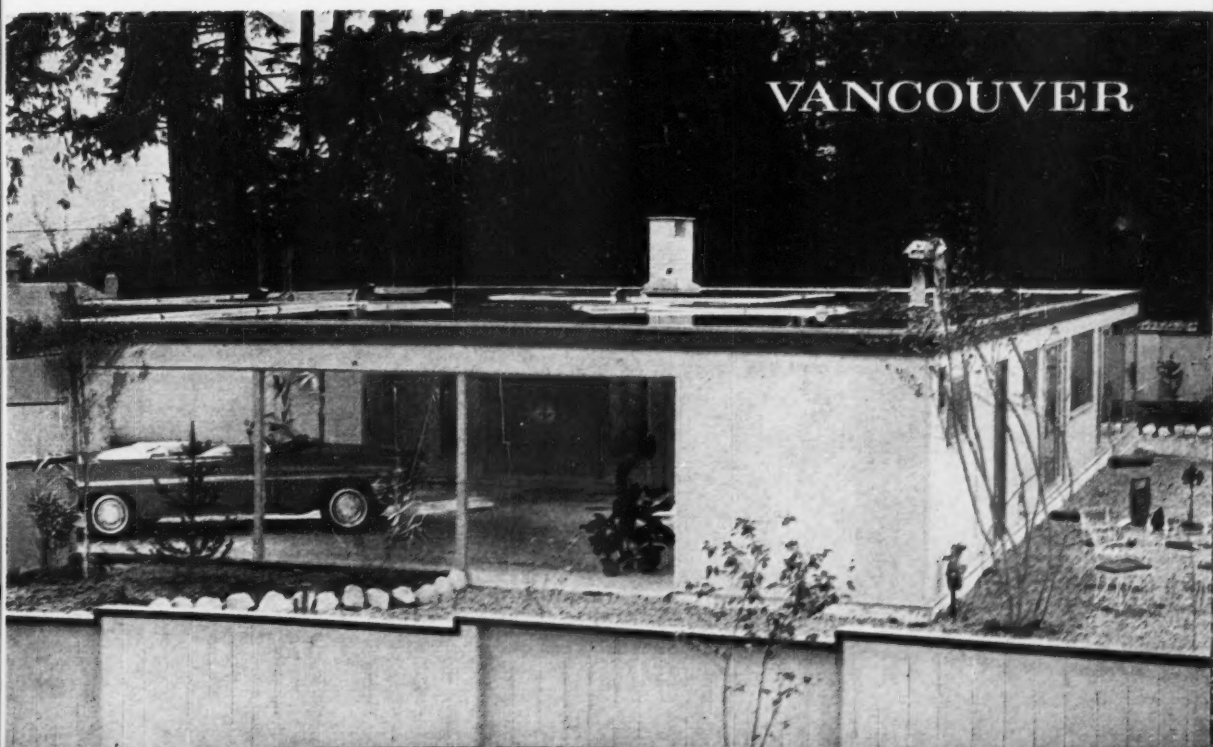
Photographs by Dennis Colwell

LIFT HERE

homes '61 MONTREAL



KITCHENER



VANCOUVER

Continued from page 84

The seeds of the costly Dunsmuir family feud were sown here. It began when twenty-four-year-old Alexander first met Wally Wallace, a young law student and sometime baseball player. The two men got along so well that Wally soon invited Alexander to move in with him and his wife Josephine at their home on Eddy Street. The Wallaces had a pretty, four-year-old daughter named Edna.

It was not long before the boisterous fun-loving Alexander found himself passionately in love with his friend's wife, Josephine, whom he called his "Dresden shepherdess." Josephine, who was head usher at San Francisco's California Theatre, was impressed by the brash overtures of the wealthy Canadian and finally succumbed to his ardent wooing. The Wallaces separated in 1879, and Alexander, Josephine and her daughter immediately set up housekeeping on Jones Street in San Francisco. Although Edna had to change schools occasionally because of rumors about her mother's "arrangement" with the man from Canada, this romance was to last eighteen years and eventually cause an irreconcilable rift in the Dunsmuir family.

From the outset, Joan did not approve of the match and would only refer to Josephine as "that woman in San Francisco." Alexander made a few futile attempts to win his parents' approval of the woman he loved, but he knew that they would never accept the daughter of a saloonkeeper as a daughter-in-law, and that his father would disinherit him if he ever married her. Robert's will, which had already been drawn up, split most of his cash fortune between his wife Joan and their two sons, and endowed their daughters handsomely. Robert's business interests were split between Alexander, James, and Joan who held the controlling interest.

He feared outsiders

Alexander, while loving his Josephine, apparently loved money more. He had even developed a strange fear of outsiders getting the Dunsmuir money. For this reason he could not bring himself to be civil to his sisters' husbands when he met them on his occasional visits to Victoria.

Robert Dunsmuir's attention had meanwhile turned to other projects, including the building of a proposed eighty-two-mile-long railroad running north and south between the Vic-

toria suburb of Esquimalt, and Nanaimo, halfway up the island. The idea of such a railroad had been conceived before British Columbia entered Confederation in 1871. Since Sir John A. Macdonald's federal government badly wanted British Columbia in Confederation, he offered a \$750,000 federal grant plus "other benefits" to anyone in British Columbia who would undertake the project, the grant being part of the bargain for entering Confederation. The logical man to accept the job was Robert Dunsmuir, the wealthy Scotsman with neat grey beard fringing his chin and almost hypnotic grey-blue eyes.

"A wee drap of whisky"

Robert waited and, as was expected, the proposal was put to him. In 1885 he presented his terms. He would do it in return for the three-quarter-million-dollar grant, plus "all the coal, marble, slate, mines and minerals that border the sea of Vancouver Island and one and one half million acres of choice Peace River land."

Instead of being stunned by Dunsmuir's demands, the provincial government was overjoyed and, as a bonus, threw in all the logging rights on the island. The only property excluded from this tremendous land grab was that required for military purposes, Indian reserves and small holdings of a few pioneer farmers.

The building of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad began in 1884, and Dunsmuir had to raise two and a quarter million dollars to complete the line. Only later history was to reveal the prodigious profits Robert made on his deal, when the resale of the timberland alone brought in a tidy twenty-five million dollars.

The opening of the railroad in June 1887 throws a human sidelight on the personality of the man they were now calling a coal baron and lumber king. When Sir John A. Macdonald arrived in Victoria with Lady Macdonald for the official opening, they were driven to Shawnigan Lake in Robert's private railroad car named after his youngest daughter, fifteen-year-old Maud. The women were decked out in their newest finery, with broad-brimmed, ostrich-plumed hats, ankle-length dresses and dainty white gloves.

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Home planning editor takes you on tour for ideas you can adapt

Basket-weave divider allows light to pass through interwoven slats to brighten a hallway and make a room beyond appear more spacious. Here it's used to divide living room from hall. (Kitchener)



A tall chest for the man of the house who likes his clothes file-neat. Six large drawers are designed to hold all his accouterments. The design is enhanced by the sculptured pulls. (Montreal)



A skylight for a window. In this case, it allows sunlight to brighten the hallway in late evening to provide wall space for vanities and towel bars.

Teak plywood in random width will add warmth and charm to your room. It's easy to apply—plywood comes in standard-size sheets four by eight feet, and various wood finishes. (Vancouver)



Mirrors for windows. Window mullions, which ordinarily join glass panes, are applied over a sheet of mirror to give the impression of a window where there is none. Shutters on either side complete the illusion of a window. (Kitchener)



Floral stripes suggest a strong pattern. The pattern is fashionable and a variegated stripe of wild pinks. Even the pattern itself is a texture.

Sculptured carpet gives subtle design interest where large areas of flooring are to be covered. This carpet is one-hundred-percent nylon for long wear under heavy traffic, and is inoffensive to those allergy sufferers who react to natural fibres. The two carpeted steps lead down into the sunken living room. (Vancouver)



Wrought iron and wood combine here for a pleasing effect. Vanity shelves of iron are fastened to the wall between two bachelor chests. White-painted iron-framed mirrors and low-backed vanity stools complete the arrangement. (Montreal)



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Turn and unfold for a panorama of Chatelaine Homes '61

Basket-weave divider allows light to pass through interwoven slats to brighten a hallway and make a room beyond appear more spacious. Here it's used to divide living room from hall. (Kitchener)



Inlaid vinyl by the yard, the newest item in floor coverings, here in a terrazzo pattern in many colors. It eliminates the square effect of tiles to make a small floor area seem bigger. (Montreal)



A skylight for that room without a window. In this bathroom, the skylight allows sunlight from early morning till late evening to flood the room, leaving wall space for vanity cupboards, mirrors and towel bars. (Vancouver)

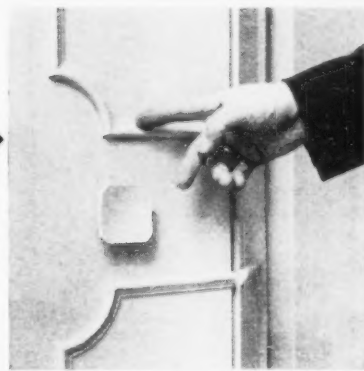


Bar stools are popular but often hard to find. These sturdy stools have upholstered seats. A black metal ring around the legs puts dangling feet at ease, or serves as a toe prop for standees. (Kitchener)

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Bolection moldings are on the market again but are now priced within easy reach of everyone. Used effectively on cupboard doors here, moldings will also add interesting form to other plain surfaces, are easy to put up. (Kitchener)

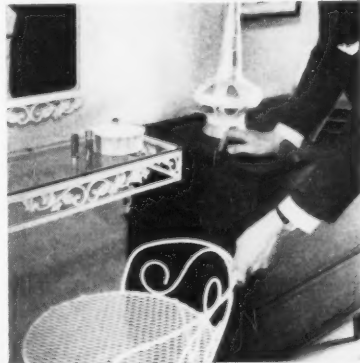


Floral stripes suggest bygone days when the strong patterns were popular. They are fashionable again! Here we have used a variegated stripe of cornflowers and wild pinks. Even the surface of the paper itself is a textured stripe. (Kitchener)



Panda bears for floors! An Orlon panda in black and white lives on the floor in baby's first home. The head can be filled with paper, rags or soft toys to give three-dimensional depth. (Montreal)

Wrought iron and wood combine here for a pleasing effect. Vanity shelves of iron are fastened to the wall between two bachelor chests. White-painted iron-framed mirrors and low-backed vanity stools complete the arrangement. (Montreal)



Antiqued brick used here for a fireplace has all the mellow texture of aged brick, but it's free from the flaws the real thing would have. It could even be used for dividers or walls, as it is in the master bedroom of this house. (Vancouver)



homes '61 MONTREAL



2 living room



nursery 1



dining room 3



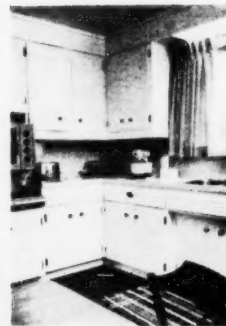
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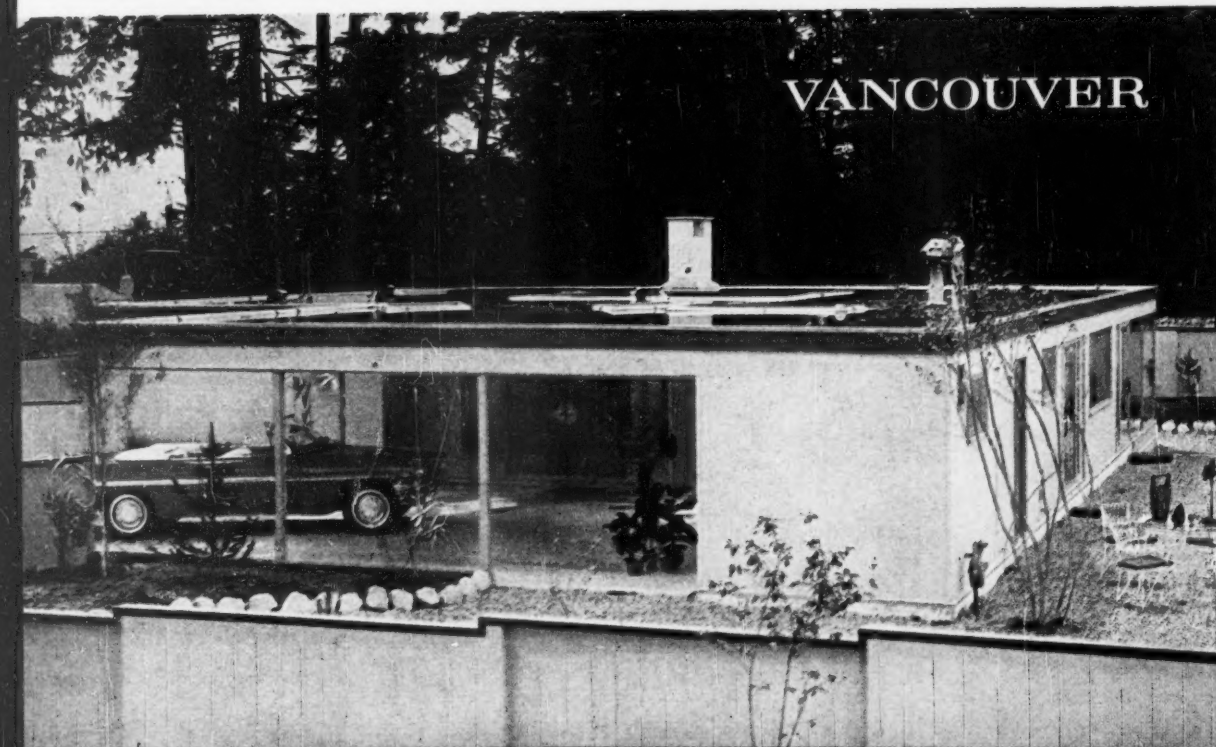
4 dining room



5 boy's bedroom



6 kitchen



VANCOUVER



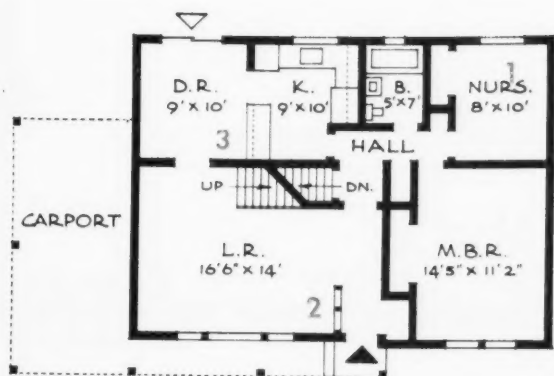
8 dining room



7 guest room

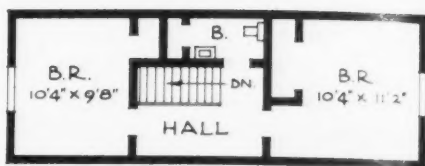


9 family room



Story-and-a-half provides four bedrooms

The front door of this house opens into the entrance hall, which is divided from the living room by an airy floor-to-ceiling screen. Louvered doors separate the dining room quite distinctly from the living room; separation from the kitchen is marked only by a freestanding counter. Hall from kitchen serves bathroom, nursery and master bedroom. Stairs from the living room lead up to two bedrooms and washroom.



Location Châteauguay Terrace in the riverside town of Châteauguay near Montreal. The living area of this four-bedroom house is 1,360 square feet — 912 square feet for the first floor living area and 448 square feet upstairs floor area.

Construction The one-and-a-half-story house uses style elements of traditional architecture — a Cape Cod door, fluted column framing the entrance — with modern materials. Brick, asphalt shingles of light grey, and white trim are livened by use of yellow-gold shingle siding.

Design features Here there is a separate dining room, unusual today in a house of this size. In this home the dining room is separated from the living room by louvered doors. The kitchen and dining room are divided by a freestanding counter and hanging cupboards. This adds spaciousness to both rooms as do the sliding doors which open onto the back patio. The roomy bedrooms upstairs are joined by a hall large enough for a dressing room or work area with desks. A bathroom on this floor completes its efficiency and privacy.

Price This home sells for \$15,195, including lot but excluding the sliding glass doors.

Patio (at right) This lot has been landscaped to provide a level area for the twenty-foot-by-twenty-foot patio built of concrete blocks. The sliding glass doors from the dining room make it easy to reach the patio for sun-tanning or dining.



Central living room has a back-garden view

An L-shaped living room with dining alcove occupies the central area of this house. A bow window overlooks the garden at the back, while sliding glass doors from the dining area open onto the upper-level

garden. The hall extends from the entrance to give access to the master bedroom, two other bedrooms and a bathroom with twin-basin vanity. Kitchen opens off the main hall. A recreation room is below.

Location By thoughtful landscaping of what was once an orchard, this house is now surrounded by full-grown trees. The district is East View Park in Kitchener, Ont. This three-bedroom bungalow has a living area of 1,242 square feet, finished recreation room, 385 square feet, provides ample room for informal entertaining or for hobbies.

Construction Black-velvet brick, white vertical siding, pebble asphalt shingles accented with doors and louvered shutters. Delft blue give this colonial-style house contemporary appeal.

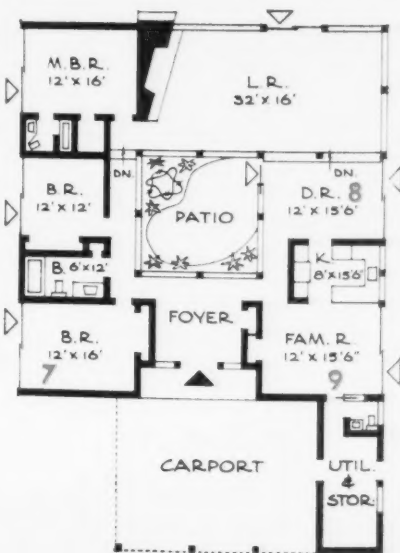
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Price This custom-type house is priced at \$23,300, without lot. Although the prices of lots vary, this one sells for \$4,700 not including landscaping.

Breezeway (at right). Another variation of the outdoor living area is the breezeway between the house and garage. The two ends can be screened for added privacy, and as shelter from inclement weather. The ceiling has lighting units set flush.

Rooms on two levels surround inner court

From the large entrance foyer, the first view is through the interior court and, beyond it, the living room. On one side is the sleeping wing, consisting of a spacious bedroom, a study and the master bedroom with bathroom *en suite*. The living room and master bedroom are two steps lower than the remaining part of the house. The kitchen forms an island between the dining room and the family room.



Location Built on the West Vancouver mountainside, the window-walled house has a view on every side. Semitropical shrubs surround the house. Floor area is 2,048 square feet. The sleeping quarters are separated from the living area on one side by a foyer, brick fireplace and interior patio.

Construction Post-and-beam is the structural method used for this home. All partitions are raised on a floating concrete slab, while posts carry the ceiling beams that are left exposed as an interior design element.

Design features Walls in the living and dining area are random-width teak plywood, while ceilings throughout are tongue-and-groove cedar. A fireplace of antiqued brick sets off the living room — master-bedroom-and-bath wing which is two steps lower than the rest of the house. An interior court is first seen from the large double doors of the foyer. Sliding glass doors provide easy access to the house from any point in the garden or court.

Price The house sells for \$24,000, not including lot.

Interior court The interior court, so prevalent in Oriental architecture, is a dramatic feature of this house. It is entered from the dining room and has windows on three sides, with translucent glass panels along the bedroom hallway.

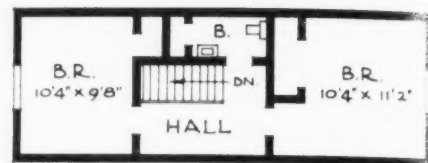
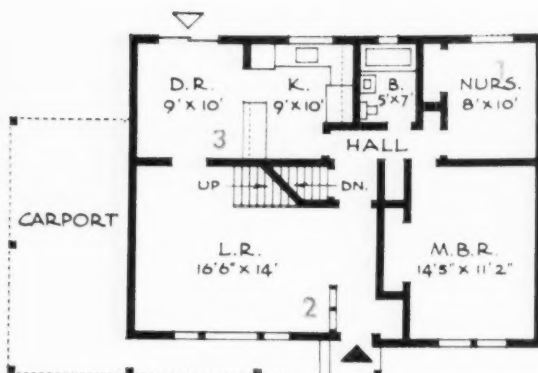
Interior design story begins next page

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dining room 3



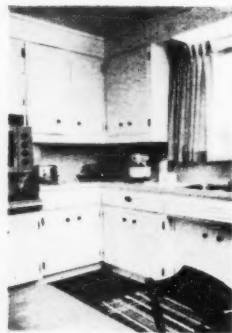
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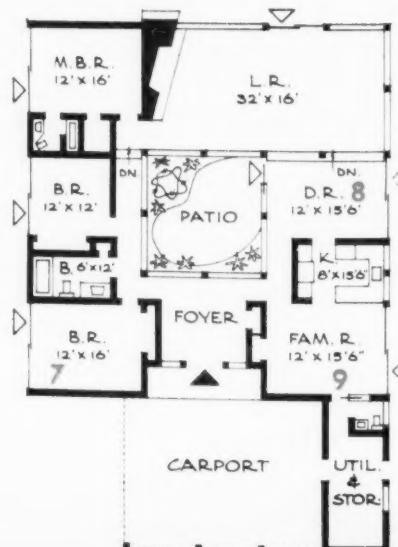
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Price This custom-type house is priced at \$23,300, without lot. Although the prices of lots vary, this one sells for \$4,700, not including landscaping.

Breezeway (at right). Another variation of the outdoor living area is the breezeway between the house and garage. The two ends can be screened for added privacy, and as shelter from inclement weather. The ceiling has lighting units set flush.



Location Built on the West Vancouver mountainside, this window-walled house has a view on every side. Semitropical shrubs surround the house. Floor area is 2,048 square feet. The sleeping quarters are separated from the living area on one side by a foyer, brick fireplace and interior patio.

Construction Post-and-beam is the structural method used for this home. All partitions are raised on a floating concrete slab, while posts carry the ceiling beams that are left exposed as an interior design element.

Design features Walls in the living and dining area are random-width teak plywood, while ceilings throughout are tongue-in-groove cedar. A fireplace of antiqued brick sets off the living room — master-bedroom-and-bath wing which is two steps lower than the rest of the house. An interior court is first seen from the large double doors of the foyer. Sliding glass doors provide easy access to the house from any point in the garden or court.

Price The house sells for \$24,000, not including lot.

Interior court The interior court, so prevalent in Oriental architecture, is a dramatic feature of this house. It is entered from the dining room and has windows on three sides, with translucent glass panels along the bedroom hallway.

Interior design story begins next page



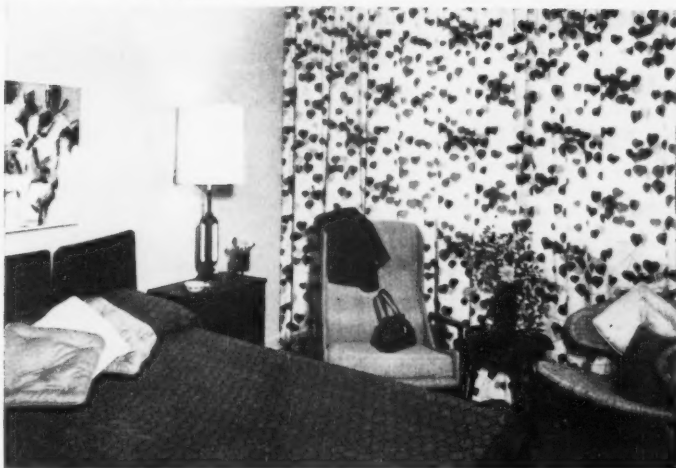


Follow Home Planning Editor Alan Campaigne's inside story on Homes '61 on the next seven pages

Cosmopolitan trend in a town house

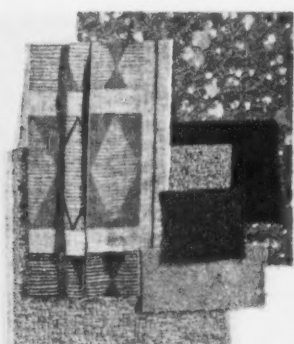
homes '61

MONTREAL



At left, leaf-design drapery of master bedroom suggests the color scheme of olive greens, turquoises and yellows. The bedspread, walls and carpet are varying shades of olive green. At right, floral wallpaper—gold flowers on a white ground—covers the ceiling and walls of this upstairs bedroom for a teen-age girl.

This house, built by Pyramide Enterprises Inc., at 95 Lucerne Avenue, Châteauguay, Quebec, will be open to the public August 19 to October 29.



Above we show the material, textures and colors used for the living room — geometric-patterned linen for the drapery; the nubby yellow on two chairs; the brown textured upholstery material on the sofa and two other chairs. Two walls are painted yellow and two are covered with gold-embossed paper. The beige carpet is a close match for the natural linen background of the drapery. The yellow tones established in the living room link with colors throughout house.



Above is the dining room. Soft olive greens are used for the vinyl flooring and the wallpaper. Seat covers and area carpet are nasturtium accents. The walnut-finish table can be extended to a length of ninety-five inches for large dinners.

The theme Diversity is the key for the cosmopolitan feeling of this room. Furniture styles from different lands, varied combinations of textures and a blending of shades in an analogous color scheme unite in creating this effect. Different design interpretations are effectively used here. The sofa and square end table are of truly Canadian origin; the bunching tables, the combination radio and phonograph, the yellow barrel chair are Scandinavian in feeling. Textured interest — the embossed mottled paper, the linen drapery, the plain-weave and nubby upholstery, the ceramic accessories — play up the casual treatment.

The colors A strong yellow gold was the first choice for this color scheme. Two walls are painted yellow. The other two walls are covered with the gold-embossed paper. Brown earthy tones were added in the sofa, carpet, natural linen drapery, two chairs and in the show wood of the furniture. Green, used prevalently in the

other rooms, is here an accent color in accessories and plants. **The arrangement** A lamp table and chair form a conversation-reading-or-listening group with the far end of the sofa. At the other end of the sofa — not shown — is a television set on a two-door chest in which the set is stored when not in use. A pottery lamp with ceramic accessories and an oil painting by Montreal artist, Denys Matte, complete this grouping. The combination radio-phonograph sits by the window. Beyond it (not shown), two chairs are grouped against the hall-living-room divider, with a table and lamp matching those seen in the corner. Opposite, a stairway leads to the second floor, and against the stair wall are a piano and a captain's chair. In the entrance hall a framed linen print of a proud cavalier hangs above one end of an upholstered bench.

For the Kitchener Home '61 turn the page

homes '61

KITCHENER

Colonial



This house, built by Harold Freure Limited, at 18 Cray Crescent, East View Park, Kitchener, will be open to the public August 26 to October 1.

trend in a city bungalow

The theme Very popular today is the trend to colonial. Here colonial-inspired furnishings have been used to produce a room in keeping with demands of contemporary living. Design, texture and color all have a feeling reminiscent of Canada's pioneering days, yet are entirely up-to-date in their application. The colonial-inspired furniture is lightly scaled for modern rooms, but exceedingly comfortable for casual living. Hand-blocked prints are recalled in the design of the drapery. The lamps are fashioned after old-style oil lamps.

The colors Vivid blue, a favorite color in colonial times, is a natural choice here. Used lavishly as accents are the other primary colors—red and yellow. Many shades of blue appear in the drapery fabric, and the deepest of the blues has been used in the sofa and a chair. Yellow was added for warmth, and accents of watermelon give a lively contemporary feeling.

The arrangement The basket-weave divider in the foreground reveals the main conversational grouping. The deep-blue sofa is flanked by two chairs, a rocker and lounge chair. Close to the lounge chair is a stereophonic record player and behind it, in front of the screen, is a deacon's bench with watermelon-tone cushion. A butterfly table is sided by the yellow rocker and a lounge chair of deep blue, to match the sofa. A soft-blue tone is used for both the carpet and the walls. To give length to the room and lower the ceiling, a watermelon-colored pleated valance has been used the full length of the window wall. Contemporary accessories, including the original painting by John Bechtel, of Kitchener, add color and freshness to the room. All the colors of this room have been employed in varying degrees and color schemes throughout the kitchen and three bedrooms.



Among fabric samples from living room is drapery in rayon and cotton with its many blues. Painted walls and wool carpeting are the same soft blue. One chair and the sofa are covered in navy-blue material—again, a tone from the drapery—two chairs are lemon yellow and the deacon's bench is a deep tone of watermelon. Cushions—watermelon, yellow, bluegrass—and the valance—watermelon—are exciting accents.



A master bedroom accommodates a vanity desk and striped loveseat. Walls are a soft grey-blue, the floor a brilliant geranium red, the bedspread white chenille—the three colors used for the maple-sugaring-print cotton drapery.



A bar occupies one end of the recreation room. Bar stools serve those who like to lean on the counter, and a round table surrounded by four chairs serves for games. Colors in this room are vibrant reds, yellows and blues.

Inside Vancouver Home '61 next page

homes '61

VANCOUVER

Oriental trend in a mountainside home

The theme In this spacious sunlit house we have combined Oriental-style and modern furnishings to produce this exotic and luxurious living room. Large windows offering a panoramic view of the garden and surrounding territory have inspired the use of strong vivid colors.

The colors The openness and Oriental feeling here suggested the use of lacquer red. Rich peacock blue and antique gold accentuate the lavish color scheme. The use of wood in furniture finishes and on the walls is a foil for the vibrancy of these lively colors. Furniture finishes are walnut and ebony; the walls are paneled in teak. Texture in the shasta-white carpet helps to diminish the great expanse of flooring. Daylight-diffusing draperies pick up the colors of the room.

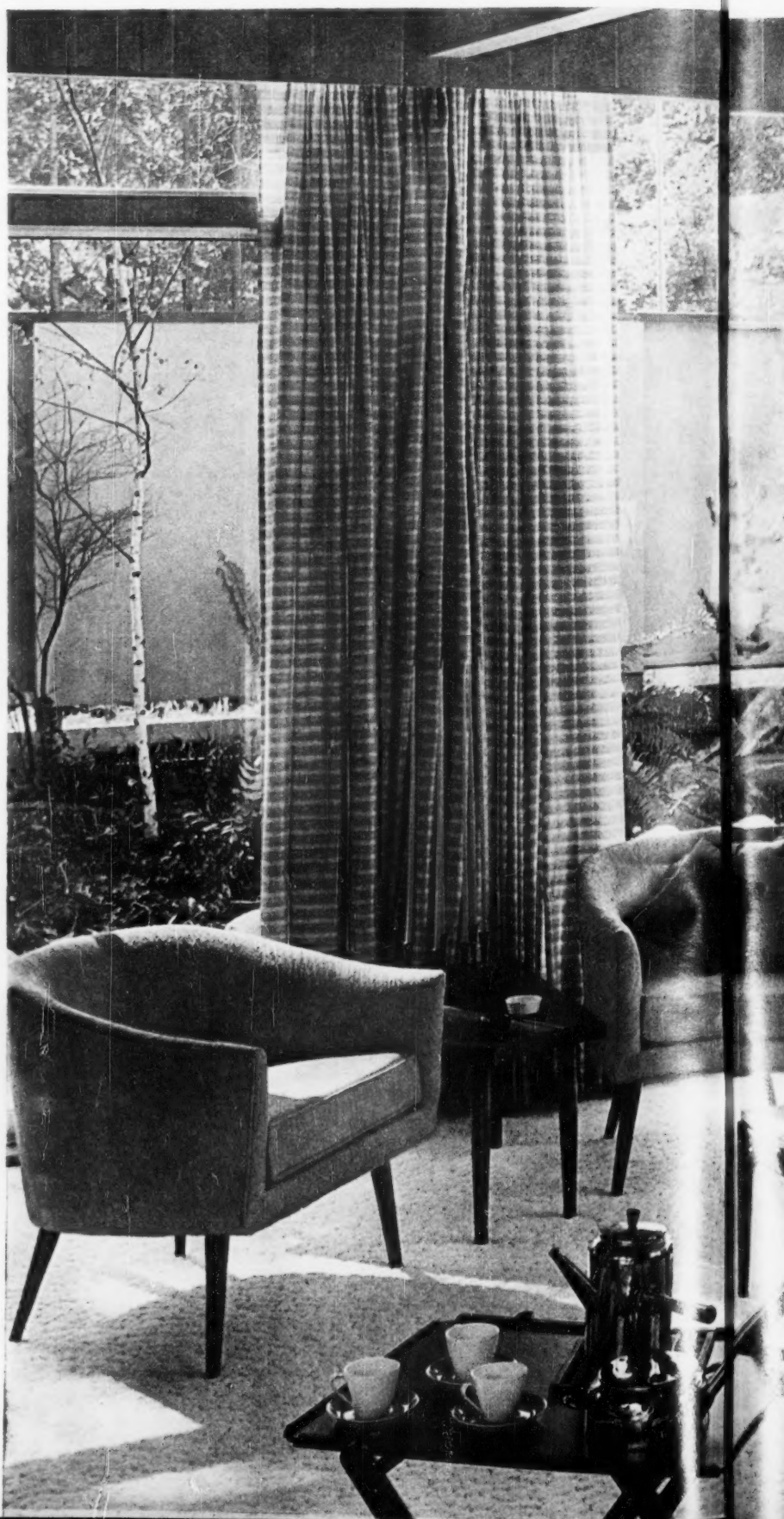
The arrangement Two conversational groupings form the arrangement of this room for a total seating of thirteen people. For larger parties, rearrangement of only two chairs unites the two groupings. The long peacock-blue sofa in this picture will seat four; additional seating is provided by two tub chairs and an Oriental high-back chair in antique gold. Oriental-inspired end tables and cocktail table accent the Eastern theme. The handsome peacock by Vancouver sculptor William Koochin, teak, ceramic and enamel accessories complete the picture. A fireplace (see picture above, right) provides the focal point for the grouping at the other end of the living room. A lacquer-red striped sofa, two Oriental chairs and a low cocktail table flank the raised hearth. All the colors are reflected in a large painting by British Columbia's Toni Onley, which hangs over the antiqued-brick fireplace. Great use of the neutrals — black and white — has been made in other rooms with addition of vibrant red-oranges, blues and yellows.

This house, built by Lewis Construction Company Ltd., at Keith Road and Fifth Street, West Vancouver, will be open to the public August 19 to October 1.

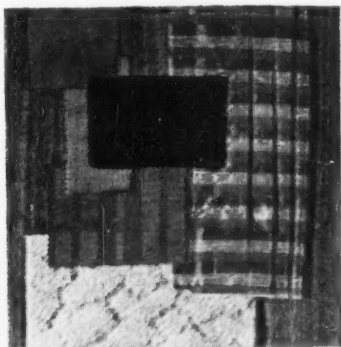
The antiqued-brick wall (below left) makes an interesting background for the long triple dresser and the bachelor chest. Colors are soft shades of bronze green, with reds and oranges in spreads. Pendant fixtures flank the mirror.



One wall of this study (above right) is lined with bookshelves that can be made to fit any wall space. The iron sides of the bookshelves are coated with white plastic, shelves are teak. Original painting is by Reg Holmes.



HOMES '61 FURNISHINGS GUIDE ON NEXT PAGE



To the left are the fabrics and colors of our Vancouver living room. The sheer blended-fibre fabric in lacquer-red, antique gold and muted jade is for the drapery; the Oriental-styled sofa is covered in the peacock-blue textured material; two tub chairs are covered in plain lacquer-red; the other sofa is in a lacquer-red striped fabric; four Oriental-modern chairs with ebony show wood are peacock blue and antique gold. Carpet is off-white.



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This is the charming and functional bathroom in our Kitchener home. The color scheme here is a follow-through from the rest of the house. Blue fixtures, white ceramic tiles with delft-blue inserts, blue-and-white polished cotton drapery are enhanced by a bottle-green accent.

Your furnishings guide to homes '61

Here is the list of companies with which we worked to bring you complete news on Canadian trends through Homes '61

Furniture: Barrymore; Braemore; H. J. Coles; Danebridge; Deilcraft; Elmira; Gibbard; Hauser; Hespeler; Honderich; House of Modern; Ideal Upholstering; Imperial; Kaufman; Knechtel; Kroehler; Peppier Bros.; Peppier-Selig; Plywood Associates; Roxton Mill; Sealy Mattress; Stanton Plaza; E. Thibault Ltd.; Vilas; Western Tarpaulin; Willis Pianos.

Floor Coverings: Carpets — Barrymore; Canadian Celanese; Courtaulds; Dominion Rubber; Harding; Niagara Rug; Stauffer-Dobbie; Tintawn.
Tile—Dominion Linoleum; St. Lawrence Ceramics.
Underlay—Duralay; B. F. Goodrich; Smith Cush-N-Tred.
Hardwood Finisher—LePage's Fabulon.

Wall Coverings: B. C. Plywood; Canadian Wallpaper; Imperial Flo-Glaze; Roxatone; Waldee of Canada.

Drapery Fabrics: A. B. Caya; Chemcell Fibres; Dominion Textile; Gauvreau-Beaudry; Arthur Sanderson.

Drapery Makers: H. M. Nelson Reg'd., Montreal; Cook's Interior Decorating, Kitchener; Mrs. Jane MacQuarrie, Vancouver.
Drapery Hardware: Eastern Machine Products; Kirsch of Canada.

Appliances: Bissell; Canadian General Electric; Canadian Tappan; Canadian Westinghouse; Findlay; Frigidaire; Hoover; Inglis; Moffat; Sunbeam; Youngstown.

Radio, TV and Stereo: Canadian General Electric; Canadian Westinghouse; Dominion Electrohome; Fleetwood; Philco; RCA Victor.

Lamps: Campbell Electric; House of Modern; Lugin-Roselle; Quartite.

Kitchenware: Ekco; Pyrex.

Tableware: Doulton and Co.; International Silver; Minton; Oneida; Rosenthal; Spode.

Melmac — Dwal Sales; Rainbow Plastics; Wallace Silversmiths.

Accessories: Avon Products; Bernina Sewing Machines; Brooks Fireside Furnishings; Canadian Pittsburgh Mirrors; Charles Manufacturing; Dominion Rubber Pillows; Doulton and Co.; Elizabeth Arden; I. B. Kleinert; Lady Galt Towels; Lines Bros.; Oxford Picture Frame; Pilkington Mirrors; Puddfoot Ltd.; Quinlan-Crawford; Rosenthal; Samaco Trading; Silhouette Inc.; Singer Sewing Machines; Spode; Swedish Gifts; Yardley.

Paintings and Sculpture: Denys Matte, Montreal; John H. Bechtel, Kitchener; New Design Gallery, Vancouver — William Koochin, Reg Holmes, Toni Onley, Takao Tanabe.

Lighting Fixtures: Dominion Electrohome; Electrolier; Lightolier; Virden.

Miscellaneous: Bell Telephone; B. C. Telephone; Columbia Records; Encyclopedia Britannica; General Motors; Kitchener Public Library; Remington Rand; Scott-McCulloch; Simplicity Patterns; Studebaker-Packard; West Vancouver Memorial Library.

Building Materials: Amerock; American Standard Plumbing; Anacanda; Arborite; Barwood Flooring; B. C. Electric; Canada Brick; Canadian Gypsum; Crane Plumbing; Culligan Water Softener; Dominion Electrohome; Dominion Sash; Duro Water Softener; Formica; Interstate Engineering; Johns-Manville; Kwikset; Lau Products; Lennox Heating; Lloyd Doors; McMillan and Bloedel; Murray-Brantford; Nu-Tone; Ontario Hydro; Phillip-Carey; Pilkington Glass; Plywood Manufacturers Assoc.; Resilacrete; Rocform International; Roly-Morrison; St. Lawrence Ceramics; Standard Lime; Superhot Boilers; Sylvania; Wasco Showerwall; Weiser; Weslock; Western Gypsum.

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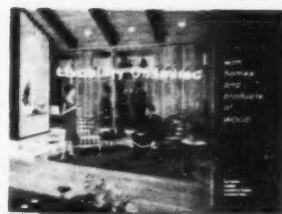
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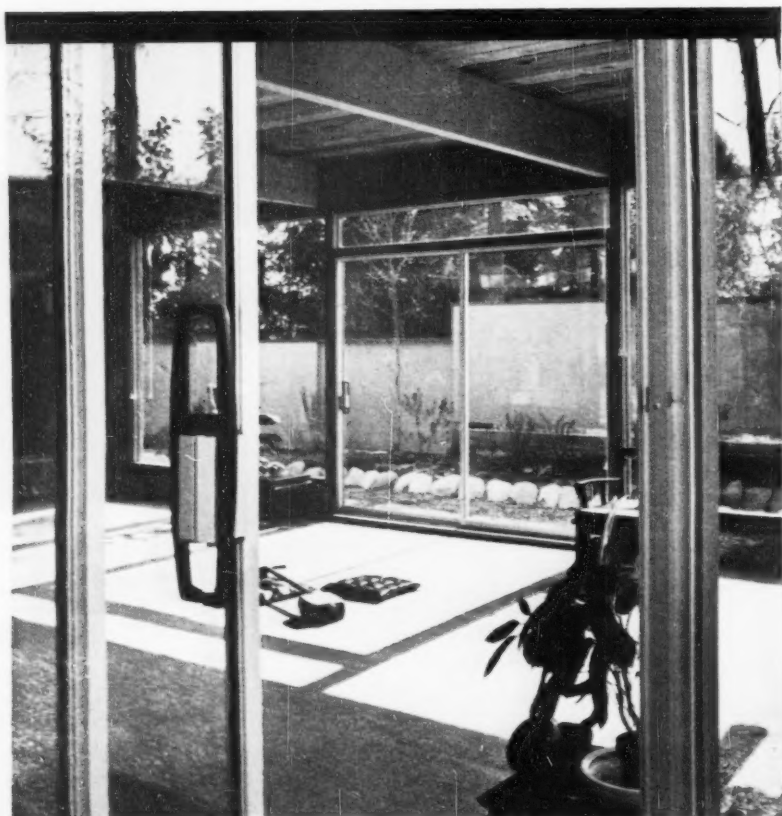
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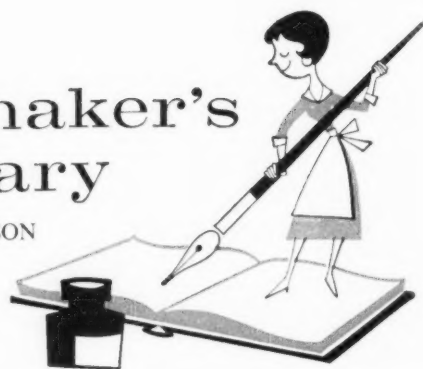
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Homemaker's Diary

By UNA ABRAHAMSON



Keep how-to-wash tags

Carefully remove washing instructions from new clothes and write on the label a short description of the garment. Thumbtack these tags to a board beside the washing machine and you will have a ready reminder on how to wash special-care items.

Little inky finger marks



With the children back at school we are going to find ink stains needing attention. When ink spills happen, never use the old-fashioned milk treatment. It just

complicates the stain and makes it even harder to remove.

As ball-point ink is set by water never wet ball-point ink spots before treatment. Instead, place a heavy folded cloth pad under the stained area and wet with methyl hydrate, then blot firmly. Methyl hydrate is sold by any drugstore.

Ordinary ink stains on washable white cottons should be rinsed with cool water immediately. Wrap the stained fabric around a pad of soft cloth. Then sponge stubborn spots with undiluted liquid detergent. If the stain persists, dip white cottons into a solution of one tablespoon seven-percent chlorine bleach to a quart of water.

For washable colored fabrics, rinse the ordinary ink stain in cool water. Then wash in warm suds to which a few drops of household ammonia have been added. Rinse. If the stain remains, soak it for fifteen minutes in a solution of one tablespoon five-percent oxalic acid (sold by druggists) dissolved in one quart of water. Rinse three times. Synthetics can be given the oxalic treatment provided they are rinsed thoroughly afterward.

Indelible ink is hard to remove

at home, so stains from indelible ink should be sent to professional cleaners with an explanatory note.

All in one basket

A lightweight basket makes a handy cleaning tote and timesaver. Fit it up with clean soft dusters, furniture polish, glass wax and such cleaning needs and carry from room to room with step-saving ease.

Dresser-drawer care

Cosmetic drawers lined with blotting paper are easy to keep clean. The absorbent paper will take care of any spills, or grease on the base of jars.

Uncurl holiday snaps

Use a sponge to dampen the backs of snapshots that have curled. Dry them flat between clean cloths or blotter under a weight of books.

Wild-flower harvest

Now is a good time to collect flowers and grasses to dry for winter flower arrangements and for church bazaars. Cut goldenrod, straw-flowers and honesty (silver dollars) early in the morning before the hot sun hits them. They dry easily and well in a week if spread out on a newspaper in a dry cool basement. Then arrange them in attractive containers (without water, of course).



More bazaar ideas

Grapefruit and orange seeds can be dried for a couple of weeks and then planted in small pots of good soil. In a short time they will grow into attractive small plants. Now is the time to collect pots, mix soil and then canvass friends for unusual plant cuttings for sale later on.

END

too." He closed the door behind him.

Returning some time later, he was followed by another young man. Steve Borders was well over six feet tall and massively built. In his checked flannel shirt and jeans he looked like a remarkably handsome lumberjack, though his tightly curled yellow hair was an incongruous note.

"This is my husband," Connie told the girl. "The island belongs to him."

FOR THE FIRST time Eva Brown looked up, the straight bleached hair falling away from her cheeks. Margo saw her eyes. They were green, slanted just a little like the eyes of a cat, and seemed huge in her pale strained face.

"Hello," Steve's big bass voice boomed out. "I hear you've been having trouble. Want to tell us about it?"

The girl's eyes dropped again. The empty coffee cup trembled in her hand.

"She had to run away from home," Joe explained. "She hitchhiked from somewhere in the States to Ghost River."

"Ghost River?" Connie echoed in surprise.

"Well, she wasn't trying to go there, of course. Never heard of the place. She was planning to go east but somebody who picked her up was crossing the border, so she came along. When I found her, she didn't even know what part of Canada this was. I saw her standing at the side of the road with a sweater and a suitcase. I stopped, of course . . ."

Even Margo could understand why he had felt compelled to stop. A young girl alone on a northwoods road beyond Ghost River . . . and what was there at Ghost River? No buses or railroad tracks came within miles of it. Just the general store where he had been buying supplies for the camp, a tiny schoolhouse, a bleak little church, and a straggle of houses.

Joe Hilary leaned against the kitchen table, eyes fixed on Eva Brown. He was just three years short of thirty, lean and hard, with an easy strength which he seemed to take for granted, but in those eyes now was the worried look of a small boy contemplating a sick puppy. "I was sure something was wrong," he was saying, "so I told her to get in and then I drove slowly and talked to her. Told her about Bear Lake and this camp, what we did here, and so on. Finally I asked her whether she knew there was nothing on that road north of Bear Lake but a mining town fifty miles away. She said no . . ."

He paused and his dark sensitive face closed up till it wore no expression whatsoever. Margo was sure the girl must have begun to cry and that he did not want anyone to see what her tears had done to him. Being a man, she supposed he was a little ashamed to find so much softness in himself. That it might be one of the reasons why a girl named Margo Price loved him would not even have occurred to him.

"Finally," he went on, "she told me what was wrong. When she was ten years old her parents were killed in an accident and ever since she's been living with an uncle and his wife. They didn't treat her the way a kid should be treated. She had to do all the scrubbing and cleaning for a good-sized house. She had to wash all the clothes —"

"I had to iron them too." The girl spoke suddenly in a flat voice. "I had to wash all the dishes."

Connie's blue eyes widened. "You

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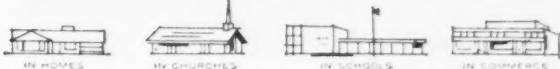
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mean you had to work like that while you were going to school?"

"If I didn't, they would beat me."

"But she stuck it out," Joe said. "She thought if she could just stick it out till she finished high school, then she would be able to get a job and leave. She studied shorthand and typing and she managed to graduate and get a job. It didn't work."

"Why not?" Steve said.

"They told her she owed them the money they had spent on her food and clothes. They said she would have to give them her pay cheques."

"But if she did all that work for them," Margo protested, "then she had earned her food and clothes, hadn't she?"

"My uncle beat me again when I told him," the girl said, still in that flat voice. "He never beat me so hard before. So I had to give him the pay cheques."

"He wanted your pay cheques," Steve asked, "so you decided to run away?"

"Oh no! It was worse than that! Much worse."

"What do you mean?"

The girl put her face in her hands. "It upsets her to talk about it," Joe said gruffly. "The uncle tried to hand her over to a friend of his, a man old enough to be her father."

"Hand her over?" Connie had started.

"Oh, it was supposed to be legal," Joe's mouth closed on the words as though he had bitten them. "The guy was going to marry her. So she ran away."

"But she couldn't be forced to marry him, could she?"

The girl stared at the floor. "My uncle said if I didn't do it, he would lock me in my room and beat me every day."

"Wait a minute," Steve said. "Why didn't you go to the police?"

"My uncle said if I did they would just bring me back again. He said they would say I was only eighteen and he was still my guardian so —"

"That isn't true. All you had to do was to go to the police."

"She didn't know that," Joe said.

"Well, why?" — Steve sounded almost cross — "didn't she ask somebody? Anyone could have told her."

"Who was she going to ask? She didn't have any friends."

"She had a job. She could have asked her boss."

"I was afraid he might fire me!" The girl looked up, her voice rising raggedly. "And I didn't have any friends! I didn't have anybody! What could I do but run away? What could I do? You tell me —"

The voice shattered like a broken cup and she began to cry wildly. "You'd better rest for a while," Connie told her hurriedly. "I'll take you to your tent."

"For Pete's sake!" Steve muttered as they left. "What are we going to do with her?"

Joe looked at him and Margo saw that he was angry.

She asked hastily, "Where did she come from, Joe? Did she tell you?"

"No. She started crying while she was talking to me, too, so I had to stop asking questions. All I know is that she's from the States. She's in a panic for fear her uncle will be able to trace her."

"Do you think he will?"

"No. My guess is that he was tired of having her around and just trying to squeeze a little money out of her before he got rid of her."

MARGO shivered. Then she found herself thinking of what that frightened girl had seen when she stepped into a motorboat with a stranger. The long lonely stretch of water, darkening in the late afternoon light, the tangled forest which lined its shores, and not another cottage or camp to be seen anywhere.

"How," she asked in amazement, "did you ever persuade her to come up here with you?"

"I'd told her about this camp. She said she needed money. She'd been sleeping in barns and sheds and had to wash dishes in a restaurant to get a meal. She asked if there was any work she could do here."

"You mean," Steve said, "that you didn't have to persuade her?"

"No. Guess I'd better get those groceries out of the boat. Want to come along and help?"

The door closed after the two of them and Margo stood beside the stove, a slender brown-haired girl in shorts and yellow shirt. Had Eva Brown sensed the depth of kindness which was in Joe and followed him as simply and trustingly as stray dogs often did? This was a pretty thought but seemed a bit improbable. Suppose, on the other hand, that she had merely found herself alone in the late afternoon, needing food and a place to sleep—and been waiting at the side of the road for the first man who was willing to supply them?

Well, here we go again, Margo thought, annoyed with herself. This sort of thing seemed to happen every time a man she fancied showed the smallest

ACROSS TAWNY HILLS

The land is jubilant with maples!

In a flamboyant arch

Across the tawny hills of autumn

The maples march.

Crimson as the sunset bonfire

Smoldering on the sky,

Across the hills the maples march —

To blaze, and die.

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

interest in another girl. The sudden fear. Was she like this because for more than fifteen of her twenty-two years she had been just a homely freckled brat? And Connie, always deliciously blond and fair, had been her older sister?

But now she could look in a mirror without wincing. She could even feel rather pleased by what she saw. So what was wrong with her now?

Joe and Steve came in with boxes of supplies and Margo helped unpack them. "What did you do all afternoon, Migs?" Joe asked, tweaking her ear. "Miss me?"

It was absurd, she thought, that just hearing this ridiculous nickname he had invented for her should make her feel as though the sun were rising inside her. "You have no idea," she told him happily.

Presently her sister returned to the kitchen. Connie had eyes like the August sky and shining blond hair tied back in a pony tail which bounced gaily behind her head as she moved. She had a smile appealing as sunlight after rain, but she was not smiling now.

"That girl," she said, "must be completely exhausted. When she saw the cots in the tent, she just flopped down on one of them and closed her eyes."

"But what are we going to do with her?" Steve asked, frowning.

"I guess," Joe said slowly, "that I hadn't gotten much further than finding

a place for her to stay tonight." He hesitated. "Of course I had no right to bring her here without asking you first, but —" He hesitated again.

At this point Connie seemed to notice that one of her guests was uncomfortable. "Don't be silly, Joe," she said quickly. "Any place that belongs to Steve is your home too, isn't it Steve?"

"Why, sure." Her husband looked at his old friend, apparently surprised that it had been necessary to say this.

"And when the others get home from their fishing trip," Connie went on, "we can talk it over with them. Somebody is sure to have an idea. Don't worry about it any more, Joe." She smiled as only Connie could smile.

There was no one, Margo thought, who could put people at ease quite so quickly and charmingly as her sister could. But the problem remained. Eva Brown had no job, no home, no friends. What could they do about her?

THE SMALL log house which Steve disrespectfully called "the shack" had been more durable than its name would indicate. His father had built it some twenty years before and it was still solidly there. It contained no sleeping quarters—these were in the five tents scattered about the clearing—but there was a living room beyond the kitchen. Above its blackened stone fireplace was the head of a moose, now somewhat the worse for wear, and on its creaking board floor was what remained of a bearskin rug. The room was lighted by three oil lamps fastened to the walls, and at the moment it smelled pleasantly of frying hamburgers and onions.

As usual at this hour of a late August evening, the camp was full of hungry friends and relatives. Professor Martin Grimes of Westlake University was puffing on his pipe and reading a newspaper, and a chunky bespectacled young man named Charlie Snyder was sprawled on a cot with his nose in a book. Joe Hilary and Steve were setting the table, the professor's wife and Margo were helping Connie in the kitchen.

Eva Brown had been awakened and brought in to join them. She sat beside the fireplace, hands resting on her knees. Her head drooped, her shoulders drooped, her straight bleached hair drooped down to the buttons of her crumpled shirt. At first they had tried to talk to her, but she had answered in monosyllables, without raising her head. Coming in with a bowl of mashed potatoes, Margo saw her brother-in-law frown as he glanced at the girl and suspected he was wishing she were elsewhere.

He put down the last spoon and paper napkin and turned to the professor. "Where did you get that newspaper?"

"Joe found it in Ghost River today."

"Anything in it?"

"Just the usual. Another crisis which may explode into another war, another fatal smashup caused by another reckless driver, another married man stabbed and robbed by a girl he had taken to a motel. Also two small children burned to death while their parents were drinking in a tavern. Nothing," Professor Grimes added wryly, "in the least remarkable."

Charlie Snyder looked up. "The human race," he announced, "has been an unsuccessful experiment—"

"Stop him, somebody!" The professor's wife, Grace, came in with a platter of hamburgers. "Don't let him start talking now, just when we're serving dinner!"

Joe snatched a cushion from a chair and hurled it at Charlie.

Connie Borders announced that dinner was ready and invited Eva Brown to join them.

The girl sat down at the table and drooped till a plate of food was placed

Continued on page 104



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Continued from page 102

in front of her. Then she snatched up her fork and began to eat. The others had barely started when they discovered that her plate was empty. It was filled again and again she emptied it.

They looked at each other. This was not healthy young appetite. This was hunger. It shocked them as real hunger shocks those who have always had enough. They looked away from it, embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Finally the girl refused to take more. After that she merely drooped.

"Would you like to go to bed?" Connie asked.

"Please," Eva Brown said.

The door closed after the two of them and around the table there was a murmur of disturbed voices. "Why, she must have been half starved!" Professor Grimes said.

"I never saw anything like it!" Behind his thick glasses, Charlie Snyder's eyes were liquid with distress. "It—made me sick to watch her."

WHEN CONNIE returned to the shack her pretty face was sober. "That girl," she told them as she sat down, "is pathetic. She seems afraid to speak. And she had almost nothing in that shabby little suitcase she brought with her. I had to lend her a clean shirt to wear tomorrow."

The professor's wife lit a cigarette and inhaled slowly. Grace Grimes was a thin dark woman of thirty, with a pair of chronically amused eyes. At the moment the amusement was missing. "But what are we going to do with her?" she asked.

Drinking coffee, they considered the problem. Now that Eva Brown was on the island, it seemed only decent to let

her stay for a couple of days, feed her, and give her a chance to rest. Since she had asked for work, a few easy jobs would be offered. Charlie Snyder had a portable typewriter and Professor Grimes could dictate some letters to her. Charlie, who was still at Westlake University working for his doctor's degree, could ask her to transcribe his notes. She could help in the kitchen.

"What would you call the color of that girl's hair, Connie?" Grace asked suddenly.

"Color?" Connie made a face. "You mean colors, don't you?"

"To me it looked exactly like a sun-bleached haystack."

"I should have explained about her hair," Joe said. "It's dark brown really. She was in a panic for fear her uncle would be able to trace her and come after her. She had no money for a beauty shop, so she bought a bottle of peroxide and bleached it herself. When I asked, she admitted she'd been wearing dark glasses too—till she broke them scuffling with some fool who dumped her out of his car."

"What?" Charlie Snyder sat up, his round homely face creased with distress. "You mean that happened to her too?"

"Bound to, I guess, the way she was traveling."

Charlie was silent and Margo could almost see him struggling with unaccustomed emotions. Charlie had a master's degree in English literature, and a head full of ideas about everything—most of which, she suspected, had been gathered from books. Confronted by real-life hunger and desperation in the person of Eva Brown, he seemed so shocked and disturbed that she felt sorry for him. She realized that something was simmering inside him. Five minutes later it burst out. "Look," he said loudly,

interrupting a story Steve was telling. "We still haven't decided what to do about Eva Brown."

"Haven't we talked enough about that girl for one evening?" Steve asked crossly.

"It seems to me," the professor's wife said, "that there's nothing we can do but drive her to some town where there is a charitable agency which can take charge of her."

"A charitable agency?" Charlie made it sound like the Gestapo. "That's much too impersonal for a girl who's been through what she has!"

"I agree with you," Joe said. "I think we should do something about her ourselves."

Grace's thin lips curled in wry amusement. "Just what do you gallant knights expect us to do? Contribute to her support for the next fifty years?"

"Of course not," Joe's tone was impatient. "She's a stenographer, and if she has another job she can support herself."

"That's it!" Charlie's small eyes lighted. "We'll get her another job."

"Okay," Steve said wearily, "so we get her a job. Now forget that girl for a while, will you?" He glanced at his wrist watch and leaped up to turn on his portable radio. "Damn!" he muttered as a singing commercial blasted the air. "Now we've missed the whole program!"

"Why don't you read that newspaper Joe bought?" Connie asked.

"It's yesterday's," Her husband looked disgusted.

AT NOON Eva Brown was still sleeping soundly. "I suppose," Professor Grimes said at lunch, "that she will wake up when she needs food again. But that meal she had last night should last her till tomorrow."

In the midafternoon sunshine Margo Price crossed the clearing to the shack. She was in the living room, looking for a book to read, when she heard someone enter the kitchen. Quickly she crossed the creaking board floor and went in.

Eva Brown was just closing the door. She wore the shabby jeans she had worn yesterday, plus a crisply laundered red plaid shirt. Margo smiled. It was like Connie to think of brightening the girl's life by lending her the newest gayest shirt she owned.

"Hello," Margo said to the back of the plaid shirt. "Would you like something to eat?"

"Please," Eva Brown turned.

Margo caught her breath. The blond head still drooped a little and the eyes gazed at the floor, but for the first time she was really seeing the girl's face. This was a very young face, so fresh and clear of skin that even the harsh ugliness of the hair could not spoil it. Dark brows swept like wings above the downcast eyes and long dark lashes shadowed them. The nose was small and straight. The full-lipped mouth looked soft as a baby's.

"I'll warm some soup for you. How about cheese sandwiches too? There's plenty of cheese in the cold cellar."

"Cold cellar?" Is that where you keep the food?"

She had an unusual voice, low-pitched and faintly husky. "Come outside," Margo told her, "and I'll show it to you."

The girl followed her outside, peered into the dark cavern of the cold cellar, and followed her in again. She made no comment.

"You had a good night's sleep, didn't you?" Margo said, stirring the soup on the stove.

The girl buttered a slice of bread.



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folded it over a piece of cheese, and began to eat. Not looking up, she said, "I walked across the island."

"What?" Margo was surprised. Why should anyone who had been so exhausted last night want to rush out, without even stopping to eat, and break her way through the heavy underbrush. "How did you happen to do that?" she asked.

The girl went on as though she had not heard the question. "—and I saw what looked like a stone chimney on another island over there. Is it a house?"

"A cabin. It's been empty for years."

"Then there really isn't anybody else around here?"

"No."

Eva Brown drank soup and Margo watched her, puzzled. Why should she care whether or not anyone else was staying at this end of the lake? Was she so afraid her uncle might be able to find her that she did not want to be seen at all?

Eva Brown finished the sandwich and glanced toward the living room. "Do you ever get anything good on that radio?"

"Mostly music. But there's a good news program at eight every evening. We usually listen to that."

"Oh." The girl buttered another slice of bread and became silent. Why was she so unresponsive?

Margo put a hand on the plaid-covered shoulder. "Eva," she said, "you know we want to be your friends, don't you? We're going to find a way to help you—you can count on that."

"Oh." The girl's shoulder felt rigid. There was another brief silence before she said, "That's very nice."

But this time Margo was sure she heard a note of relief in that low-pitched voice. Hopefully she waited for some slight show of interest, but Eva Brown merely went on eating.

"Would you like more soup?" Margo asked a few minutes later.

"Please." Eva Brown held out her cup and made another conversational effort. "What do you use in that stove?"

"Bottled gas. We buy it in Ghost River."

"Oh." This seemed to finish the effort.

As the silence lengthened, Margo found herself wondering what she could say next. To allow her sister to go fishing with Steve and their guests that afternoon, she had offered to stay in camp and try to make the new arrival feel at home, but evidently she might as well have spent the time catching bass.

As she put a bowl of peaches on the table, it occurred to her that the girl might be happier if she left her alone. "Help yourself to these," she said. "I think I'll find a book to read..."

Somewhat ashamed of her own relief, Margo found a book in the other room and escaped from the shack. She walked a few steps. And stopped.

What was it that had just looked out at her from these tipped-up green eyes? Not fear. Not today. Something else. But what?

Trying to find a name for it, she began to feel uneasy. And was bewildered by the strange reaction. What could she possibly have seen in the eyes of an eighteen-year-old girl that could make her feel like this?

Her head jerked up so quickly that the short brown hair bounced above her forehead. This was the old enemy. What you saw, Margo Price, was a pair of eyes that are beautiful—in a face that is much lovelier than you realized last night. They belong to the girl Joe is trying to help. If you don't watch yourself, this time it will be even worse than usual because Joe is the man you want to marry.

THE FISH which had been caught that afternoon were not enough for dinner, and Margo had forgotten to bake the ham Joe had bought. But it promised to

be another beautiful evening so they decided to build a fire on the beach and cook sausages.

"I don't see how you could forget the ham," Connie said as she and her sister made preparations in the kitchen. "You had nothing else to do."

Margo sighed. The trouble was that Connie never seemed to forget anything. "I guess I didn't think. But the ham will keep and it's fun to cook on the beach, so what does it matter?"

Then, seeing her sister's expression, she was ashamed. Once Connie had decided what should be done, change or interference really upset her. "I'm sorry," she said.

The door opened and Eva Brown appeared. Instantly Connie went into action.

"Hello, Eva." Her voice was warm, her smile capable of melting icebergs. "We're going to cook dinner on the beach. Would you like to open these cans of sausages?"

"Okay," the girl said.

For the next ten minutes Connie poured out all the charm she had, trying to persuade her to talk. Eva Brown said yes and no and that was nice, and closed her mouth. She also broke so many of the sausages that Connie had to ask her to be more careful.

Some time after Connie had finally glanced at her sister and shrugged helplessly, Eva Brown produced a question of her own. "What do you do if you have canned stuff left when you go home? It would freeze if you let it stay here, wouldn't it?"

"Not if we put it in the cold cellar," Connie told her.

"What do you do with the tents and furniture?"

"We fold the tents and stack them and the furniture in the other room."

Eva began to slice tomatoes and was silent again.

Margo glanced over her shoulder. "Could you slice those tomatoes a little thinner? We want to use them in sandwiches."

Steve Borders had come into the shack by way of the living room. He appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Where's that newspaper Joe bought yesterday, Connie?" he asked. "I can't find it."

"I don't know, dear," his wife said. "If you need paper to start the fire, take some of these bags."

Some five minutes after he had gone, the girl spoke again. "I saw two canoes on the beach. What do you do with them and the motorboat in the winter?"

This time Connie's pleasant tone had a note of weariness. "We store the canoes in that shed behind the shack and put the motorboat in our boathouse at the other end of the lake."

In silence the girl finished slicing the tomatoes and left the kitchen.

"Oh, dear," Connie said when the door had closed. "She really is peculiar, isn't she? Do you suppose asking all those questions is her idea of conversation?"

"It must be." But as Margo remembered the various questions the girl had asked that afternoon, it seemed that they showed a rather surprising curiosity about matters which could scarcely have been expected to interest her. She wondered whether Connie had noticed.

Before she could ask, the kitchen door opened and Grace Grimes came in, her thick dark brows pulled together in a frown. "Where," she demanded, "did Joe get the idea that that girl doesn't have any money? I just met her on the path and she was picking up a bill that had fallen out of her pocket."

Connie smiled. "You could have a dollar bill and still need money, couldn't you Grace?"

"You don't have to go hungry if you have a dollar, do you?"

Connie looked up quickly. "What do



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you mean by that, Grace?" she asked.

"I'm wondering whether she took that money from one of our tents."

In the pause which followed Margo shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. What bothered her now was not so much the possibility that Eva Brown might have stolen the money as her own sudden willingness to believe this. With no real reason to believe it, of course, beyond the fact that the girl was beautiful and Joe was trying to help her.

"I really don't think she would steal from us," Connie was saying. "She must be very grateful."

WHEN THEY carried the food down to the beach, smoke was rising, blue and fragrant, from the fire Steve had built. Joe Hilary squatted near it, sharpening green sticks on which to impale the sausages. Watching him, Margo thought that in spite of his size and the lines the sun had baked into the brown skin about his eyes, he looked like a small boy happily preparing for a picnic.

Then, with a sudden violence which startled her, she felt she could not endure this situation a moment longer. She wanted to be engaged to him now. Tonight. She closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath.

Joe sharpened the last stick, added it to the pile beside him, and stood up. "What's become of Eva?"

"I believe I saw her go into her tent," Professor Grimes said.

"Don't worry about her," Steve said. "She'll turn up when it's time to eat."

Joe put a sausage on a stick and held it over the fire for a few minutes. Then he handed it to Margo. "Take care of this for me, will you, Migs? I'd better find Eva."

She watched him walk up the path to the tent Eva Brown was occupying. The flaps parted as the girl's bleached blond head appeared. The two of them walked away and disappeared among the trees at the edge of the clearing.

"Hey!" Steve's heavy hand fell on Margo's shoulder. "You're burning that sausage."

"What's become of Joe and that girl anyway?" Grace asked, her eyes flicking toward Margo. "Aren't they hungry?"

"Here they come now," Connie said quickly.

Joe had the girl by the arm and seemed to be trying to hurry her. "You can sit here," he told her as they reached the fire. "Move over a little, will you, Charlie?"

Then suddenly everything was right again. He had made a sandwich for the girl and another for himself and walked around the fire to Margo. "I had quite a time getting Eva here," he said in her ear as he sat down. "She didn't want to come."

"Why not?" Margo whispered.

"She had — well, some sort of idea that you and Connie criticized her when she was trying to help in the kitchen. I told her she must have misunderstood."

"But all we did was ask her to slice the tomatoes a little thinner and not to break the sausages! You mean that upset her?"

"Shouldn't have, of course, but she's still pretty nervous. Guess we'll just have to be more careful about what we say."

Slowly the sky above their heads darkened and stars began to blink out. From the miles of dusk all around them came the faraway eerie cry of a loon.

Connie poured coffee from a big

blackened pot and Steve turned on his portable radio. Nothing happened.

"What's the matter with this thing?" he asked crossly. "It was all right yesterday." He picked it up and headed for the shack.

A few minutes later he tramped down the path without the radio. "One of the tubes is broken," he announced in disgust. "No news again tonight and I'll have to drive all the way to South Bay tomorrow to buy another."

Margo noticed then that the hand which was lifting Eva Brown's coffee cup had paused in mid-air.

Eva Brown had been left alone in the shack that afternoon. Had she perhaps decided to turn on the radio—and dropped it? If so, the poor thing must be afraid to admit she was responsible and terrified for fear someone might guess.

Charlie took his guitar from its case and began to strum. The fire died to winking coals and Joe slid an arm around Margo. They listened, looking at the moon. Charlie started to sing *Moon Over Westlake* and everyone joined in. Everyone but Eva Brown, of course.

When he began to sing *My Old Kentucky Home*, the girl lifted her head and sang too. Margo was startled by the richness of her untrained voice. But what was she hearing in that voice? Did she only imagine a strange disturbing note? As though something deeply violent had just been unleashed?

Then she heard the voice quiver. Joe's head jerked up. "Why did Charlie start that one?" he muttered angrily. "The poor kid hasn't had a real home for years."

Eva Brown put her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook with sobs.

Joe walked around the fire to the

girl and led her up the path to the tents.

No one else moved. Above them the moon rode high and bright, drenching lake and islands with its pale radiance.

OVER SCRAMBLED EGGS and bacon next morning Steve announced that he and Connie would drive to South Bay for the radio tube. "And we'll take her with us," he added, indicating Eva Brown. "Then I can introduce her to that friend of dad's and see what he can do about finding her a job."

Eva Brown began to wilt visibly. Charlie glanced at her and frowned. "But we told her she could stay here till tomorrow!"

The girl's lips quivered and Margo saw Joe sit up. "You don't have to go anywhere today, Eva," he said quickly. "Not unless you want to. If Steve can find the job, I'll be glad to drive you to South Bay later."

After breakfast Professor Grimes dictated four letters to Eva Brown. When he had finished, the girl opened Charlie's portable typewriter and typed the letters. Joe paused beside her, talked for a moment, then headed for Margo's tent.

"Could you lend Eva one of your bathing suits, Migs?" he asked. "She said she'd like to have a swim."

Margo put down the broom she had been using on the board floor. From a line strung across the sparsely furnished tent she removed a green bathing suit. "I hope it's big enough," she said. "Eva seems a little heavier than I am."

"Thanks." He took the suit and stood there, scowling. "I don't believe Steve's idea of getting her a job in South Bay is going to work."

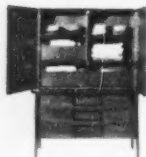
"Why not?"

Continued on page 108

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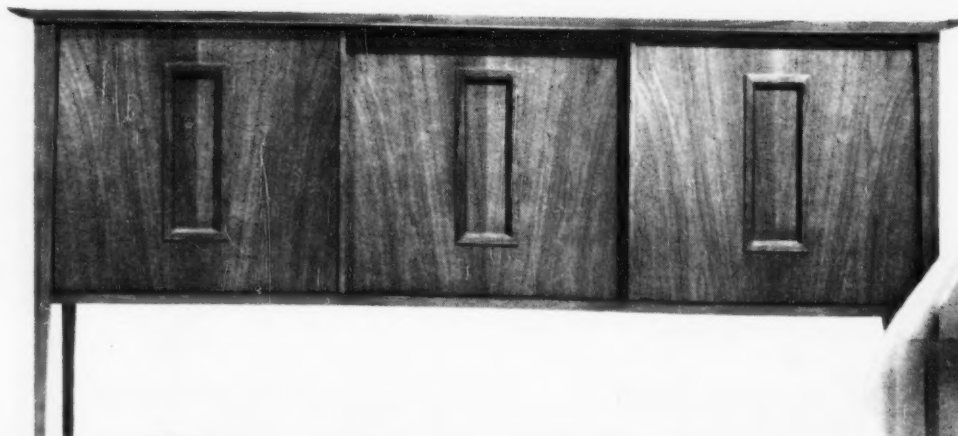
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Continued from page 106

"She's American, not Canadian. She'll need a permit to work here."

He wants to keep her here, Margo thought suddenly. That girl is beautiful. She needs protection and help. Nothing could appeal to him more.

"What she needs now is a friend to talk to. Another girl. Could you try to make friends with her?"

Margo started to say she had tried and failed. "Of course," she said warmly. "I'll see what I can do."

He looked at her and Eva Brown seemed to vanish from his horizon. He pushed Margo back into the tent, and took her in his arms. There was the familiar delicious shock of feeling his mouth against hers and those arms tightening around her.

"Joe!" she gasped at last, pulling away. "Someone will see us!"

"Who cares?" He reached for her again.

This time she ducked. As he reached the back of the tent and caught her, assorted garments tumbled off the line and showered down on them.

"Joe, you fool! Get out before you wreck the place!"

FIVE MINUTES after Steve had gone down to the dock, he was rushing back to the tents. "Who," he shouted indignantly, "forgot to turn off the gas in the boat? There's gasoline over the floor boards!"

For the next couple of hours the men poured in water and then pumped the water and gas mixture out of the boat. It was almost noon before Margo remembered her promise to make friends with Eva Brown and went to look for her. The tent was empty. On the floor she saw a damp soiled towel. As she

picked it up she found herself sniffing. The towel smelled of gasoline? She bent over it and sniffed again. She noticed then that the black smears on it seemed to be grease.

She stood quite still. At breakfast it had become very evident that Eva Brown did not want to leave the island. Easy enough to sneak out last night while everyone else was asleep and turn the gas valve.

But how, Margo wondered suddenly, could she be sure Eva Brown had even touched this towel? The men had been working on the boat for most of the morning. Suppose one of them had found the towel hanging out to dry, wiped his hands, and then unthinkingly tossed it into the tent? It was exactly the sort of thing a busy man might do, wasn't it?

AT NOON Eva Brown appeared in the shack, her bleached-blond hair bouncing above her shoulders. She wore Connie's red plaid shirt. Clipped in the pocket of the plaid shirt was a silver pencil.

Grace's eyes went straight to it. "That looks like your pencil," she told her husband as the girl disappeared into the kitchen.

"It is," Professor Grimes said. "Or at least it was. She broke the lead of the one she was using this morning. I thought a small unexpected gift might make her feel a little happier."

"That was kind of you, dear," Grace inspected her fingernails. "Is she a good stenographer?"

"Well"—he lowered his voice—"I doubt if it will be worth the trouble to dictate any more letters to her just now. Look at this." He took a folded sheet of paper from a pocket.

When the lunch dishes had been

washed, Margo lingered in the kitchen, waiting for Grace to leave. She had decided to tell her sister about the greasy towel that smelled of gasoline.

Grace did not leave. "Eva Brown," she announced, striking a match to light a cigarette, "has been lying to us."

Margo turned quickly. "What makes you think so?"

"She said she'd had a job as a stenographer, didn't she. Well, I saw one of the letters my poor husband took the trouble to dictate to her, and I'm certain she couldn't keep a job for two days. And she told you her uncle had been beating her, didn't she?" Grace looked at Margo. "Did you happen to see her this morning when she put on your bathing suit and took a dip?"

"No. Why?"

"She was quite a sight. The suit is too small for her. Also I couldn't see a bruise on her anywhere. I think she lied about the beatings too."

Frowning faintly, Connie emptied the dishpan into the sink. "We still haven't found out where she came from."

"That's another thing, why doesn't she tell us? What is she hiding? Also—" she paused meaningfully—"I'm beginning to think that pitiful little scene she staged last night was just an act. I believe she's deliberately doing everything she can to make us feel sorry for her. When are you getting rid of her?"

Connie hesitated. "Joe thinks now that we ought to let her stay until we leave —"

"But that's more than a week!"

Connie turned on her most appealing smile. "Grace dear, it's just that we still don't know exactly what to do about the girl."

"What's wrong with turning her over to some social workers who will know?"

"After the way she cried last night,

I'm afraid Joe and Charlie won't consider that."

Grace mashed her cigarette in the nearest ash tray. "Men!" she said viciously. "What fools they are sometimes, aren't they?" She took a deep breath. "Well, nothing can be done about it, I suppose." She got to her feet and headed for the door.

It closed after her and Connie exploded. "Tear her apart. Pick her to shreds. That's what Grace does to every woman who earns a second glance from her precious husband! I'm getting tired of it."

"What do you mean?" Margo asked in surprise.

"The professor spent some time with Eva Brown this morning, didn't he? And gave her his silver pencil?"

"You mean you think Grace is jealous because of Eva Brown and the professor? But he must be forty-five and she's only eighteen!"

"Poor Grace." Connie's fingers toyed with the gold charms of the bracelet which she always wore because it had been her first Christmas present from her husband. "It's such a mistake to let yourself be jealous. A woman should have confidence in herself."

Margo looked at her strikingly pretty sister. Suddenly she wanted to laugh. From the time Connie had been an appealing blond child, her life could best be described as a triumphal progress. It was not hard to understand Connie's confidence.

LATER THAT afternoon everyone went swimming. And in the green bathing suit Eva Brown was really quite a sight. She did not seem to swim well and could scarcely be blamed, Margo supposed, for spending more time on the beach than in the water.

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Dressed again, Margo found the girl seated on a rock near her tent, still wearing the bathing suit, and rubbing her damp blond hair with a towel. She remembered that she had promised to try to make friends with her.

It was not easy to feel sorry for anyone who looked as Eva Brown did in a bathing suit—particularly when the suit happened to be her own. Joe, she thought, had seen her in that suit too often not to be making some comparison.

She pushed the thought aside. "Hello, Eva. Want me to find a dry towel for you?"

"No, thanks." Now Eva Brown was looking down at herself. "This is a pretty bathing suit."

"I'm glad you like it. I'm sorry it's a little tight for you."

"Do you think it's too tight? I like them this way."

Was there a note of complacency in that low-pitched voice? And what did she mean by saying she liked tight bathing suits? If that story of her past life was true, where could she have had a chance to wear one?

Oh, stop it! Margo told herself angrily. Do you want to spend the rest of your life picking other women to shreds? Like Grace?

She offered a cigarette to the girl, who shook her head, then lit one for herself. She held the match in her fingers long enough to cool it before she dropped it on the dry pine needles. "We have to be careful with matches and cigarettes here," she explained. "It hasn't rained for quite a while and everything is very dry. Flip a match down somewhere before it's out and you could burn the whole island."

Eva Brown was silent.

Margo was trying to think of something else to talk about when the husky voice asked a question. "Is it hard to learn to paddle a canoe?"

Margo sighed in relief. "Not hard at all. But it takes quite a bit of practice before you can paddle any distance without getting tired."

"Oh." A small crease appeared between Eva Brown's sweeping brows. Again she became silent.

"Would you like to learn to paddle?" Margo asked hopefully after a moment.

It was as though the girl had not heard. "Do those people down at the other end of the lake ever paddle up here?"

"Not often. It's a long paddle. If they want to fish up here they usually come in outboards or motorboats."

"Oh." Another silence.

Margo began to feel irritated. Were these questions really Eva Brown's idea of conversation? She decided to ask a question herself. "How did you like working in an office, Eva?" she asked.

The girl gazed at her bare feet. "It was okay."

"What kind of office was it?"

There was a brief pause, then Eva Brown looked up. "Not any kind of office I'd want to keep on working in." She smiled.

Margo realized that the smile had not reached her eyes. And the subject of the office had been allowed to drop into another pool of silence, where it was vanishing without a trace.

This time Margo fished it out again. "Where was this office?"

"I forget the address."

"I mean in what town? Where did you live before you ran away?"

Once more the green eyes lifted. For a second they looked straight at her. "I'm getting cold in this wet suit." The girl's tone was apologetic. "Guess I'd better get dressed." She jumped up, flung the towel over her shoulder, and went into her tent.

Margo sat unmoving, the cigarette

forgotten. The voice had been apologetic, even gentle. But the eyes had not.

What was it she had seen in those eyes? Something which had chilled her. Something cold and hard and unyielding . . . or could it have been just her own imagination?

ON STEVE BORDERS' island the problem of what to do about Eva Brown seemed to have become the chief topic of conversation—if you wanted to call what was going on now conversation, Margo thought. She had just come into the kitchen to start dinner and been

greeted by an explosion in the other room.

"Why should Connie and I have to drive that girl home with us?" Steve was shouting. "Let Grace and the professor take her."

"Grace doesn't like her," Joe shouted back. "And Charlie's going in their car."

"Margo's going with us, isn't she? And who said I liked her?"

"Why do you object to giving a ride to a kid who needs help?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake! Put her in my car or hang her around my neck—I

don't care! I'm tired of talking about her!" The floor shook as Steve tramped out of the shack.

Joe appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Hi, Migs," he said. "Didn't hear you come in."

"I'm not surprised." She straightened up and smiled at him. "Can't you and Steve discuss anything without shouting?"

"Not some things, I guess. What smells so good?"

"The ham is baking."

They were, she realized happily, alone in the shack. And it was not easy to be

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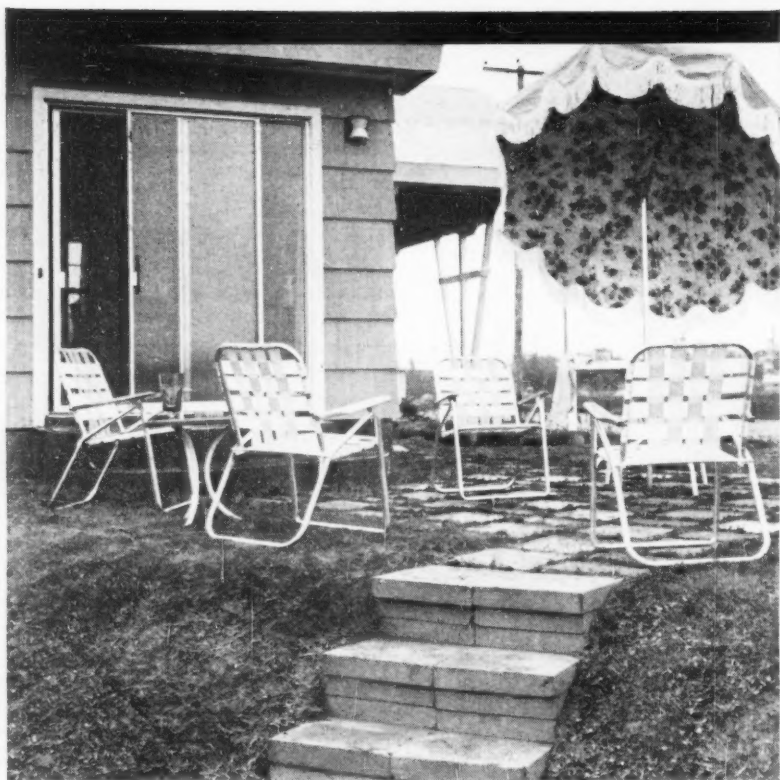
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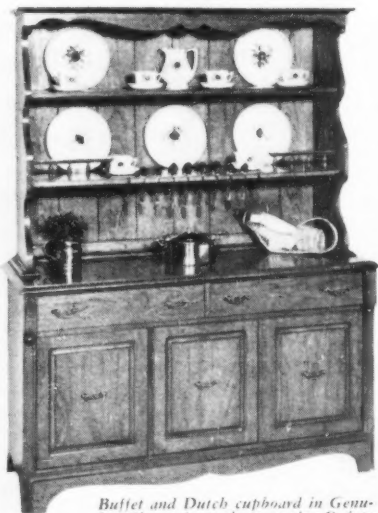
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alone in this camp. She stood there, breathless, expecting to be kissed, but Joe did not touch her. He pulled up a chair.

"I suppose you heard we're taking Eva home with us," he said after a moment. "If I talk to enough people and tell them her story, I should be able to get some sort of job for her."

He was frowning again. He always looked worried when he talked about that girl. Words of protest began to boil up in Margo. She isn't worth so much trouble, Joe! I'm sure of it now. I don't trust her...

"Migs," Joe said. "I know you didn't mean to upset her, but I'm afraid you asked Eva too many questions this afternoon."

"What?" She started. "But it's hard to talk to her."

"No harder than talking to anybody else."

She blinked. So he found it easy to talk to Eva Brown, did he? "Well, it's hard for me," she told him shortly. "And hard for Connie too. You're lucky."

"Maybe you've both been asking too many questions. She doesn't like to talk about herself."

"I found that out."

"It's not so hard to understand, is it?" He looked up at her anxiously. "The poor kid has had a rough time and naturally she wants to forget."

"She doesn't have to forget the name of the town where she used to live, does she?" Margo could not resist this comment.

"Well, she doesn't want to tell us that, of course. Why should she trust us? She's never had much reason to trust anyone." He hesitated. "She said you asked so many questions that she just couldn't take it. She was crying when she told me."

"Crying? Because of what I said? That's impossible!"

"She was crying," Joe said flatly.

For a second Margo stared at him, her cheeks flushing hotly. Shocked and outraged, she could no longer control her anger. "If that girl," she burst out, "wants friends, then you'd better teach her how to recognize ordinary friendliness when she meets it! And tell her not to go around crying about it!"

There was a pause. Joe looked at her, his face wiped clean of all expression.

"Okay," he said at last. "If that's how you feel." He got to his feet and left the shack.

CONNIE HAD asked Eva Brown to peel the potatoes for dinner. Grace and Margo had almost finished the job when the girl finally appeared in the kitchen, wearing her rolled-up jeans and Connie's red plaid shirt, with the silver pencil clipped in its pocket. Around the small waist above her gently swaying hips was a handsome braided-leather belt.

Grace looked at it. Her eyebrows went up.

The girl saw the bowl of peeled potatoes and murmured in apology. She found a knife, sat down, and went to work on another.

"Peel it," Grace told her curtly. "Don't just hack off chunks."

"Sorry." The girl looked up and smiled. Again the smile did not reach her eyes.

And for just a second she had stared straight at Grace. Uneasiness crept like ice water through Margo's veins.

"Look at those peelings, will you?" Grace said irritably when Eva Brown had finished and left the kitchen. "She didn't do much better even when I asked her to be careful. And where did she get that belt she's wearing? It looks like one of Charlie's."

When Charlie Snyder appeared at dinnertime, Steve whistled and the

others blinked in astonishment. Charlie's ideas of how to dress while on vacation had always been casual, to say the least. Tonight he wore neatly creased grey flannel slacks and a new-looking blue shirt. Even his thatch of shaggy hair had been carefully brushed into place.

Grace cornered him. "Did you give that girl the belt she's wearing?"

Charlie's homely sun-browned face reddened a little. "Sure I gave it to her. Hers was worn out."

"It looks like an expensive belt."

"So what?"

At the table Eva Brown sat between Joe and Charlie. Margo noticed how the yellow lamplight softened the harshness of the badly bleached hair, making it almost a flattering frame for the girl's face. She noticed again how lovely was the sweep of dark brows across the smooth forehead.

"Portage? What's a portage?" she heard the girl ask.

"It's a trail between two lakes," Joe explained. "There's a portage between this lake and a smaller one and when we want to fish over there we carry our canoes across it. Like to see it sometime?"

"Yes." Looking up at him, she smiled slowly.

And this, Margo saw, was not the mechanical little smile she had turned on her or Grace or Connie. The cold green eyes had warmed. The eyes, the full red mouth, the whole face seemed to have come to life to achieve a purpose for which they must have been designed.

Margo's hands gripped the edge of the table. *Sly?* she thought. How stupid could you be? When Eva Brown looked up at a man and smiled, she knew exactly what she was doing.

In the morning Margo had shadows under her eyes. She looked across the breakfast table at the lean dark young man who was eating bacon and eggs. Last night Joe had spent the entire evening with Eva Brown.

Steve finished his breakfast and announced that he and Connie were once more planning to drive to South Bay and buy a tube for his radio. "I'm getting damn tired of no music or news," he said. "Anybody want to come along and do some shopping?"

This morning he did not suggest taking Eva with him. But Charlie turned to her eagerly. "You're going to have plenty of time on the island now," he said, "so why don't we take a trip to South Bay today?"

"Sorry," she said. "Joe's teaching me to paddle."

Charlie boiled up like an overheated coffee pot. "You shouldn't be going out in canoes. You don't swim well enough. It isn't safe—"

"Take it easy," Steve clapped a big paw on his shoulder. "She won't upset. Both those canoes are steady."

Charlie's fork clattered on his plate. He pushed back his chair and stalked out of the shack.

Sighing, Margo looked at the cause of this ridiculous and pitiful misunderstanding. Did Eva Brown realize she had jolted an old friendship? Did she care?

AN HOUR later the fire started.

Grace was hanging damp towels in the sunshine, when she noticed smoke rising from the point. She screamed.

Fortunately neither Steve nor Joe had yet left the island. Everyone came running and Steve barked orders. The women hurried to get the water buckets from the tents. The men rushed to find axes and shovels.

What followed closely resembled a nightmare. Working as fast as they could, the men cut down the small trees and bushes behind the rapidly spreading fire and dragged them out of the

way. Beyond them the crackling fire swiftly consumed the dried brush. It poured out smoke. It raced up one tree after another and the dry needles exploded into flame.

By the time Steve had decided the danger was over, two thirds of the point had been burned.

Charlie volunteered to stay on the point for a while, and keep watch on what was left of the fire. The others picked up buckets, axes, and shovels and stumbled wearily back across the clearing. Grace had lost a shoe and was limping. The professor's face was grey with weariness. Connie's long blond hair had come untied and dripped raggedly about her shoulders. Steve's shirt had disappeared and sweat ran down his broad back.

"Well," Connie said in a small tired voice, "at least we saved the island."

"Save it?" Grimly Steve looked over his shoulder at the blackened smoking devastation behind him. "You call that saved?" He paused abruptly, looking



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BY RUBY FRIEDMAN



from one disheveled figure to another. "What's become of Eva Brown?"

"Why, I don't know," Connie seemed surprised. "I don't remember seeing her."

"You mean she wasn't helping with the water buckets?"

"If she was," Grace told him tartly, "I didn't see her either."

Steve's jaw clamped shut. As he headed for the girl's tent, his expression was so alarming that the others hurried after him.

Eva Brown sat up. Her white shirt was still clean and dry. Her face and hands were clean. "Is—is the fire out?" she asked.

Beneath the dirt and sweat Steve's face crimsoned. "What's the idea of hiding here?" he roared. "Why didn't you come and help us?"

The full lips quivered. "I—I'm afraid of fires."

"We're all afraid of fires! But you can't just pull a blanket over your head and let things burn."

"You don't understand! I was in a terrible fire once! I almost burned to death." She burst into tears.

"You can't sell me that story! You were hiding here because you were too damn lazy to—"

"Shut up, Steve," Joe pushed past him. He sat down on the cot and put his arms around the girl. "Take it easy, Eva," he said gently. "Nobody's blaming you."

Sobbing, she leaned against him and dropped her head on his shoulder.

For a second Margo stared at them. Then she turned and walked quickly away.

THEY HAD WASHED and changed their clothes. Now they sat around the kitchen table. Steve's handsome tanned face was clean again, but still grim. "Now," he said, lighting a cigarette, "I want to know who started that fire."

"Steve!" Connie's voice was sharp. "He doesn't mean it the way it sounded," she told the others hurriedly.

He turned on her angrily. "All I'm trying to do is find out. Why don't you keep quiet and let me do it? A fire like that doesn't just start itself. I want to know who was smoking on that point."

There was silence.

Steve's face began to redden. "Well, somebody must have done it! And everyone is here except Charlie and he doesn't smoke."

"That Brown girl isn't here," Grace said.

"She doesn't smoke either," Joe said. "Maybe she decided to try. Why don't you ask her?"

Margo sat up suddenly, her eyes widening. She remembered then that she had called the girl's attention to the present dryness of the island. To the constant danger of fire...

Some time later Margo left her tent and walked quietly along the path between the other tents, where most of the tired fire fighters were resting. It was hard to believe now that any of them dropped lighted matches or cigarette sparks on that point. She had watched their faces when Steve asked and even their silence had seemed convincing.

And the fire had started just before Steve was ready to leave for South Bay.

What had happened when he tried to go to South Bay yesterday? He had found the boat flooded with gasoline. And in Eva Brown's tent she herself had found a grease-smeared towel that smelled of gasoline.

She stopped abruptly. A scrap of scorched newspaper was washing up among the rocks at her feet.

Margo stared at the scrap of newspaper drying on a cot in her tent. That morning there had been a breeze strong enough to blow the flames swiftly down the point, more than enough breeze to lift a bit of burning paper from a small fire near the shore and toss it into the water. What had become of the newspaper Joe had bought the day he found Eva Brown? At the time it had been the only newspaper on the island, and when Steve had wanted it the next evening he had been unable to find it. On this island newspapers of any vintage were scarce and never carelessly tossed away into the brush. Burned newspaper near the spot where the fire had started that morning seemed to mean only one thing.

Carefully she laid the damp scrap of paper in a fold of a clean handkerchief and crossed the clearing to the shack. In the kitchen Joe Hilary was eating another sandwich.

She looked at him and what she saw was that tableau in Eva Brown's tent. His arms around the girl, the bleached blond head on his shoulder.

"Where's Steve?" she asked in a tight voice.

"He's out on the point now. We're going to take turns and watch what's left of the fire all night." Joe took a bite. "By the way, I just remembered that Eva hasn't eaten anything since breakfast. She was too upset to come to lunch and she's still resting. Don't

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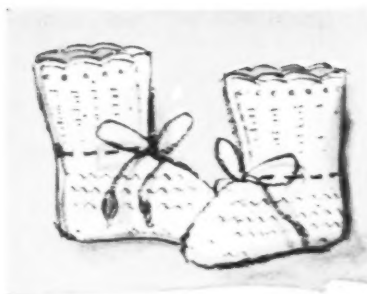
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you think it might be a good idea to warm some soup and take it to her?"

Rage boiled up in her and spilled over. She slapped the handkerchief down on the table and unfolded it to show the scrap of newspaper. "Look at this! I found it floating in the water on the other side of the burned point."

"What of it?"

"Why don't you use your head?" she demanded furiously. "Does anyone on this island leave newspapers lying around in the brush on that point? Or anywhere? This newspaper must have been used to start the fire."

"What? Are you suggesting—?"

"Yes!"

He stared at her and took a deep breath. "What's the matter with you? Can you imagine Grace or the professor or Charlie deliberately setting fire to Steve's island? Or me?"

"Of course not! That isn't what—"

"Next thing—he grinned crookedly—"you'll be saying Steve did it himself."

"Stop making fun of me!" She had never been so angry. "It was Eva Brown—"

"What?" His expression changed. "Why would she want to set fire to the island?"

"How do I know? All I'm sure of is—"

"Skip it." He turned toward the door. "Joe," she cried, "you've got to listen! Would I say she had started that fire if I didn't have good reason?"

"From the minute I brought Eva here, you girls have been trying to get rid of her, haven't you? It seems to me that the three of you might have managed to be a little kinder to a scared homeless kid. Even if she was shabby. Even if she doesn't go to college and wear a sorority pin." Joe went out and closed the door.

LATE THAT afternoon Joe gave Eva Brown a paddling lesson. He lounged in the bottom of one of the two green canoes, issuing instructions, while she paddled back and forth across the little bay just beyond the beach. When at last the canoe disappeared around the burned point, Charlie Snyder's voice rose in indignant protest. "He shouldn't take her so far from camp! She might upset the canoe."

"If she upsets it now, after all that practicing," Grace told him tartly, "she deserves to drown."

When Eva Brown sat down at the dinner table that evening and picked up her paper napkin, Margo froze. Joe's watch was strapped to her wrist.

Grace saw it too, of course. So did Charlie. He flung a black look at Joe.

When they left the table, Grace cornered and questioned him. Then she reported her findings in the kitchen. "He says it's just an inexpensive watch he bought to wear fishing. Let's see now. That adds up to one silver pencil, one belt, and one wrist watch in less than four days. Nice little haul. And what about your plaid shirt, Connie? She isn't wearing it. Has she given it back?"

"Not yet." The two words fairly clicked. Her sister, Margo felt sure, would be delighted to send Eva Brown packing now, if only she could find an excuse for doing it.

Somehow Margo managed to dry the last plate. Somehow she got herself into the other room, found a chair, and hid behind a magazine. Steve came in. For the first time since the fire he was grinning widely. "Take a look at what's going on down on the beach," he told the others. "You won't believe it till you see it."

From the windows several pairs of eyes beheld a once more surprisingly well-dressed Charlie Snyder helping Eva Brown into a canoe. The girl was wrap-

ped in one of the life preservers from the motorboat. He pushed out the canoe, and stepped into the stern.

"So now he's teaching her to paddle!" Grace said.

"My dear"—the professor picked up his empty plate and headed for the kitchen—"I suspect that almost any young man would enjoy teaching her anything."

The following morning Margo left her tent, carrying the broom with which she had been sweeping its floor. Near the south end of the clearing Grace was throwing stones at something.

"Let me have that broom," she called, her voice sharp and angry. "I want to drive this porcupine away."

For the first time since she had dragged herself out of bed, an approach to normal human feeling stirred in Margo. "You don't have to hit the poor thing with a broom, do you?" she called back irritably, as she carried the broom to her sister's tent.

"Keep this away from Grace," she



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told her, "or that porcupine may be a casualty."

"All right," Connie said in a flat voice, and added, "Steve took Eva Brown out in a canoe. He's giving her a paddling lesson."

"How did he happen to do that?"

"Joe said Eva was still terribly upset because of the way Steve talked to her yesterday. He said she's anxious to learn to paddle and offering to give her a lesson would be an easy way to make her feel better."

"And Steve actually did it?"

"Oh, he fussed about it at first, of course, but you know Joe can usually manage him. They're just paddling around the island."

"What of it?"

"Grace saw them leave and she said I hadn't been paying enough attention to what was going on. She said she felt she had to warn me about Steve and Eva—"

"Steve and Eva? But he doesn't even like her!"

"That's what I told Grace, but she didn't listen. She said Steve was the best-looking man on the island and she's sure Eva must have asked Joe to ask him. So she'd have a chance to be alone with him."

"That," Margo said in weary disgust, "is the stupidest idea I've ever heard."

Connie was silent.

Surprised, Margo turned to look at her. Connie was seated on her neatly made cot, wearing blue shirt and shorts, her shining hair tied back with a matching ribbon. Everything about her looked fresh and lovely—except the expression on her face.

Margo started. Was it possible that Grace had managed to stir up jealousy in Connie?

The gold charms of Connie's bracelet jingled and Margo remembered how often she had heard her telling people she always wore it, just as Steve always carried his silver cigarette lighter, because they had given them to each other on their first Christmas together.

THE ENORMITY of what had been happening on this island in the past few days struck Connie's sister like a blow. Before Eva Brown came they had all been relaxed and happy, good friends enjoying a vacation together. And look at them now!

"Are you going to be stupid enough to let Grace make you jealous too?"

"Jealous?" Connie's tone became convincingly indignant. "You know I'm never jealous. But Steve had no business going out in a canoe with Eva."

"But you said Joe talked him into doing it."

"He shouldn't have done it! He's my husband and it didn't look right. Now I really will have to send that girl away."

Margo thought of the burned scrap of newspaper she had thrust into a pocket of a suitcase. She remembered the towel that had smelled of gasoline. But to have to tell her sister about all of it and then tell Steve seemed more than she could face this morning. "Are you sure you can manage it?" she asked, hoping Connie would say yes.

"Manage it?" Connie cried. "Steve is my husband, isn't he? This is our camp. I'll get rid of her today."

From the sun-warmed crescent of the small beach three pairs of feminine eyes watched a green canoe return to the island. Steve Borders was seated on the bottom near the stern, his knees folded up under his chin, his absurd thatch of yellow curls glistening in the bright morning light. Eva Brown was on the stern seat, paddling.

"Push hard now," he boomed at her. "Run the canoe up on the beach."

The keel grated on the sand and they stepped out. Eva Brown's red mouth moved in the usual small smile as she glanced at the three sun bathers and started up the path to the tents. Her bleached blond hair swayed above her shoulders and her hips swayed beneath the shabby jeans. Lips tight, Grace stared after her.

Steve pulled the canoe out of the water, and walked toward the others. With his grey eyes, yellow hair, and sun-bleached brows, his bronzed skin was spectacular. He was, Margo realized again, one of the handsomest men she had ever seen.

He divided a grin among the three of them, dropped on the sand beside her, and slid an arm around her. "How's my little sister today?" he inquired.

For the first time she found herself noticing how easily that arm seemed to slide around her — or Grace, or any other woman.

She bit her lip. What could have put

Continued on page 114

*your physician is many things
to many people scientist*



your doctor
puts science at
the service
of your
health

The practice of medicine is a unique thing. It requires of the physician a degree of technical and scientific competence which we do not demand of any other person from whom we seek service in our personal lives.

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Is it any wonder that medical practice is a personal service of greater than normal concern to all of us? It is an intimate relationship based on trust, respect, and confidence. It, more than any other service relationship, requires that you have completely unfettered opportunity to choose your doctor freely. It, more than any other service relationship, requires the type of individualized, personal attention which cannot possibly be reduced to punch-card precision or survive impersonal regimentation.

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Symbol of service in medicine

Continued from page 112

such a thought into her mind? She had always liked her brother-in-law. It seemed to her then that what was happening to the people on this island was like a swiftly spreading infection.

Steve lit a cigarette with the silver lighter Connie had given him. "Eva wants to stay on this island for a few weeks after the rest of us leave."

"What?" Connie cried indignantly. "She can't do that!"

"Of course not. I told her so. But she wouldn't take no for an answer. She said she could live in the kitchen and she wouldn't care if the other room was full of tents and furniture. She said if I would buy her enough canned food and bottled gas for a month, she would pay for it."

"But she doesn't have any money!"

"She said she had a little with her when she came. But she was so afraid of running out that she hadn't spent it. My guess is that she doesn't begin to have enough to pay for the food and gas and was hoping I would feel sorry for her and donate them. Unfortunately for her, I'm not Joe or Charlie."

Connie sat stiffly on the sand, staring at her husband. "What did you tell her?"

"What do you suppose? I said this island was no place for a girl to stay alone and there would be bad weather later. When she started to cry, I told her I was a married man and used to tears."

"Oh, Steve, you didn't!" Connie pouted, but began to look a little happier.

"Then," Steve said, "she got mad. Seems to have quite a temper. I told her to shut up or I would upset the canoe and dump her in the lake." He chuckled. "That quieted her."

"But why does she want to stay here alone?"

"That's what I asked her later. She says she likes it here. She says this island is the most beautiful spot she has ever seen."

There was a pause.

"Did you believe her?" Grace asked after a moment.

"I don't believe anything she says."

Margo gave Grace time to digest this before she enquired, "What about that plan to take Eva home with us and get her a job?"

"She said she told Joe she wasn't going, but he wouldn't listen." Steve shoved the cigarette into a corner of his mouth and rose. "Guess I'm ready for a swim."

As he headed for his tent, there was silence on the beach.

"Really," Connie said at last, "that girl is just too peculiar! Why in the world does she want to stay here alone?"

Grace was polishing her sunglasses with a towel. She put them on and spoke firmly. "My dear Connie, Eva knew as well as we did that Steve would never let her do it. She told him it was the most beautiful spot she had ever seen and asked him to let her stay, just to prove she loves it too. To make him more interested in her."

"Is that your idea of how to charm a man?" Margo asked. "To be so unpleasant that he threatens to dump you in the lake?"

"Well, I'll admit Steve made a good story of it."

With alarm Margo noticed that Connie's slim body had become rigid, her blue eyes had darkened till they were almost black. She scrambled to her feet and stood in stiff dignity, looking down at Grace. "I have never," she told her icily, "heard anything so ridiculous!"

"Have it your own way, my lamb. But —"

"I don't want to hear any more about it."

Steve loped down the path, wearing swimming trunks. Connie smiled again, put out a hand to pull him toward her, and the two of them stood close together, looking down at Grace, both young, blond and deeply tanned, they were a strikingly handsome couple.

"Are you ready to swim now, Grace?" Connie's tone was saccharine. "Steve and I are going in."

As she tripped into the water, head high, still clutching her husband's hand, Margo wanted to applaud.

EARLY IN the afternoon Margo saw Steve leave the shack, and hurried after him.

He turned and waited. "What's on your mind?"

"I want to show you something in my tent."

"Etchings maybe?" He grinned and ruffled her short hair with a big hand. "Well, that's okay with me, but your sister isn't going to like it."

"You fool!" Even in her present mood, she could not help smiling at him. Women always did. "This is something I've found out about Eva Brown."

"Wait a minute." His grin faded. "Did Connie tell you to talk to me about her? If you've got some new excuse for asking me to send her away,

"Where have you been all this time?"

Eva Brown's voice answered, low, husky, using a tone Margo had not heard before. "I walked up to the other end of the island with Joe."

"With Joe? You shouldn't have gone! Why did you go?"

"I was afraid to say no. He might send me away."

"You don't have to worry about that! What happened? Did he —"

"He says I'll have to let him find a job for me."

"You won't have to do anything of the kind! I'll find a job for you myself. And a place for you to live too. You tell him that the next time he talks to you."

Briefly some part of Margo's mind wondered how Charlie could be absurd enough to bristle so protectively when the girl spoke of Joe. But what did reason have to do with jealousy?

Outside the tent Charlie seemed to have disposed of Joe. "How about a swim before dinner?" he was asking.

"No," the girl said. "It's too cold. I was cold all afternoon. What a nice leather jacket..."

Something else stirred in Margo's mind, demanding her reluctant attention. She sat up.

"That sweater isn't very heavy, is

tor's degree and can begin to teach, he's living on a very small allowance. So I'll just take that jacket and give it back to him." She tried to pull it off the girl's shoulders.

There was a shocking change in Eva Brown's expression. "You let that alone!" She turned on Grace so fiercely that Grace shrank back. The long slanted eyes had narrowed and in them was a cold green blaze. Like the eyes of a panther, Margo thought, startled. Or a wolf.

The girl had flung out a hand toward the drainboard of the sink. It dropped to her side as she took a step and thrust her face close to Grace's.

"You let me alone too!" She spat out the words. "You stop all this yacking at me and mind your own business — do you understand?"

She shoved Grace out of the way and opened the door. She slammed it after her.

For a moment there was no sound in the kitchen.

At last Grace said shakily, "Margo, d-did you see her reach out for that knife?"

PROFESSOR Grimes had been taking a nap and was late for dinner. When they left the table, Grace hustled him and Margo outside and tried to tell him what she thought had happened. He did not believe it. For the first time within Margo's memory he was angry with his wife.

"But I saw her reach for the knife!" Grace protested. "Her hand just shot out after it! Then she must have changed her mind and —"

"You must have imagined it," the professor told her firmly. "I have never met a gentler sweeter girl than Eva Brown. And why did you try to take Charlie's jacket away from her in the first place? She needs something warm to wear in this cold weather, doesn't she?"

Seeing how Grace looked, he relented a little. "Of course you were thinking Charlie couldn't afford to give her the jacket, weren't you? But we have to let him make his own decisions. What worries me," Professor Grimes was saying, "is that you may have upset the poor child again. She seemed even quieter than usual during dinner. I think we'd better get that green sweater of yours and give it to her now."

Ordinarily Margo was sure Grace would have refused to have anything to do with giving Eva Brown anything. This time she seemed so shocked that when her husband took her arm and propelled her toward their tent, she did not even resist.

A few minutes later they returned to the shack. What they had with them was what was left of Grace's new and expensive cashmere sweater. They had stumbled over it on the ground just outside their tent.

"But what could have happened to it?" Connie cried. "It looks as though an animal had been chewing on it!"

"Perhaps that porcupine got into our tent," the professor said.

Steve shook his head. "Never heard of a porcupine chewing up clothes or even going into a tent."

"You've been throwing stones at that porcupine every time you saw it, haven't you, Grace?" Charlie winked at Eva Brown. "Maybe it was trying to get even with you."

Margo stared at the remains of the sweater. To reach for a knife still seemed too improbable, but this was different. She had an uneasy feeling that it was not the porcupine that had been trying to get even with Grace.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

Can I freeze whipping cream, then thaw and whip it later?

ANSWER

Yes, but for a smoother consistency whip cream only until softly stiff before freezing. And by the way, a plastic bag of frozen whipped-cream rosettes are handy to have on hand to top warm fruit tarts or pretty-up fancy desserts. Make rosettes by forcing leftover whipped cream through a decorator tube onto squares of waxed paper. Freeze until firm, lift off with a spatula and store in plastic bags in the freezer.

the answer is no. I told Connie once I wasn't getting into any more arguments with Joe or Charlie."

"Connie didn't ask me to say this. It was my own idea."

His face began to redden. "This is my vacation and I'm tired of talking about that girl."

"Steve, you need to know this! I think she deliberately set fire to the island!"

"Huh?" For a second he stared at her. "Are you crazy?"

This was not the reaction she had expected. "B-but, Steve, I really think —"

"Go back and tell Connie I don't believe a word of it!" His voice was loud and furious. "If she has any more to say about that girl tell her to say it to the loons! I've heard enough."

For an instant Margo looked helplessly at his retreating back. Then she raced to her tent. She yanked a suitcase out from under a cot and opened it. She scrambled in the pockets, trying to find the scorched scrap of newspaper.

She found it. Too late she realized she should have been more careful. In her fingers were a few crumbs of disintegrating pulp.

Hours later she lay on her cot. The afternoon had grown chill and she had pulled up the blankets. But she could not escape into sleep. Charlie Snyder must have thought she was not there. She heard him just outside.

"I couldn't find you," he was saying,

it?" Charlie was saying. "Is it the only one you have with you?"

"Yes," the girl said.

"You'd better take this jacket. I have a heavy sweater." His tone became pleading. "You will take it, won't you? I don't want you to catch cold."

There was not the slightest doubt that Eva Brown was taking it. Margo heard her cry of pleasure. She sounded like a delighted child.

Soon after five Margo put on her own heavy jacket and dragged herself toward the shack. Grace Grimes was outside, peering through a kitchen window. She pointed.

Margo saw that Eva Brown was in the kitchen. Wearing Charlie's leather jacket, she stood on her toes before a small mirror. After a moment she dropped back on her heels and looked down at the jacket. Her hands stroked it gently and she smiled.

Grace opened the kitchen door and went in. "I see Charlie gave you his leather jacket. It's much too big for you, of course. You might as well give it back."

Following, Margo saw Eva Brown whirl around, her big eyes green and bright. Remembering what Steve had said about the girl's temper, she said hurriedly, "Grace, I think —"

The girl swung toward the door.

Grace stepped in front of it. "Charlie can't afford to give anyone such an expensive present. Until he gets his doc-

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Be a spec-tacular

Beauty

By Eveleen Dollery
CHATELAIN BEAUTY EDITOR

See how you can make eyeglasses part of your beauty when you focus your attention on our prescription for choosing and wearing them

Glasses are getting prettier all the time

Today you can dress your eyes in a variety of attention-getting glass frames. Newest are the double monocles called *Cling*. They have no side frames or temples. You just raise your eyebrows, pop the frames on your nose.

They will stay securely in place until you raise your brows again. Making a strong comeback: lean shell-framed lorgnettes.

Ideal for scanning menus or looking up telephone numbers. Pretty and indestructible: aluminum frames plain or tastefully jeweled with marcasites.

Half-eye frames are convenient for people who are farsighted only. The lenses are shallow, and the glasses sit comfortably low on the bridge of your nose so that you use the lenses only when you look down to read or knit. Bed-specs are ingenious glasses that angle your vision for reclined reading or televiewing. They are worn along with your regular glasses.

Choose becoming frame shapes

Study your features and facial outline since the shape of your glasses should complement and balance your facial structure. A **ROUND FACE**

needs to be narrowed. Look for almond-shaped frames—widest at the nose, tapering at outer corners. The lower lines should be

modified squares. Entire frame should be wider than face.

A **SQUARE FACE** needs to be softened. Seek frames with a straight top line and an oval bottom line. Shallow lenses offset the severity of a wide jawline. An arched bridge lengthens the face.

A **DIAMOND-SHAPED FACE** needs more width at the forehead, less through cheekbones. This is achieved with sharply upswept frames that extend beyond cheekbones. Delicate, two-toned frames are best so as not to overbalance your narrow chin and forehead. A **TRIANGULAR FACE** needs width at the temples.

Frames then should have heavy straight lines at top, oval lower

rims and no upward tilt at the corners. Jewel trim helps, too.

AN **OBLONG FACE** can be shortened with frames that are impressive in size, have square lenses. AN **INVERTED TRIANGULAR FACE** needs more width at the jawline and less at the temples. A narrower frame width with oval lines top and bottom achieves this. There should be a definite downsweep on lower part of frame. A **LONG NOSE** looks shorter with saddle-type eyeglass frames with the bridge as low as possible. A **SNUB NOSE** looks longer under glasses with a raised bridge crossing at eyebrow level. **SMALL EYES** seem bigger with lenses that extend beyond outer corners of eyes, frames that are slight. A **SMALL MOUTH** looks smaller when eyeglasses are worn (a beauty boon to large mouths), so draw on a bolder mouth. A **THIN SMALL FACE** can be enhanced with two-toned frames. **SQUINT LINES AND PUFFINESS** can be camouflaged with narrow lenses set in impressive frames.

Frame colors should flatter you

See what color does for your eyes, hair coloring and complexion. IF YOU ARE **BLOND**: Gold or strong amber tortoise-shell frames should suit you best. If your eyes are pale, they will look dramatic framed in black. IF YOU ARE A **REDHEAD**: Stick to medium-toned tortoise shell or black. A second set could be green, coral or gold. IF YOU ARE A **BRUNETTE**: Choose light or flesh tones in tortoise shells: silver or white gold in metals. If your skin is sallow, brighten it with pink or rosy tones. Avoid yellows or beige tones. If you are considering a second set, you'll find deep blues or blue-greens flattering. IF YOU ARE **SILVER OR GREY**: Wear charcoal, blue-grey or silver. Ruby would be dramatic for a second set.

Eyes under glass need make-up

Make your eyes shine through your glasses. Use colored shadows for emphasis and make your lashes dark and sooty with black mascara, no matter what their natural color. Above all, keep your brows immaculately brushed and well-defined. They should appear ever so slightly above the rims of your glasses. Blend your make-up base and powder well underneath the lower rim of your frames. Use an eyelash curler to fan your lashes upward so they won't crinkle against your glasses.

Hairdos and jewels for glasses

Keep your browline clear. Brush bangs well up on your brow or to one side. Avoid too many curls at the sides of your face. Instead of earrings, wear a lapel pin, necklace or bracelet. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE WEBSTER

ROOTS ARE FOR TREES

Continued from page 37

medical student, a man who owned a red Porsche, and a man who looked like Tony Perkins. And the list of places where Lisa had not taken root was even longer. It included the seven-room home of a college professor (full of interesting spices, herbs and phonograph records), a two-bedroom ranch house (with gnomes in the front yard), a studio apartment (with a shower in the kitchen), several efficiency apartments (full of foam rubber), a small house with a blue door that opened on a cobblestoned courtyard. And, of course, the twelve-room home of Miss Harriet Hazelton. Living in this rootless manner, never allowing princes to become frogs, never having to pay installments or repair bills on television sets or garbage disposals, Lisa could, indeed, live like a princess.

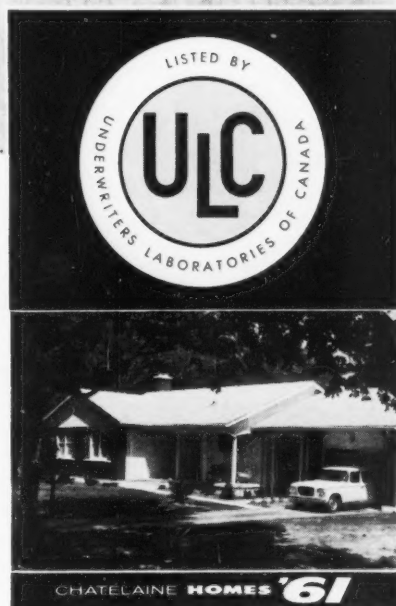
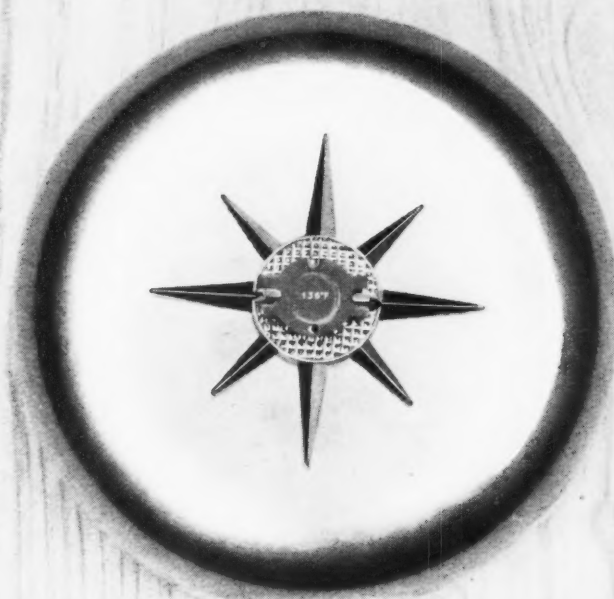
BUT MORE important than either romantic or material considerations was the fact that living in this manner, Lisa was able to pursue unrestrainedly her hobby—the trying on, for size, of other peoples' lives and personalities. As soon as Lisa had moved into a new residence, she would select a room or a corner for her own and unpack her carton of atmosphere. "Just to have one foot on home base," she'd explain.

Then she would proceed not only to absorb the existing atmosphere but also to investigate any aspects of it that interested or baffled her. She would examine the second-class mail that accumulated on the hall table, for instance, decipher notations found in unemptied waste-baskets or on day-by-day desk calendars, rummage through collections of medicines and nostrums found tucked away on the top shelves of linen closets, request messages from any persons who happened to telephone, cultivate acquaintanceships with near neighbors.

Most of her friends were shocked by this hobby. Some of them even referred to it as a vice and warned her that one day it would get her into serious trouble. But as she often said to her friend, Bob Byrd: "There is absolutely nothing illegal or even immoral about it. It would be different if I were going to blackmail someone or something." And Bob Byrd agreed with her completely. In fact, Bob Byrd, a reporter who

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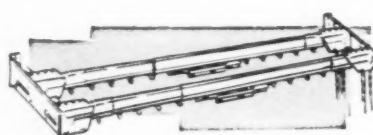
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worked for the same newspaper Lisa did, was the only one among all her friends who seemed to understand what she meant when she talked about living like a princess.

Well, Lisa might really have gone on forever living like a princess if Miss Hazelton had not had a heart attack in Mexico during Lisa's tenancy in her twelve-room home, thereby forcing Lisa to look about hurriedly for a new home. And thus it was that in the middle of March Lisa moved into the apartment of a middle-aged couple named Merton, who planned to go south and follow the spring north.

The Merton apartment was clean, comfortable, well-equipped with modern appliances, and full of Merton atmosphere: ash trays shaped like swans, book ends shaped like ballet dancers, blue paper apple blossoms, hooked rugs (pink-and-green holly-hock design) covering perfectly good carpets, lamps that towered and lamps that teetered and lamp shades all dressed up for birthday parties. The Mertons' life was not, of course, exactly the kind of life Lisa had yearned to try on for size. Nevertheless, before the end of her first week in the apartment, she had uncovered some interesting medicines, and found an interesting letter from Mrs. Merton's sister under the paper in one of the bureau drawers. In fact, by the end of the week, Lisa found herself well-pleased with her new home and quite prepared for, even eager for, a first encounter with a neighbor.

THEREFORE, WHEN, one Saturday morning Lisa, who was fretting before the incinerator chute because she had inadvertently discarded two perfectly good minute steaks, encountered a young man racing down the back stairs, clad only in his pyjamas, she did not hesitate to engage him in conversation. It seemed that the young man also had been at the incinerator chute, and the wind had blown closed the door to his apartment. He was on his way to the superintendent for a key. Lisa fetched his key for him, and by noon she had discovered that his name was Roger Honeywell, that he was an industrial psychologist, that he liked Swedish movies, that he lived alone on the ninth floor.

By 8 p.m. Lisa and Roger were sitting together in a dim restaurant, and she had discovered further that he liked his steaks well-done and that his hobby was photography. He was

a good-looking young man with a handsome high forehead, a straight nose, perfect teeth, clear, earnest blue eyes and an air of authority about him that impressed not only waiters but also Lisa.

As they sipped their after-dinner coffee, she told Roger, among other things: “I'm certain Mrs. Merton must be very nearly blind. Imagine having ballet dancers hold up your books! My theory is that she thought the legs were elephants' trunks, which would make sense, of course.”

Roger Honeywell neither smiled nor replied. So Lisa prodded him gently. “What's your theory, Roger?”

“Theory?” he echoed blankly. “I'm sure I don't know. I've never met the Mertons.” And then he changed the conversation decisively to the topic of foreign affairs.

Lisa was dismayed. True, she had met men in the past who had disapproved of her hobby; and, of course, Bob Byrd was always teasing her about it. But never, in all her experience with men, had she encountered Roger Honeywell's attitude of cold, supercilious disinterest.

Perhaps it was this very disinterest that made Roger so fascinating to Lisa. Or perhaps it was simply that Roger was the best-looking, the strongest, the most intelligent, the best-informed, the most positive and awe-inspiring man she had ever met. At any rate, soon after their first meeting, Roger and Lisa fell in love, and Lisa, as far as she could recall, never again mentioned her hobby to him. Until one warm Sunday evening in May when she was feeling especially tender toward him.

On this occasion she remarked that the Mertons would soon return and that she was considering renting an unreconstructed cold-water flat, simply to get the taste of the Mertons out of her soul. “What kind of people, after all, can go on, year after year, putting out cigarettes in the middle of a swan's back?”

The words just slipped out naturally, and Lisa was quite unprepared, therefore, for what followed. Roger, instead of answering her question, lit a cigarette, narrowed his eyes and said sternly to her, “Lisa, has it ever occurred to you to inquire into your own motives, your own personality and way of life?”

And then, without waiting for an answer, he went on to point out to her many large things about herself, her past, her probable future should she continue her present unstable,

peripatetic life, her relationship to her mother, to her father, to her three siblings. And he outlined to her, in a very clear and succinct manner the course her future must take if she were to save her personality from total disintegration. (a) She must move to a girls' club for the months of June and July. (b) On the first of August she must marry him, after which they would (c) spend the remainder of the month in Muskoka. (d) returning to his apartment in September, where (e) they would continue to live until the arrival of their first child made further residence in a small apartment impossible.

Lisa was so nonplused that she quite forgot to tell Roger that roots are for trees and that she was not a tree. Instead, her eyes filled with tears and she said in a choked voice: “Oh Roger, perhaps you're right!” And she promised to give the entire matter her immediate and serious consideration.

But Lisa, during the long sleepless night that followed, found herself quite unable to think about anything except all the large things Roger had told her about herself and her past. It was completely impossible for her to keep her mind on her future. Therefore, at nine o'clock the next morning, she connected herself with the City Room and asked to speak to Bob Byrd.

Every Wednesday noon for nearly three years, Lisa and Bob Byrd had lunched together on cheeseburgers and milk shakes and discussed love—love in the abstract and love as it applied to specific cases. Most of the specific cases, naturally, concerned Lisa and the various men who had to be told that roots are for trees. But occasionally, they also discussed Bob's specific case: a statuesque blond model named Stephanie who regularly, every few months, accepted Bob's proposal of marriage, and then, just as regularly, changed her mind. Once, Lisa had decided to try to save Bob from Stephanie and his futile, torch-carrying existence. “Let me come up some Saturday, Bob, I'd love to clean your apartment and cook you a nice dinner. Stephanie needs to see she has a little competition, and I'd be quite willing to stage some sort of thing for you if it would help.”

But Bob had only looked horror-stricken. “No thanks!” he had replied. “I'm quite happy to stay right in my cozy little frying pan!” Then

Continued on page 120



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100

Continued from page 118

he had begun to laugh. "I'll bet you'd just love to clean my apartment! Why, I wouldn't even give you my address, let alone give you access to my medicine chest and desk drawers!"

WELL, BOB WAS understandably surprised to hear from Lisa on a Monday morning. But the disquiet and urgency in her voice were so pronounced that in spite of the fact he had to cancel a luncheon conference with Stephanie's roommate, Monday noon found Lisa and Bob hunched over their traditional Wednesday cheeseburgers.

"But, Bob, he's absolutely right about me, you know. That's what's so terrible!" Lisa wailed, nervously tracing Roger Honeywell's initials with a limp French fry and a spot of ketchup. "I've never seen my life in such hideously clear perspective before. Why am I afraid of roots? It's unwomanly to shun roots."

"If you're so manly, what's he so upset about then?" Bob asked. Then he made a loud noise with his straws as he drained his milk shake.

"Bob, be serious," Lisa pleaded. "My whole future hinges on the decisions I must make in these next days. What should I do? What is your analysis of me?"

Bob took the French fry with which Lisa had been doodling and popped it into his mouth. When he had swallowed it, he said, "Roots are for trees, and you're not a tree."

"Bob, stop it!" she cried. "Really, I'm serious!"

"So am I!" he said. "If you turned into a tree, it would really grieve me, I mean it!"

Now Lisa's usually mild brown eyes were blazing. "All right," she said. "I get your point. I'm a big girl now and should do my own analyzing and make my own decisions. Is that right?"

Bob nodded. "Who else?"

"All right," she repeated. "Then perhaps you'd like to hear some of the decisions I plan to make."

Again he nodded. So Lisa told him that as soon as the Mertons returned, she would (a) move to a room in a very nice girls' club, remain there until August first, (b) marry Roger Honeywell on or about the first of August, (c) spend the rest of that month in Muskoka, (d) then return to Roger's apartment and (e) live there until the arrival of their first child made further residence in a small apartment impossible.

Bob heard her through to the end without comment. Then he said: "And (f) discontinue immediately cheeseburger lunches on Wednesdays?"

Lisa nodded.

Bob smiled ruefully, shrugged. But there were unspoken words in his eyes. And Lisa, noticing them, finally said: "What?"

He shrugged again, looked embarrassed. "Nothing," he replied at last. "Just a small favor I was going to ask on Wednesday. But in view of your new plans, I'm afraid it wouldn't work."

"Well, what is it? You might tell me and let me be the judge."

But Bob would not tell her. He simply shook his head with finality and called for the check.

THAT WAS on Monday. On Tuesday, Lisa reserved a place for herself in the turquoise and teakwood splendor of the girls' club and began to remove her own atmosphere from the sunny west bedroom of the Merton apartment and pack it into her carton. But on Tuesday, shortly before midnight, as she lay in the dark pondering her future, it occurred to her suddenly what Bob had wanted to ask her. Why, it was as plain as the nose on her face: he had decided, finally, to ask her assistance in ridding himself once and for all of Stephanie and his burdensome torch! Poor Bob! For nearly three years, he had always been there when she had needed him most: for nearly three years his unfailing kindness, his sympathetic and understanding ear, his gentle humor, had seen her through a thousand personal crises. And now—now when she might, at last, be able to repay him for all he had done for her...

So agitated did she become, thinking of Bob and herself and the ironical nature of life in general, that she spent yet another sleepless night, and at nine o'clock the next morning, she once more connected herself with the City Room and asked to speak to Bob Byrd.

"Bob," she said firmly. "You must ask that favor of me. No matter what it is, I want to do it for you. As a... well... a kind of farewell present. Shall we eat lunch today?"

"Wonderful!" he cried, the relief in his voice quite obvious. "I'll pick you up at noon."

By noon, Lisa had already devised the details of a plan to rid Bob of Stephanie's presence in his life forever. In fact, by the time she and

Bob were seated in their usual booth, she was so full of a mixture of festive and altruistic feelings that she ordered a steak sandwich instead of a cheeseburger. Then she turned radiantly to Bob: "All right. Out with it."

Bob smiled almost as radiantly at her and said: "All right. Here it is. I want you to sublet the apartment of a Mr. Bernard Dalrymple for the summer and do a little detective work for me."

"Detective work?" Lisa cried, and all the radiance left her face.

But the radiance did not leave Bob's face, and he continued eagerly. "Well, not 'detective work' then, if you don't like the expression. Let's say instead that you could be of immeasurable help to me in obtaining an exclusive story. Mr. Bernard Dalrymple, a fishy character if ever I saw one, plans to leave on Friday for parts unknown and seems to need the cash that a sublet would bring him. I want you to move in, find out everything you can about him, using your own methods, of course, which as you have said many times involve nothing illegal or even immoral. Then report your conclusions to me. If my hunches are correct in this case, well, it will be a real break for me. I'm convinced the rest of the boys are way out in left field. And if I can come up with a fresh angle and beat out the competition..."

"Roger wouldn't like it at all," Lisa said bleakly. "I'm not sure it's even an ethical way to get a story. Besides, I've made reservations at the girls' club for Saturday."

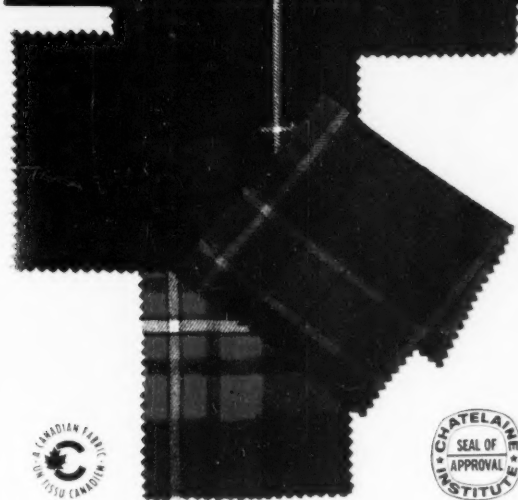
Bob looked bewildered. "Well, of course Roger wouldn't like it! That's why I didn't mention it on Monday. But you said yourself, only this morning, that you were willing to alter any of your plans. And now... I just don't understand, Lisa. What did you think I had in mind anyhow?"

"Well, I won't be here in August. Remember? And August is part of any summer rental. Mr. Dalrymple wouldn't just rent for June and July."

"Look," Bob interrupted. "That's a minor detail, if that's all that's worrying you. I'll give Dalrymple's agent the three months rent myself; you move in Saturday; pay me for June and July; I'll take care of August out of my own pocket. Then (a) file your reports with me (b) move out August first and up to Muskoka with Roger and (c) I'll reward you with a nice

Continued on page 122

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Continued from page 120
silver vegetable dish for a wedding present. It's simple. What have you got to lose? What do you say?"

LISA SAID "YES," of course. What else could she say, given the circumstances? But what she had to lose was something else again. For on the following Saturday, Roger Honeywell refused to transport her two suitcases and box of atmosphere to Mr. Dalrymple's apartment. He said he had agreed to transport them to the girls' club. He called her immature, unstable, pathologically curious and just plain unreliable and irresponsible.

Nevertheless, he did not break their regular Saturday-night date, which always involved a sentimental sirloin steak. Instead, as a kind of punishment for Lisa, he arrived thirty-five minutes late and did not spell out "I love you" in Morse code as he knocked on the door of Mr. Dalrymple's apartment. He simply knocked twice with his bare knuckles; and when no one answered his knock, he tried the knob, found it unlocked, and entered.

And there he found Lisa, stretched out on the floor, wearing blue jeans, nibbling salted pumpkin seeds, clutching a Siamese cat and listening with an expression of ecstasy on her face to Jack Teagarden sing the St. James Infirmary Blues.

"Roger!" she cried in surprise. "Is it seven o'clock already?"

"It's seven-thirty-five," he replied coldly.

"Well for heaven's sake!" She sat up abruptly and turned off Jack Teagarden. "Meet Wagner," she said, releasing the struggling, yammering cat. "Isn't that a cute name? It's because he makes such terrible noises. I'm sure of it, judging from Mr. Dalrymple's note and record collection."

"You're not dressed. You're not even unpacked." Roger ignored her prattling completely.

"I know," she replied penitently. Then brightly: "He left lots of frozen pizza in the refrigerator. Let's eat here tonight, Roger. And listen to his records."

Roger glanced around the disorderly room. In one corner was a fireplace, full of ashes, old cigarette butts and wastepaper. In another corner stood a huge, old-fashioned roll-top desk. One entire wall was a book shelf, containing not only books, but also magazines and records and potted plants and toys for the cat and

travel folders and salt and pepper shakers and bottles of medicine and socks with holes in them and a can of tennis balls. Another entire wall was made up entirely of windows that looked out on a park. The walls were hung with wild red and yellow paintings; the couch sagged; and a soiled sport shirt was draped over the only respectable chair in the room. "Lisa," he said sternly. "You can't live here. This is impossible."

"Impossible?" she cried. "It's absolutely perfect. And if Mr. Dalrymple turns out to be Al Capone II, I still won't believe it."

Which remark caused Roger Honeywell to discover that Lisa's hobby had progressed beyond the pure-hobby stage. And which discovery caused him to take his leave of her, not only for the evening, but according to him, forever.

NATURALLY, LISA cried a little after he left that evening. She had been in love with Roger, after all, and had been looking forward to August in Muskoka and to replacing his beige drapes with something more colorful. But at last she convinced herself that he could not really mean "forever," and she solaced herself for the time being with Bach, with Muggsy Spanier, with the frozen pizza, with an assortment of fascinating magazines which she found lying about everywhere, and finally, toward midnight, with the contents of Mr. Dalrymple's roll-top desk.

BUT ROGER did not call on Sunday. Or on Monday. Or on Tuesday. And Wednesday noon, therefore, found her despondently eating a cheeseburger with Bob Byrd once more. Bob, however, was far from despondent; he seemed almost jubilant as he shook the salt over his French fries. "Well now, Lisa my girl," he said, "on to our lad, Dalrymple. What's the pitch so far?"

Lisa scowled at him. Then she said soberly: "Bob, I've decided not to tell you one single thing about him unless you promise me you won't use anything against him. All I'll say is that he is the kindest, sweetest, most generous, funniest, saddest man, with the best taste in art, music, books, and food that I have ever known. And I don't even know him." She paused. "What does he look like?"

And Bob groaned. "Good night, Lisa, what does it matter what he looks like? This is business, not pleas-

ure. I can tell you this much though: he looks more like a camel with a human face than he looks like your description of Roger Honeywell."

"Looks aren't everything," she replied. "I don't care. Maybe he can make me forget Roger. Bob, he even uses the same kind of bookkeeping system I do and the same kind of nose drops. I just may stay in his apartment through August and give his key back to him myself when he returns. I think we might be very happy together."

"You might at that," Bob snapped. "But right now I'm more interested in his bookkeeping system and letters—either current or filed."

But Lisa only shook her head and narrowed her pretty mouth to a prim line. "I'm sorry, Bob. I've not been able to find out a thing about him. He must be getting his mail elsewhere. He doesn't have a phone. And as far as the neighbors go, there are only three other tenants in the house. Two of them I haven't seen yet. But the woman across the hall—a Mrs. Schmidtke—seems to think I am his fiancée or something." She sighed. "And sometimes I wish I were."

Bob held up his hand. "Ah," he cried. "Now we're on to something. I thought there was a woman in the picture. There usually is in a case like Dalrymple's. Pursue this one, Lisa. Find out all you can about her. Look through everything you can get your hands on with this woman in mind. We'll turn up something yet."

Lisa sat up very straight then and placed both fists on the table before her. "We will not turn up anything!" she cried. "Mr. Bernard Dalrymple is not a gangster with a moll. I'll tell you that right now. He is a sweet, sad man, without a fiancée even. I know, because I have read Volume 8 of his Journal. It only has a few entries in it, and I can't find the other seven volumes. But I can tell you this much: Mr. Bernard Dalrymple is carrying a torch, not a gun."

"And it's impossible to carry a torch and a gun at the same time?"

"Yes! And my intuitions are better than yours, because I am a woman and because I've been in this business a lot longer than you have. Investigating love nests is quite a different thing from what I do. It requires different skills, different techniques..."

Bob burst out laughing. "It certainly does. If I fell in love with the

occupant of every love nest I've investigated, I'd be a street cleaner now." Then, more soberly: "Lisa, let me come up some night and see for myself. I mean, apply my particular skills and techniques to what I want to find out."

"If you think I'm going to let you root through his personal effects, you're quite wrong. Besides, what about Stephanie? I certainly wouldn't want Stephanie to get any wrong ideas about us!"

"Currently, we're not engaged," he said. "Therefore, she has nothing to say about whom I date."

"You mean this would be a date?" Lisa asked with heavy sarcasm.

"Of course. Next Saturday night. I will bring you a box of chocolates to prove it."

BUT ON THE following Saturday night Bob did not bring Lisa chocolates. He arrived at 6 p.m., his arms full of carry-out Chinese food and beer, and announced that they would begin the evening by eating dinner in the apartment and listening to Mr. Dalrymple's records. As he stepped into the living room, he whistled. "Good Lord! What a mess! Did he leave the place like this, or did you create all this by yourself?"

Lisa looked sheepish. "A little of both. I'm going to spend all day tomorrow cleaning. I'm even going to darn those socks on the bookcase. I'm really not this sloppy, you know. I mean, I kept the Mertons' apartment spotless for instance. It's just that I love the atmosphere here so much I hate to disturb things . . ."

Bob began opening the steaming cartons of food. "Speaking of atmosphere," he remarked, "where's your atmosphere? Mind if I have a look while I'm here?"

Lisa shook her head. "There it is," she replied, indicating a carton on the floor. "I haven't unpacked it yet. There isn't any point really because there are too many duplicates."

Bob shook his head in mock despair over her sanity, remarked that some people might find the pictures on the walls a bit hard to live with and the presence of the noisy cat (who seemed to have taken a real fancy to him) somewhat nerve-racking.

"Some people. But not me!" Lisa replied defiantly. And then, to the accompaniment of Muskrat Ramble, Bob and Lisa sat down to their Chinese dinner.

They had just reached the almond cookies when the knock on the door sounded—a prolonged knock which spelled out in Morse code the words "I love you". It was exactly seven o'clock.

"Oh Bob! Oh heavens! Oh dear! It's Roger! I know it! Lisa whispered

frantically. "What shall we do now?"

"Let him in," Bob replied laconically. "He left you forever, didn't he?"

"Oh yes! But not really! If he finds you here, he'll leave again, and I haven't had time to think how I feel about him this week. Go hide some-

where. Quick! I'll think of something."

"I bet you wouldn't make Mr. Bernard Dalrymple hide if he were here. You'd say, 'Roger, I want you to meet the man I love, Mr. Dalrymple. I'm sorry it had to end this way.'"

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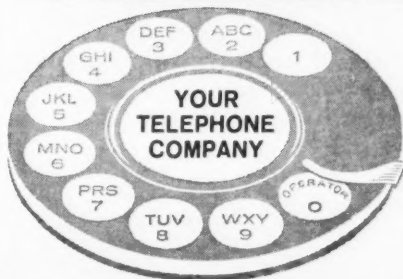


"Yippee . . .
You mean I can
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Continued from page 123

The knocking sounded once again. "Stop teasing me! Maybe I'd say just that! Go into the bedroom quickly and shut up. Absolutely shut up!" And in her panic, Lisa literally pushed him into the bedroom, closed the door softly. Then she smoothed her Saturday-night date dress and walked as calmly as she could to the front door.

"Lisa!" Roger cried in delight. "I knew it. I knew you'd be ready and waiting for me. This week has been hell, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Lisa said.

He took her in his arms. "Life without each other is impossible." He glanced over her shoulder and looked about the room. "I can see it's the same with you. You've even packed your atmosphere box. Thank heaven I arrived in time. Thank heaven I didn't lose you."

Lisa disentangled herself from his arms. "Come and sit down, Roger." She removed the soiled sport shirt from the respectable chair and indicated he was to sit there.

He smiled fondly at her. "You haven't done a thing here, I see, Lisa,

darling, get your gloves, and we'll go eat two steaks now — one for last Saturday and one for tonight."

It was only then that Lisa realized she was indeed in a predicament. She certainly couldn't eat two steaks, after having just eaten a complete Chinese dinner. And furthermore, it occurred to her suddenly that the instant she left the apartment, Bob would begin an examination of Mr. Dalrymple's journal, letters, and other personal effects. Therefore, she said to Roger: "I'm not feeling a bit well tonight, Roger. Would you mind awfully if we just stayed here and well . . . discussed things quietly for just a little while?"

"And dined on frozen pizza?" he chided her tenderly. "Darling, of course not!" He stood up and was about to join Lisa on the sagging couch, when the door to the bedroom opened and Bob Byrd emerged, glowering.

"I'M SORRY, sir," he announced. "But that frozen pizza belongs to me. I bought it especially for Lisa and did not have in mind that she would share it with any gentleman callers."

Five minutes later, Roger Honeywell once more took his leave of Lisa — this time, quite obviously, forever.

As the door banged shut behind him, Lisa turned to Bob furiously: "All right. You get out of here too! And forever! What are you trying to do, ruin my life with your sneaky activities and warped sense of humor?"

"But Lisa," he replied mildly. "I did buy it especially for you. Because I know you like it almost as well as cheeseburgers and Chinese food."

"Stop it, Bob," she warned. "I've really had enough. Enough of you and your nonsense and your teasing . . ."

"Lisa," he said quietly. "Remember, you are speaking to the man you love."

"I don't love any man!" she shrieked. "Least of all you! I'm sick of men! All men!"

"Even Bernard Dalrymple?"

"I haven't met him yet."

At which point, Bob Byrd stepped back several steps, bowed politely and said: "Miss Turner, may I present Mr. Dalrymple?"

Well, it took three more such re-

marks before Lisa realized the implications of what he was saying. But before she would believe the implications of what he was saying, he had to demonstrate to her how to make Wagner stop yammering, describe to her the entire night he had spent forging Bernard Dalrymple documents, and point out to her where she could find a hidden supply of salted pumpkin seeds. Even after he had shown her his driver's license, which bore the street address of the Dalrymple apartment, he still had to take her across the hall to Mrs. Schmidtke, who, beaming with pleasure, verified his double identity, and added, in an attempt to relieve Lisa's confusion: "You see, dear, he finally took my advice and stopped trying to find happiness with that Sagittarius lady. And when we discovered that you are Aries, why everything was simple from then on."

And so it was. And so it continued to be. Lisa, the princess, was saved from being transformed into a tree by a prince who never became a frog. But it was only years later that she discovered what every botanist knows: that without the proper soil, trees will not grow roots either. END

GORDON SINCLAIR

Continued from page 43

about him," actress Toby Robins, also a Front Page Challenge panelist, has said. "He's like a bumptious little boy, very vulnerable to hurt."

The complexity of his nature was never better illustrated than one bitterly cold autumn night a few years ago when Sinclair was walking along a Toronto street, arguing hotly with CFRB's chief newscaster, Jack Dennett. Disagreements between the two are not infrequent, since they share an office and Dennett is a courtly considerate man, affronted by many Sinclair mannerisms, particularly his language in the presence of their secretary.

The two men passed a derelict wearing only a thin filthy suit and huddled in a doorway out of the biting wind. Sinclair stopped and accosted the shivering man roughly. "You're going to get pneumonia," he snapped, removing his overcoat. "Take this coat. I've got eight more of them at

home. And here's some dough. Get yourself a warm meal." Still grumpy, he rejoined Dennett. "Where were we?" he asked fretfully. The shaken Dennett refused to continue the quarrel.

"Prayer is superstition"

Sinclair conceals such overt acts of kindness as best he can. He is thoughtful about birthdays and departures of the girls who work at CFRB, for instance, and buys them candy or flowers. "Here," he tells the recipient crossly. "You take these. Someone gave them to me and I don't want them."

The grossest inconsistency in his in-and-out character, is his attitude to controversy. Though he hates to be scratched, he can't leave the hoyden alone. "Hell," he has grumbled after opening his morning mail at CFRB, "everybody likes me today. Something's wrong. I must be slipping."

On the mournful occasions when his mail has been pleasant for several days running, he may advise the station switchboard to hire extra help

before the next Sinclair broadcast. He then selects a fat target and hones a needle. "He's burned out the switchboard here many a time," sighs the station vice-president, Waldo Holden. "But he's good about warning us in advance, most times."

Sinclair knows from experience that he will get a lively reaction if he charges that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union doesn't stand for temperance at all, but pure prohibition, or that the teaching of religion in Ontario public schools is similarly misnamed. "Only one religion is taught, Christianity," he has declared, "and only one branch of it at that, the Protestant version."

Last December he surpassed all previous anti-Sinclair protests when he criticized a mass prayer meeting in a Toronto church to pray for the flickering life of a badly injured miner, who later died. "Prayer is just a matter of superstition," snorted Sinclair. The mail had to be delivered in bushel baskets.

It was therefore an ominous sign when Sinclair began to fuss just before a Front Page Challenge show in

December 1959, that the show had been dull of late and needed livening up. That evening when a Regina football referee, Paul Dojack, appeared as a guest, Sinclair lowered his lance. He wanted to know, in his most belligerent manner, why westerners were always complaining about the condition of the Grey Cup field in Toronto. The reaction to this, and similar asstringent suggestions, provoked one of the most violent viewer reactions in CBC history — five hundred letters, mostly from Winnipeg, all but one abusive. Sinclair quietly offered to remove himself from the show, an offer producer Jim Guthro flatly refused.

"You old baboon"

The most wounding letter came from a Winnipeg woman, who called Sinclair "a hippopotamus, for that's what you look like with those horrible tusks of yours . . . pig's eyes, uncombed mess of hair . . . you old baboon . . ." Sinclair was deeply offended, though not so grievously that he could remember the letter accurately.

Continued on page 126



Sunday we always have Brunch with Aunt Jemima!



Mmmmm **SHAKEABANANA PANCAKES!** Just shake up Aunt Jemima batter according to directions on package. Arrange thin banana slices in clusters on well-greased griddle. Pour on batter and bake. Serve with melted butter and syrup. Scrumptious!

There's something about melting-rich, golden-light Aunt Jemimas that *makes* Sunday Brunch. You just can't match Aunt Jemimas for taste and tenderness—or easy fixing! Only Aunt Jemima knows the secret blend of special flours that makes perfect pancakes every time. Next Sunday, why not try some? Regular—Buttermilk—Buckwheat—Wheatcake.





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NO-SO CEMENT 35c TUBE

Continued from page 124
ately. A few weeks later he stalwartly accepted an invitation to guest at a March of Dimes benefit in Winnipeg, complained there that he had been called "a snaggle-toothed baboon with pig eyes" and faced down a packed crowd in the Arena which, the Winnipeg Free Press reported, had "come to boo but stayed to cheer Sinclair's good sportsmanship."

Twelve years ago Sinclair wrote about himself in the third person in Maclean's magazine, claiming "he seldom gives or lends money to anybody. In many ways, he's a man without sympathy, feeling or religious belief, but he's a good reporter." Any study of Sinclair finds him wrong, on all counts.

In addition to being a secret philanthropist, he is so spongy with sentiment that he has wept at O Canada, military parades and dolorous movies. He insists he is "not quite, but almost an atheist" and provoked howls of spluttering protest coast to coast when he announced, on a frank Close-Up television interview last year, "I am convinced that there is no afterlife, no heaven, no hell. We live on in our children. There is a stream of life, and when I am thrown up on the bank the stream will go on." Theologians would fault him on dogma, but Sinclair's ready compassion and respect for the abused puts him within most concepts of religion.

As a reporter, he is an impressionist, whose breezy prose reeks with inaccuracies and half-grasped concepts. In recent years he has lauded actors for performances in plays in which they did not appear; he regularly misspells names; fills out paragraphs with partially recollected fragments of conversations. "Yeah, I suppose I could be guilty of all that," Sinclair concedes stolidly. "It's because I don't give a damn. No, that's not true. I do care, but I'm just too lazy to bother checking."

"I get churned up"

Though he answers all serious questions with low-keyed, self-searching honesty, when the mood is on him he is prone to describe some aspects of his life with approximately the same degree of veracity as is expected from a side-show pitchman. During a newscast this spring he chortled that "never a day goes by in my whole life when someone doesn't say I'm a bum, a fool, a rat and I don't know what. It doesn't bother me a bit." On Close-

Up he answered Pierre Berton's question without bombast. "I'm not as tough as appears," he conceded. "I pretend to be, but it's a pose. I'm really sensitive. I get churned up."

Such blithe inconsistencies, springing though they do from Sinclair's insistent tendency to rattle his armor, have helped support a legend that the man once billed as "the most traveled newspaper reporter in the world" is pure hoax. For nearly six years, starting in 1929, Sinclair roamed seventy-three countries for the Toronto Star. His travels resulted in seven books, the first of which, *Footloose In India*, was the biggest success in Canadian publishing history, selling out the first edition of twenty-five hundred copies the day it appeared. A one-hundred-and-twenty-pound stripling, he was lionized in Toronto—thousands packed Massey Hall one evening just to see him off for the South Seas and they followed him to Union Station. In a two-month period after he returned from India he received six hundred and fifty-eight invitations to speak.

Hounded by doubters

Simultaneously, he had a brisk side line in refuting claims that his stories were pure inventions assembled in well-stocked hotel rooms. One letter to the Toronto Star complaining that Sinclair's thrilling Khyber Pass adventures clearly could not have happened caused a worried publisher to seek verification with the officer commanding the Khyber Pass detail. The reply was prompt. Mr. Sinclair indeed had been there, had run some risk in daring past the sentries into dangerous territory. He had been a most welcome guest, the officer concluded wistfully. "He told us such interesting stories of his interesting travels."

"Any who doubted were usually routed in the same way," comments Gregory Clark, long-time Toronto Star associate of Sinclair's.

Doubters nevertheless have been profuse and unflatteringly close to hand. During World War II, Sinclair scored an ingenious world scoop on the scuttling of the German warship Graf Spee by telephoning the British consul in Montevideo and asking him if he knew what the Graf Spee was up to.

"Certainly I do," the consul replied. "I can see her from my window right now. The crew is scuttling her." He

then described the sinking and Sinclair rushed the story to the Star's city editor. A skeptical subeditor read it, reached for the phone and called Montevideo. "Is this true?" he asked the consul. "Of course," answered the puzzled official. "Why do you ask?"

Another vindication was more personal. Sinclair wrote some years ago that his maternal grandfather died of drowning on Toronto's Yonge Street, in a horse trough outside a pub. The man's embarrassed sons, Sinclair's uncles, denied the story and threatened to sue. Sinclair squelched them with the coroner's report, which upheld his account of the grotesque demise.

"It was the first corpse I ever saw," recalls Sinclair. "His drinking friends didn't know what to do with the body, so they brought it home and propped it up inside the front door."

Sinclair was then a small, scrawny, shy boy, oldest of three sons and difficult to raise because he was both stubborn and full of temper. His father was a gentle passive man, whose exhausting profession was hand-rubbing pianos. The family lived just over the edge of poverty and once, for an eighteen-month period when his father was black-listed for union activities, the Sinclairs were destitute. The experience left Sinclair with a lifelong dread of debt; he pays his bills the day he receives them. He suspects his passion for money might have the same genesis. "If I didn't have money," he once explained, "I might have to ask for favors. I don't want to be indebted to anyone, in any way—not ever."

Fire and brimstone

Sinclair's mother was a contrast to his easily contented father. A ferocious ambitious woman, she berated and belittled Gordon mercilessly. She told him he was no good and would never amount to anything; a fanatic Methodist, she forecast a future of deserved disaster as punishment for his willfulness. "It got my back up," reflects Sinclair.

As a boy, he was in constant revolution; his aggression was so sharpened that he was suspended from school repeatedly. When he refused to sign a Sunday-school pledge that he would never drink or smoke, he was singled out for a public barrage of fire and brimstone from a visiting evangelist. The experience launched his religious cynicism.

The stormy difficult childhood has

left Sinclair with a troubling legacy. He now brandishes full-blown his boyhood habits of defiance, courage and rooster-strutting, and also his mother's gift, a sense of his own inadequacy. His savings and investments can't console him enough, and he has said, "I don't go anywhere I don't belong. I suppose the conventional explanation is that I'm insecure and have no confidence."

A substitute monkey

With little sympathy for schooling, Sinclair left high school before he finished his first year and found a job in a bank. He was fired from this when he prankishly tossed a sponge across the office and accidentally hit the manager. He was fired next from a department store for sassing a customer. Eventually he became a book-keeper for a rubber company, where he met his wife, Gladys, a quiet cool girl who was the daughter of a west Toronto market gardener.

Through writing accounts of his church-league hockey games for the Toronto Star, Sinclair became enchanted with the look of his own

words in print. He brashly pursued the haughty and forbidding Harry C. Hindmarsh, the Star's iron spine, and in 1922, when he was twenty-one years old, landed a job as cub reporter.

His first assignment began the shaping of Sinclair's reporting style. Sent with a photographer to cover the story of a melancholy female monkey drooping over the death of her mate, Sinclair was advised by the monkey's owner that a picture was impossible. The magnesium flare used by the cameras of the day would frighten his monkey, he insisted. Sinclair had the happy notion of photographing a substitute monkey in Riverdale Zoo and the picture's publication the next day brought the owner of the monkey in the story down to the newspaper in a rage, threatening to sue.

Young Sinclair was reprimanded, but he noted thoughtfully that shortly afterward he was given a raise, to twenty-two dollars a week, and that at the end of the year he was the only one of twenty-seven cubs hired in 1922 who still had a job. He concluded that a little larceny was

desirable in a newspaper career and his advice to would-be journalists is: "Do something on your first day to get noticed."

Despite his auspicious start, Sinclair languished on minor assignments for seven years. For a two-year period he was women's editor of the Star—a pinnacle of incongruity he hasn't matched since. During the summer of 1929, Toronto police arrested more than a hundred vagrants in a harbor-side hobo jungle and turned them loose with orders to leave town. The Star's city editor decided to send a reporter with them and cast his eye around the newsroom for a suitable type.

An observer later wrote: "Sinclair's reputation, if any, was that of a truculent, rather sloppily dressed young man, usually in need of a shave. It didn't require disguise for him to look like a bum."

Sinclair rode freight cars with the hobos and returned to the Star a few days later, his skull swollen from a wagon-spoke blow that rewarded his attempt to correct a hobo's geography. The Star ran his accounts, written in a literate terse prose, on the

front page, with a by-line and a picture of the author grinning shyly.

The next few years were the oddest any reporter, anywhere, has experienced. Sinclair was sent on assignments unparalleled for glamour and freedom—four months in Europe, two months in the Caribbean, four months in Africa and Europe, seven months in India and the Orient, eight months in the South Seas, five weeks on Devil's Island and once around the world. He filled a thirty-two-page passport with visa stamps, helped Frank Buck capture a python, got malaria in Baluchistan, chatted with Gandhi, shot tigers with a raja.

Sinclair was mobbed

"In nineteen days, Sinclair wrote his first book, Footloose in India, and it went into second printing the day after it appeared in bookstores. Sinclair, dressed in khaki breeches and shirt, was mobbed when he made personal appearances to autograph books or give speeches.

"I am probably the highest-paid reporter in all Canada," he bragged in 1932. He probably was—he earn-



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ed thirty thousand dollars that year.

He was also the most frequently fired. Though he customarily puts the number of firings from the Star at eleven, Sinclair isn't really certain. "If Hindmarsh fired me noisily, in front of everyone, I knew it didn't mean a damned thing. It was only serious if I got it in a note." When he wasn't being fired, between gala assignments and appearances before his enraptured public, Sinclair was put on the meanest drabdest chores the Star could devise. "I'd get assigned to write obituaries or promotion for trained seals," Sinclair muses. "Maybe I might have needed batting down."

"My English is not pure"

In the early thirties, right after his first firing notice, Sinclair stumbled on his present writing style. Assigned to cover an art sale, a field totally outside his experience, Sinclair took a jaundiced eye to the project. "There was no use writing a decent story, since I figured I was on my way out anyway, so I wrote a slangy, illiterate, libelous article. I said the pictures were a bunch of fakes."

The auction had drawn poorly on its opening night, but after Sinclair's story appeared it was swamped and every picture sold — except two that the grateful auctioneer presented to Sinclair. As it later turned out, coincidentally, many of the pictures were fakes. "I was impressed with the reaction," recalls Sinclair mildly.

He instantly dropped carefully constructed sentences in his writing and announced he was through forever with being literate. As a long-time correspondent for the show-business newspaper *Variety*, he had the pattern. "My English is not pure, thank God," he began to gloat. "Hooper dooper" became a favorite, and the English publishers of his second book, *Cannibal Quest*, got permission to "Anglicize the text." Reviewing *Cannibal Quest*, which Macy's department store in New York nominated Book of the Week, the *Herald Tribune* called Sinclair "cocky and ignorant" and Evelyn Waugh wrote in England that much of the book was "entertaining, if you have a strong stomach for verbal commonness." The quotes were reprinted in the *Toronto Star*, by Sinclair himself.

The first firing to take effect happened in 1935, when Sinclair, discouraged and tired from his peripatetic

travels, refused to cover the Ethiopian War. He was away from the Star six months and returned to put in a hopelessly incompetent period as a sports writer. "I was the worst," he acknowledges readily. He took a forty percent cut in pay to go back to news writing.

In 1943 he was fired again, this time for refusing to quit a sponsored broadcast about headline personalities that he was doing on CFRB, in defiance of Star policy. "Radio is my oyster," he said as he departed with farewell gifts of five thousand dollars from Hindmarsh and a bicycle from fellow reporters, "if I can open it." In a short time, the pearl was his. A survey recently revealed that Sinclair is the best-known personality on Toronto radio and his audience next to the largest, owned by Jack Dennett, in private radio in Canada. Though the turnover of sponsors is sometimes brisk (one quit in a record ten days) the station has a waiting list for his shows.

The Star hired Sinclair again in 1949 and commissioned him to fly around the world. Later he became the paper's entertainment columnist and juggled six columns a week with such side projects as the *Liberty* column, which he started in 1954, and the television panel show, *Front Page Challenge*, which began the summer of 1957.

"Sinclair is a natural panelist," the show's creator John Aylesworth once said. "One formula holds that panels should have a hero, a heroine, a villain and someone either folksy or funny. Sinclair gives us double value—he's a folksy hero."

A Sinclair trait on the show is to call every guest, no matter how august, by his first name. "I ducked with Mrs. Roosevelt," he admits. "I didn't call her Eleanor, but I didn't call her Mrs. Roosevelt either." Another mannerism is his frequent flat request that a guest tell how much money he is worth.

Champagne by the case

Sinclair attaches so much importance to money, he assumes the fascination is universal. He began the *CHATELAINE* interviews by producing his income tax forms for the previous three years (1958, \$49,634.33; 1959, \$56,420.66; 1960, \$49,039.30; estimate for 1961, \$54,000. With this, he announced curtly, "I give my wife ninety dollars a week, a new car every year and pay all the bills.")

Most of his earned income is derived from radio — the highest-paid radio newscaster in Canada, he draws one hundred and twenty dollars a day for four five-minute broadcasts. He invests heavily in sound, dividend-bearing stocks and owns shares in both CFRB and the *Toronto Star*. "I take pride," he explained, "out of knowing everything I work with is mine."

His affluence permits him luxuries. His fifty thousand-dollar, ten-room brick home in west Toronto, identified by a name plate **GORDON SINCLAIR** over the door, is handsomely furnished and richly landscaped to the golf course it adjoins. He has a multitude of clothes, which he combines in a crescendo of disharmony, and drives a Mercedes-Benz car. He buys champagne by the case and frequently drinks a bottle by himself during an evening of reading or watching television. He keeps his folding money neat with a solid-gold clip and wears a solid-gold belt buckle ("But no one would know," he observes wryly. "It looks like ordinary brass").

"Rat poison in the water"

He now claims to have two projects, one pro and one con. The pro concerns his heated attempts to urge the government to pick a new Canadian flag. A side issue of this endeavor is his insistence that O Canada be recognized as the national anthem. When Conn Smythe, founder of Maple Leaf Gardens, withdrew Sinclair's Gardens pass, Sinclair charges it was because of his objections to The Queen being played at hockey games.

The con issue is Sinclair's long fight against the fluoridation of water. In January 1958 a Health League of Canada official appeared on *Front Page Challenge* to represent the headline, *Vancouver Approves Fluoridation*. Sinclair was at his snarliest.

"Is it true or false to say that sodium fluoride is a basic ingredient of rat poison?" he snapped angrily.

The dentist agreed it was true but added that sodium fluoride is also found in a multitude of harmless foods, including tea. But his cause had suffered a setback from which it hasn't yet recovered. Sinclair pounded home that citizens should be able to judge for themselves if they want "rat poison in their drinking water."

Last May *Toronto Star* columnist Ron Haggart conducted his own poll to discover how citizens felt about fluoridation. He wrote: "The influ-

ence of Gordon Sinclair, a gravel-voiced radio commentator who talks to housewives just before lunch, is absolutely incalculable. No other reference, not even to a personal dentist, was mentioned more frequently by those questioned in the survey. His 'rat poison' phrase has dug deeply into the public conscience and all the findings of professional societies, medical and dental associations and royal commissions go for nothing in the face of his easy, predigested prejudice."

The Haggart column triggered Sinclair's touchy temper, a relatively easy feat. It flares so readily that CFRB vice-president Waldo Holden estimates that Sinclair quits the station an average of six times a year. He once walked out fifteen minutes before he was due on the air. Holden waits for what he gauges is sufficient cooling-off time, then calls Sinclair. "Are you coming in to do tonight's show?" he enquires casually. "Why, sure," replies Sinclair agreeably.

"He never stays mad for long," comments Jack Dennett, "and Sinclair holds no grudges."

Sinclair's effervescent enthusiasm causes him to regard minor setbacks as major calamities, momentarily, explains his closest friend, Alan Savage, executive of Cockfield, Brown & Co. Ltd. advertising agency. "I've known him since 1940, before he started in radio. He seems to me an uncomplicated man, cheerful and delightful. He's always reasonable to deal with and he has a kind of basic wisdom."

"I'm not close to anyone"

Savage and Sinclair's younger brother George, who also works for a Toronto advertising agency, are the two men Sinclair holds in highest regard. "But I'm not close to anyone, not anyone," he says without emotion. "I don't know why." He says of his wife, "We have nothing in common, never had."

A white-haired restrained woman who rarely appears with her husband, Gladys Sinclair agrees calmly. "It's true, he isn't close to anyone. His sons never confide in him." Mrs. Sinclair prefers to remain at home. Her health is such that she is ill for days after a social gathering. "She just lives for her children and grandchildren," comments Gordon. "That's all she cares about."

Sinclair once quoted his wife as saying he was "lazy, egotistical and

extravagant." She considered this comment coldly. "He's never quoted me right once," she said. "I wouldn't say he's lazy."

The Sinclairs had four children but the only girl, Jean, died nineteen years ago, just before Christmas, when she was eleven years old. She was ill with a venomous pneumonia for only seventeen hours. Her parents were a long time recovering and refused for many years to have a Christmas tree; Jean had helped decorate the tree the day before she died. Gordon stoically rejects all proffered sympathy. "She wasn't any closer to me than any of the others," he remarks. A friend has declared this is more Sinclair eyewash: Sinclair, he claims, still mourns his daughter.

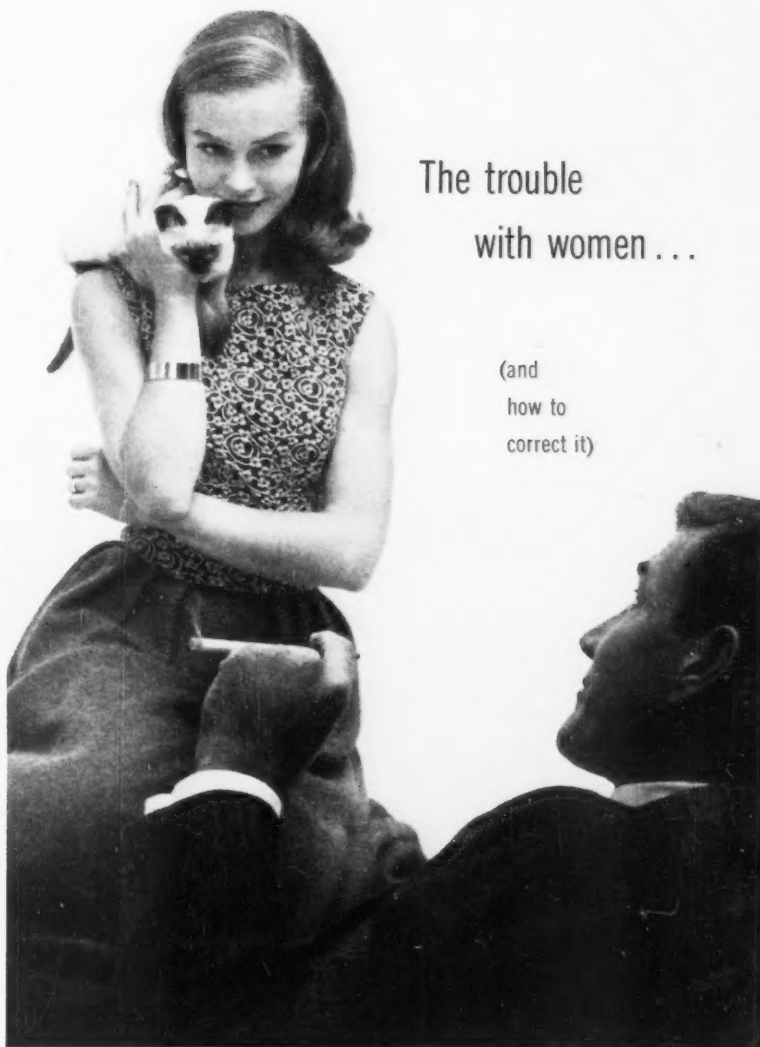
"A 24-carat character"

Of the three sons, Gordon Jr., thirty-three, reproduces his father's swagger most faithfully. Part owner of a suburban Montreal radio station, CFOX, and a leading broadcaster himself, Gordon Jr. once preened on Front Page Challenge. In response to a question about his reaction to following in his father's footsteps, he replied cheekily that he felt his father might follow in *his* footsteps. The other sons, Donald, thirty-two, a chemical engineer, and Jack, twenty-five, a television technical director, are reserved and retiring of nature. All are married and there are four grandchildren.

As he pursues his solitary irascible destiny, Sinclair is beginning to gather garlands he never expected—tributes to his trenchant honesty. Ann Henry, television critic for the Winnipeg Tribune, wrote that he "emerged as a straightforward fellow with the courage of his convictions." Dennis Braithwaite of the Toronto Globe and Mail once commented in a television column that Sinclair is "a prickling but honest man living in a soft age when hardly anyone tells the whole truth any more." Recently Pierre Berton wrote in the Toronto Star, "He is that rare manifestation in Canadian life, a real, certified, absolutely genuine 24-carat character."

Sinclair's stark one-paragraph will stipulates that he is to be buried without a gravestone — "absolute vanity," he calls them. After forty years of shaping himself, the noisy, lonely and game Sinclair has axed out his own epitaph: He's the most uncommon Canadian of his time.

END



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YOUR CHILD HEALTH



Do all babies have digestive upsets?

● High on the list of questions we get from mothers of new babies are those that concern eating and digestion. Here are some of those most frequently asked:

Why does my baby hiccup, and what should I do about it? Most young babies hiccup at least sometimes after they feed. Bubbling them during their feeding and after it may prevent it. You can give them a little drink of boiled water if you want, although this isn't necessary. We are not sure what causes hiccups, but it may be due to the backing up of a little of the milk into the lower part of the esophagus or gullet. It is harmless.

Why does a baby need to be bubbled and what is the best way of doing it? A baby always swallows some air when he is sucking milk, especially if he is very hungry and nursing greedily. The bubble of air may make him feel full before he has taken all he wants. So if he slows down, I'd burp him, and then see if he wants some more. Holding him up over your left shoulder and gently rubbing or patting his back usually works. If it doesn't, try holding him down in your arms briefly and then put him up over your shoulder again. He often brings up a little milk with the air so you will need to cover your

shoulder with a folded diaper. Some babies seem to bring up their bubbles better if you sit them on your lap and rub their backs. If you can't get up a bubble within five minutes, you might as well stop. Some babies swallow far more air than others. A baby also swallows air if he cries hard, so if he has been fed and put down for his nap, and cries sharply despite being drowsy, I'd pick him up and bubble him again.

What's the difference between spitting-up and vomiting? Many young babies often spit up a little of their feeding, especially when you are burping them. Some even do it several times after a feeding. If you put them down on their right sides, it may prevent it. If that doesn't work, try them on their tummies—in fact, this position saves him from the danger of breathing in milk he has brought up.

By vomiting we mean bringing up a larger amount of the feeding, although

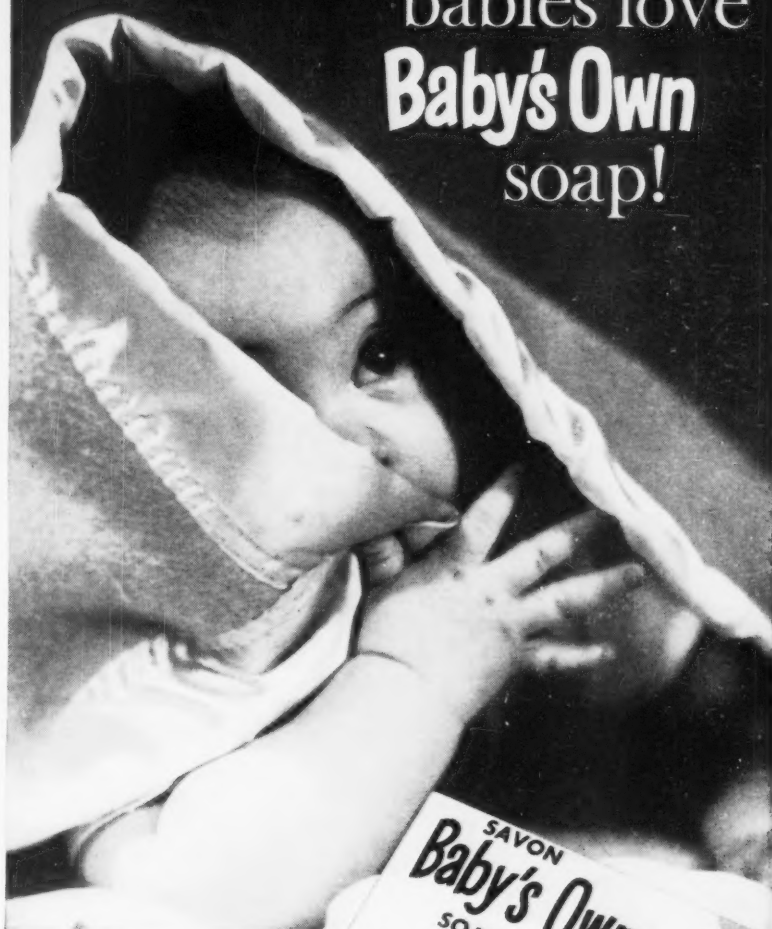
Continued on page 132

By ELIZABETH
CHANT
ROBERTSON, MD

*Canadian specialist
in child-health
research*



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Baby's Own
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C-8-61

Chatelaine • September 1961

Continued from page 131

it generally looks like more than it is. Even a small spit-up is usually curdled as milk is curdled quickly by the stomach's natural acid juices. If your baby looks and seems perfectly normal, vomiting part of one feeding does not need to worry you. However, I wouldn't feed him again for three hours or so, if he is willing to wait that long. His stomach may be a little out of order and this gives it a chance to settle down.

If he looks sick, has any other symptoms or if he vomits more than once, call your doctor. Until you hear from him, I'd stop all baby's food. After an hour or so, give him a little sweetened boiled water instead. To make this, you add three level table-spoons of white sugar to twenty ounces (one pint) of boiling water. After cooling this, you give him one ounce or so. If he keeps this down you can give him as much again after another hour and from then on larger amounts at longer intervals. Your physician will probably have contacted you by then and will tell you how to proceed. If the vomiting has been forceful or violent tell the doctor.

He needn't be regular

Should babies have regular bowel movements? In the first three months, normal breast-fed babies have more bowel movements per day than bottle-fed babies—often four or five. They are mustard-yellow in color, slightly acid in odor and quite soft. They may have some green streaks in them, but that is of no consequence if your baby seems perfectly well otherwise. An older breast-fed baby may have one to three movements a day or he may go three days or longer without passing one. When it does come, it is considerably larger than normal, but he usually is not bothered by this delay and this isn't constipation.

The movements of a bottle-fed baby are yellow or brownish in color, depending on the kind of feeding he is getting. Here again a little green on the stool does not need to worry you if everything else is fine. The number usually varies between one and three per day. When vegetables are added to your baby's meal, the color of his movements may vary from day to day. If your baby is constipated, ask your doctor how he wants you to overcome it. Fruits such as orange juice and especially prune juice or finely strained prunes (two to four teaspoons before or after the 6 a.m. feeding), as well as vegetables when



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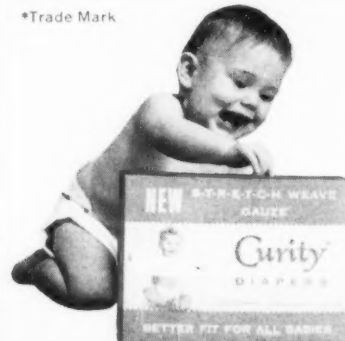


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your doctor prescribes them, all have a mildly laxative effect. Boiled water between feedings, if baby will take it, also is helpful. The regular use of enemas or suppositories is unwise. They should be used only occasionally, preferably when your doctor advises such treatment.

What is diarrhea and what causes it? When baby's movements become loose, watery and more frequent than usual it is called diarrhea. This trouble is more common in bottle-fed babies but it can occur in breast-fed ones. It may be due to an infection in the digestive tract, although these are relatively rare now as the modern mother is careful to make her baby's feedings in the prescribed manner and to keep everything that goes into baby's mouth (including pacifiers if you use them) as clean as possible. An infection such as a bad cold or sore throat often upsets a baby's digestion so much that he develops diarrhea. Occasionally, the diarrhea is due to an unsuitable feeding formula or to an allergy to some food.

Normal babies need a great deal of fluid and fortunately milk is about eighty-seven percent water. When a baby develops diarrhea he loses much more fluid than usual in his movements and of course if he is vomiting as well that makes matters worse. So if your baby develops diarrhea you would be wise to call your physician at once, so that you can nip it in the bud before your baby has a chance to become too dry or dehydrated. Until you hear from your doctor you can give your baby the sugar solution as we suggested in the treatment of vomiting.

What about schedules?

Should I insist my baby finish every feeding? Baby's appetite varies from day to day and even from feeding to feeding and you would be wise to let him decide how much he wants. Most physicians today favor a self-demand schedule, although by one month of age nearly all babies have settled down to a fairly regular schedule. Under this plan, since baby "asks" for his food, he doesn't gulp it as he might if he were too hungry. Neither does he refuse it, or take too little, which could happen if he weren't hungry enough. He is able to eat when he is hungry and does not have to fight his environment. This system takes more understanding on his mother's part, but usually it can be worked out happily for all concerned. END

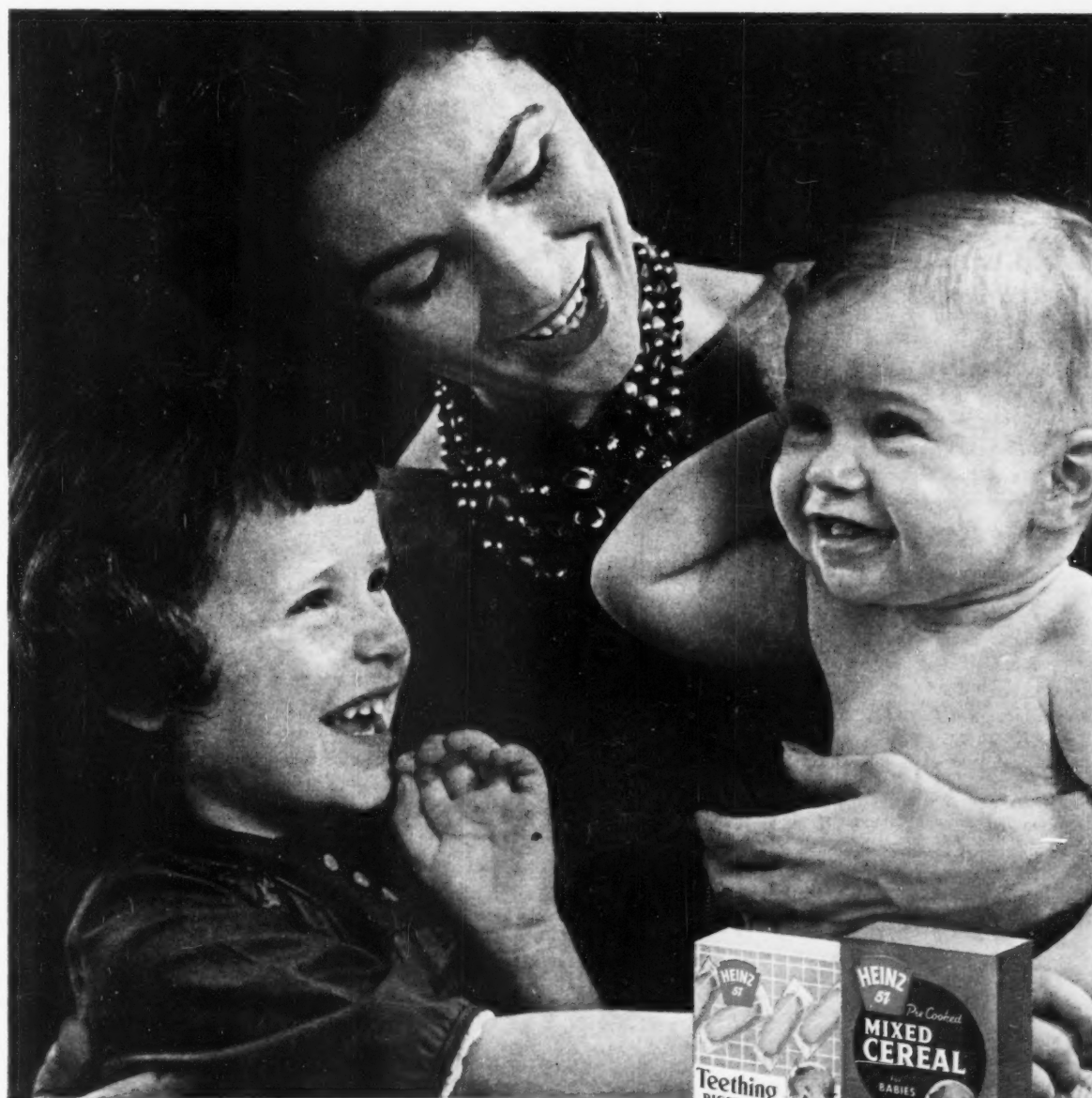
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"WHY DID THEY MARRY?"

Continued from page 50

itself as one of the infinite variations on the theme of the unhealthy motivated marriage, the neurotic marriage so often doomed to conflict because it is contracted by individuals whose unhealthy needs will not only influence, but probably dominate and perhaps destroy, the relationship.

Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, a professor of psychiatry at Yale University who has made a special study of this kind of marriage, says emphatically, "There are marriages so intrinsically sick that they should never have been contracted because they were not 'made in heaven,' but in the unhealthy components of the marital partners."

The marriage of John and Jane was laden with these "unhealthy components." Because of a poor background and despite her good looks and ability, Jane had developed into a young woman secretly plagued by insecurity and self-doubting. Rejected and over-criticized by a mother who openly favored Jane's younger sister, Jane could not identify with the female role and was therefore unsure of herself as a woman. She had to find a mate, she reasoned, who could be easily recognized as her inferior and with whom she would never have to compete.

Low man on the totem pole in a firm where Jane was advertising manager, John fitted the bill. In his unhealthy background was an alcoholic promiscuous father, who frequently assaulted John's mother. John developed into a passive, frightened, long-suffering male, so uncertain of his manliness that he had to prove it to the whole world by marrying a superior-appearing woman.

Most of us have encountered marriages somewhat like this one, marriages which, to the untrained observer, just don't make sense. We've seen the Don Juan with his too-sweet, too-long-suffering stay-at-home wife; the Jiggs and his domineering overbearing Maggie; the "punishing" marriage between two people of widely divergent classes, such as the professor who marries his waitress.

Why did they marry? It is only recently that scientific inquiry has given us some answers. It has been found that in every marriage, good or bad, there are motives and needs unknown to the partners. Dr. Norman

Reider, Senior Psychiatrist on the Attending Staff of Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco, summarizes what lies behind our choice of mate:

"Multiple and complex motivations, conscious and unconscious," he says, "exist in every marriage: the quest for security, for a repetition of a previous home life, for convenience, for a change in social status, for sexual activity in a socially approved setting, for children, for proofs of paternity and maternity, for satisfactions and needs of various kinds . . ."

"No place else to go"

Needless to say, there are thousands of couples who are genuinely happy and well-adjusted, who have healthy needs, meet each other's needs adequately, and make the transition from that strangely ambivalent and obsessional state we call "being in love," to a truly deep and lasting love expressed in an accepting, supporting, understanding and mature way. But

we would be unrealistic if we failed to concede that there are other unions that, although they never arrive at the counseling clinic, still they remain static, unfruitful and self-limiting affairs in which the couples are, to varying degrees, aware that they are unhappy but don't know why.

A pioneer in the field of family therapy and Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at Columbia University, Dr. Nathan Ackerman, warns, "We must recognize the fact that, for every marriage that eventuates in divorce, there are many others in which the partners stay together but are emotionally alienated from one another. They stay joined, not out of reasons of love, but out of economic need, duty to children, personal dependence, fear of loneliness or simply because there is no place else to go."

Dr. Kubie of Yale outlines the most commonly encountered components of unhealthy marriages: the woman who marries a man to dominate and boss him, though the wish may be un-

known to the woman; the men and women who marry not true mates but mother- or father-substitutes (almost always to discover that a substitute is never anything more than just that); the "lonely ones" who marry to be "all" to each other (and in the process become helplessly dependent on one another to the extent that if one dies or goes away, the other collapses); the marriage made to wipe out an old score or an old pain (as with the rejected child who marries someone he knows his parents won't approve of); the marriage based on the unconscious need to prove something about oneself (as with men who have to prove their masculinity by overcoming the forbidding aloofness of hostile or frigid women); the "loveless" marriage contracted to escape poverty or class and to achieve status (in which the couples usually end up needing love more than money, society or status); and finally, the destructively competitive marriage.

Dr. Aaron Rutledge, head of the counseling service of the Merrill Palmer Institute of Human Development and Family Life in Detroit, suggests: "Fighting keeps some personalities and some marriages going. There are, indeed, unhealthy couples who, if they couldn't fight, wouldn't live together."

Rutledge points out also that our society, by its competitive nature, presents another built-in threat to any modern marriage. "In home and school and church," he points out, "boys and girls learn to compete. Yet marriage is a relationship which demands co-operation and compromise between the sexes."

Cruel competition

Robert and Rita were two competitors. Before marriage they were proclaimed as "ideally suited." They were both out-going sociable people, given to parties, sporting events and sports cars. They liked gourmet dinners, the same friends and musical comedies. They even shared the same work in the advertising field.

But they had not been married for long before Robert realized that somehow things had gone awry. With a vague uneasiness he observed Rita was not bolstering and supporting, but criticizing, kidding about his slipping at work, his golf score, his lack of scintillating conversation at parties. Senseless quarrels occurred; love-making underwent a change for the worse

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and finally, one night, after a particularly foolish fight in which Rita accused Robert of not wanting her to be successful in her work, Robert took a room at the club.

Jolted into awareness, Rita went to a marriage counselor and painfully came to see that, at every level of their lives together, she had been cruelly competing with — and sometimes beating — her husband just as she had had to fiercely compete with four older brothers in a family where boys were preferred types. Through a long and hard struggle she had to learn to co-operate in her marriage. This became easier when she had children, quit her job, and was no longer in open competition with her husband at work.

Marriages in which alcoholism is a problem have shown that, among the husbands of alcoholic women, there are certain personality types: the long-suffering martyr who "mothers" and spoils his "child-wife"; the husband who frequently leaves but always comes running back for more punishment; the unforgiving and self-righteous husband; the punishing sadistic variety. Then, of course, there is the "normal" man who wakes up to find himself married to an alcoholic wife.

Personality studies of the wives of alcoholics have shown that, though the wife is not responsible for the alcoholism of the husband, she well may be one of the reasons for his continued drinking. These women often have a neurotic need for the punishment meted out to them by alcoholism in the home. One research worker has noted "the uncanny ability of the alcoholic to seek in marriage an equally immature and needful person."

Without help, and often even with it, the alcoholic marriage is doomed to anguish. On the other hand, one positive aspect of this whole searching exploration of unhealthy marriages is that while, generally speaking, unhealthy personality seeks out unhealthy personality, this does not always mean total misery or destruction of self.

The marriage of Carl and Helen clearly is a case of an unhealthy union that never broke down. Carl was a handsome personable, young high-school teacher who had arrived at the age of twenty-nine having left a string of broken hearts behind him. He had come to the point of marriage with a round dozen of attractive girls but, for some perplexing reason, never seemed able to make the final deci-

sion, until he met Helen, an operating-room nurse and ten years his senior.

Such marriages usually come to trouble when the children arrive and the boy-husband has to compete with children for the attention and love of his wife-mother. But Carl and Helen fortunately had no children, and Helen

was able to devote her whole life to Carl, holding his hand and mothering him when things did not go as he wished them to. The marriage slipped along unruffled but without the rewards and enrichments of struggle and growth.

Dr. Nathan Ackerman, of Colum-

bia University, sees the ideal marriage as one in which "each partner would be as much concerned for the welfare and development of the partner as for the self."

The controversial author and champion of women's rights, Simone de Beauvoir, in her book on woman, *The*



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Second Sex, gives us the French intellectual's definition of the good marriage: "Marriage should be a combining of two whole independent existences, not a retreat, an annexation, a flight or a remedy. The couple should not be regarded as a unit, a closed cell; rather, each individual should be integrated as such in society at large where each, whether male or female, could flourish without aid."

After thirty years in couch-counseling in New York City, Dr. Harry Tashman concludes that immaturity is the great marriage-killer in our society. And marriage counselors can readily agree that almost all of us take into our marriages pathetically childish patterns of behavior, immature attitudes and reactions, such as overdependency, possessiveness, jealousy, temper tantrums, selfishness, irresponsibility, competitiveness, rigidity and bossiness.

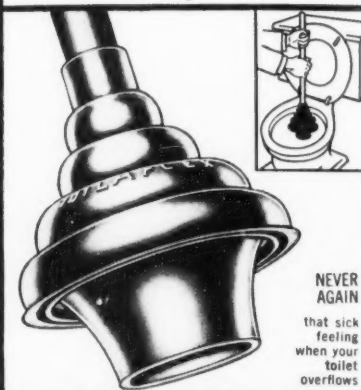
Although divorce need never be the only solution to discord in a marriage, there is no disagreement among the large majority of marriage counselors that, in some cases, parting of the ways is the only hope of saving two people from tearing each other and their children to tiny pieces, of preventing one from driving the other into mental illness, of avoiding complete loss of self.

Children tied to bedposts

There can be no doubt either that sometimes children can be healthier and happier out of an unhealthy marriage than within. Jeanette Regensburg, who is responsible for all case-work of the Community Service Society of New York, records a case of a family of four children who became normal thriving youngsters when the mother separated from the father, an unpredictable violent-tempered man who punished his wife by withholding money from her, and who not only beat his children but sometimes tied them to bedposts.

But most unhappy marriages can be salvaged, helped by insight into the reasons for the conflict, the motives that lie behind the cruel unloving acts and reactions. Yale's Dr. Lawrence Kubie says that "a recognition of the unconscious as well as the conscious goals makes it possible for the married couple to help each other work out a harmonious compromise between their divergent purposes. Many a marriage has not only been saved," he adds, "but become deeply significant

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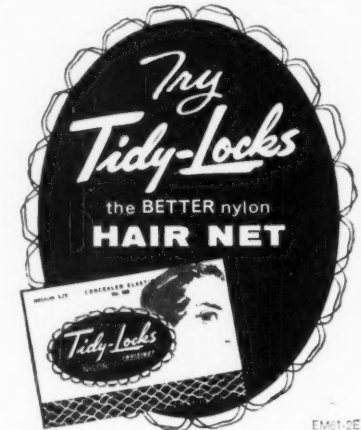
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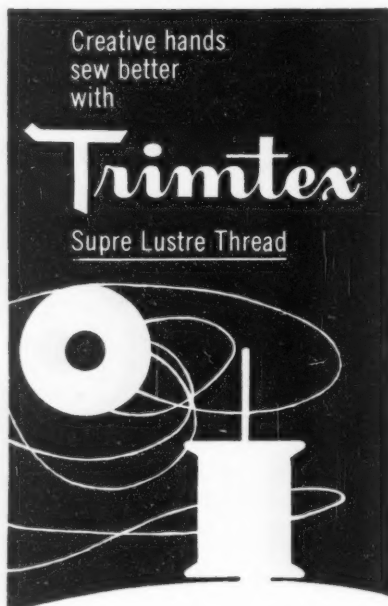
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and constructive through insight of this kind."

The far-reaching tragedy of the unhealthy marriage is that the children grow up unhealthy and neurotic and compelled to make their own marriages on the basis of their own unhealthy needs. It is a vicious circle: an unhealthy marriage, unhealthy children, making more unhealthy marriages.

The same kind of cycle operates in the marriage that evolves to more harmonious and loving and co-operative living in the mature sense of the word. The children, given healthy motivations, go out to seek healthy mates.

In addition to our divorce rate, a serious pressure upon us to improve our understanding of marriage is the growing realization that marital unhappiness can, and does, make us ill. Speaking to the College of General Practice of Canada, Dr. David Lander, of Black Diamond, Alta., strongly urged other family doctors to look for something besides a germ as the cause of an illness.

"A nagging wife, infidelity, a broken home, incompatibility — these," he warned, "are the hidden factors in headaches, heartaches and backaches."

Because our health, happiness, productivity and value to society all hinge upon our choice of mate, research psychologists are busy devising methods of personality appraisal, of finding ways of measuring the psychological factors in marriage, and constructing prediction tests for prospective partners. But at present, for most people such aids are still in the laboratory and we have no sure guide to a good choice of mate except the axiom that "being in love" is no sure guide at all. Self-knowledge is the prerequisite for the happily married state. We must know ourselves before we can know wherein happiness or fulfilment lies.

Dr. Molly Harrower, former lecturer in the Department of Neurology and Psychiatry at the University of Texas — Medical Branch, states emphatically that "to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Awareness of personality, of one's blind spots, of the things that are apt to send one into a tail spin — all these help in the choice of marital partner. A clearer understanding of what an individual wants out of life, particularly out of his or her married life, is also an important ingredient in choosing a partner."

Teach marriage in school?

Dr. Tashman echoes this opinion in his book, *The Marriage Bed*, but he adds that "the brave new future for marriage is not only knowledge of ourselves and our prospective mates, but also of their family background and of our own."

He proposes more concentrated education for marriage in our schools. "We should give high-school courses in adolescent psychology to teenagers," he says, "so that they will understand what they were as children and what they will be as adults. In college there should be four years of training for the understanding needed in marriage."

Conceding the fact that modern marriage is as complex as the modern society in which it takes place, perhaps it is time to avail ourselves of some of the new knowledge about, and deeper insights into, the marital state.

Perhaps it is time to give our children some real guidance and honest evaluation, some valid facts and earnest education for one of the most important—if not the *most* important—steps in the life of the human being.

We can only do this if we ourselves have a clearer conception of what lies behind the choice of mate.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—Dennis Colwell (cover, 87-98), Ray Webber (1), Kenneth Jobe (3), Jack V. Long (3), N. C. Hutchinson (8), Alex Dellow (21, 64), Beverley Rockett (25), Courier German Weekly (29), John Sebert (32-35), Provincial Archives Victoria, B.C. (38-39, 80), Robert C. Ragsdale (42, 43), Peter Croydon (46, 47, 70), Paul Rockett (48, 49), Joan Chalmers (76), Clive Webster (116), Miller Services (131). ARTWORK—John Thorne (10, 12, 25, 50, 137), Robert Turnbull (25, 100), Don Anderson (36, 37), Will Davies (40, 41), Phil Clark (44, 45). Cover: Dress by Mam'selle; jewelry from Simpson's.

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The last
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yours—

This month, we present some conflicting views about our June article on the Voice of Women movement . . . in addition we keep up with the devious ways of the bachelor hunters, hear fair words about our first lady, and consider the perversities of weight watching.

Freedom of the press

The distortion of facts in your article entitled *How Effective Is The Voice of Women* [June 1961] makes a rather amazing record. Of the six references to me personally five are completely inaccurate. This happened in spite of the fact that I first refused to give your writer an interview, and later gave it only on the condition that she would check facts about me before submitting the article for publication. This she promised and did not do. This percentage of mistakes is a fairly high one. It makes one pause to wonder what the reader is to believe these days. There are many additional statements in this article that are incorrect. Of all the errors I shall list only eight and would appreciate these corrections in the next issue of your magazine.

1. "That I am a wealthy widow." (False.) My husband is very much alive.
2. "That I offered financial backing for the Voice of Women." (False.)
3. "That when I disclaimed any part in Voice of Women, that it left them without a financial backer." (Never having promised financial backing, this statement is also false.)
4. "That I weigh the trip's success coolly." (Referring to the visit of Mrs. Fred Davis and myself to Ottawa.) To participate in and witness the fact of democracy at work will always be to me a cherished memory and a great challenge. I never was, nor could possibly be, cool about the reception given us by our leaders of government and so stated to the original initiating committee of VOW and to your writer.
5. "A contingent of VOW tourists is visiting Africa this year with Mrs. Tucker as guide." The travel folder used in promoting this tour clearly states, "Travel Mission to Africa sponsored by the Committee for UNESCO." Therefore it is not a VOW project.
6. "An organizational meeting was held June 13 in the Eaton Audi-

torium Green Room." (False.) It was a meeting called to present an idea and ideas, to give information and to invite discussion.

7. "All but one of the other members of the initiating committee that accepted Jo Davis' resignation are once again back in the movement." (False.) Before the organizational meeting on July 28, three of the five original members of the initiating committee had withdrawn their support.
8. "That I paid the office rent for the Administrative Staff of World Refugee Year in Canada." (False.) This was taken care of by the Canadian Association for Adult Education and the World Refugee Year Committee.

In fairness to your reporting I would like to state that one fact about me was correct, namely — "Dorothy Henderson firmly states she feels VOW as it stands is superficial and disclaims any part in it."

I'm sure CHATELAINE readers welcome your interpretation of facts. I'm not so sure they appreciate distortions of truth.

Dorothy M. Henderson, King, Ont.

As Mrs. Henderson requested, we have published her letter in full. We regret and apologize for our error on point 1; we accept Mrs. Henderson's correction on point 8. Other points, we feel deserve comment:

2 and 3—Mrs. Henderson did make a verbal offer to Mrs. Fred Davis to pay for an office and secretary.

4—Writer Carol Chapman did not say Mrs. Henderson viewed the reception by government leaders coolly, but that she weighed the success (the general outcome) of the trip coolly. This was our reporter's own honest impression of Mrs. Henderson's reaction, after interviewing her.

5—The writer did not call this "a VOW project." Some VOW members are making the tour.

6—"Organizational," we believe, fairly describes this meeting.

7—Helen Tucker, president of VOW,

says that of the five, three are still in the movement. Two—Mrs. Henderson and Miss Bess Touzel—are not. A sixth had previously withdrawn, but for no reason of conflict with VOW. —The Editors.

The board of directors of Voice of Women on behalf of our members across Canada wish to express thanks and appreciation for the article, *How Effective Is Voice of Women?*

It is true that the article contained some inaccuracies concerning certain rather technical points of organization, and some of the personalities involved. However, we believe that the article was above all successful in getting the idea of VOW across. As one of our B.C. members has said, it is an idea "through which women are able to grow in understanding, ability to express themselves, ability to assess values and general confidence in their own potential role as citizens of the world."

To those of us in VOW this idea has always been of paramount importance, and we would not wish to obscure the great service that CHATELAINE has rendered our organization, by entering into further discussion over some of the finer points.

Josephine Davis,
National Chairman,
Public Relations, VOW.

Where
to hunt
bachelors



Last night I found myself without reading material for men, so I read *July CHATELAINE*. Your magazine is interesting even to men. Where to Meet Canadian Bachelors [by Betty Milroy, July] was especially interesting. Being a bachelor myself I wanted to know where the ladies find us.

Steve Pivniuk, Vancouver.

Apropos of your article, the bachelor-hunting season is wide open for the

Send letters to The Editor, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

under-thirties. For the over-forties, the game is scarce in all regions. Since February the Commonwealth Marriage Bureau has had a Toronto listing. The City-Wide Answering Service receives requests for information and forwards them to me.

Mrs. D. L. Brown,
Commonwealth Marriage Bureau,
Vancouver.

It's a
Jack
Spratt
world



I don't think I ever read anything so inane as Ethel Gillingham's dissertation on *Who Says Anyone Can Lose Weight?* [June]. She admits she "knows the rules by heart" and she also admits to "nibbling." So who is she kidding?

Dieting is not easy, but it can be done. On August 1, 1960, I weighed 150 pounds. One May 1, 1961, I weighed 118 pounds. This was accomplished on a 1,000-calories diet on the guidance of a well-known clinic. I am 5 feet 1 inch tall.

Mrs. A. A. Reid, Sault Ste. Marie.

I find it very unfair, as does Ethel G., that some women can eat like horses all the most delectable things and never put on a single ounce. Whereas if I look at anything at all tempting, it seems my weight rises by leaps and bounds.

Mrs. N. V. Paton,
Southsea, Hants, England.

Cheers for the PM's lady

Cheers for CHATELAINE. Thanks for your lovely article about Mrs. Diefenbaker [by Christina McCall Newman, June]. It's about time we Canadians had some reading matter on our "first lady."

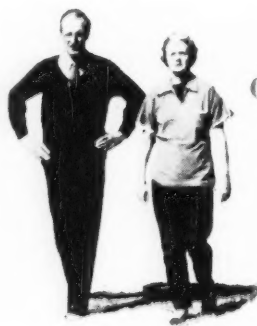
Mrs. M. Edward Bailey, Kitchener.

In our world of selfish materialism, how inspiring to read an article which expresses beauty of the soul.

Mrs. M. A. Finlay, Hamilton.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

Chatelaine visits
DAPHNE
du MAURIER



• Canadian women belong in politics —

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

• Cookbook bonus: 100 recipes to prepare in minutes

• Are we burying our old folks alive?

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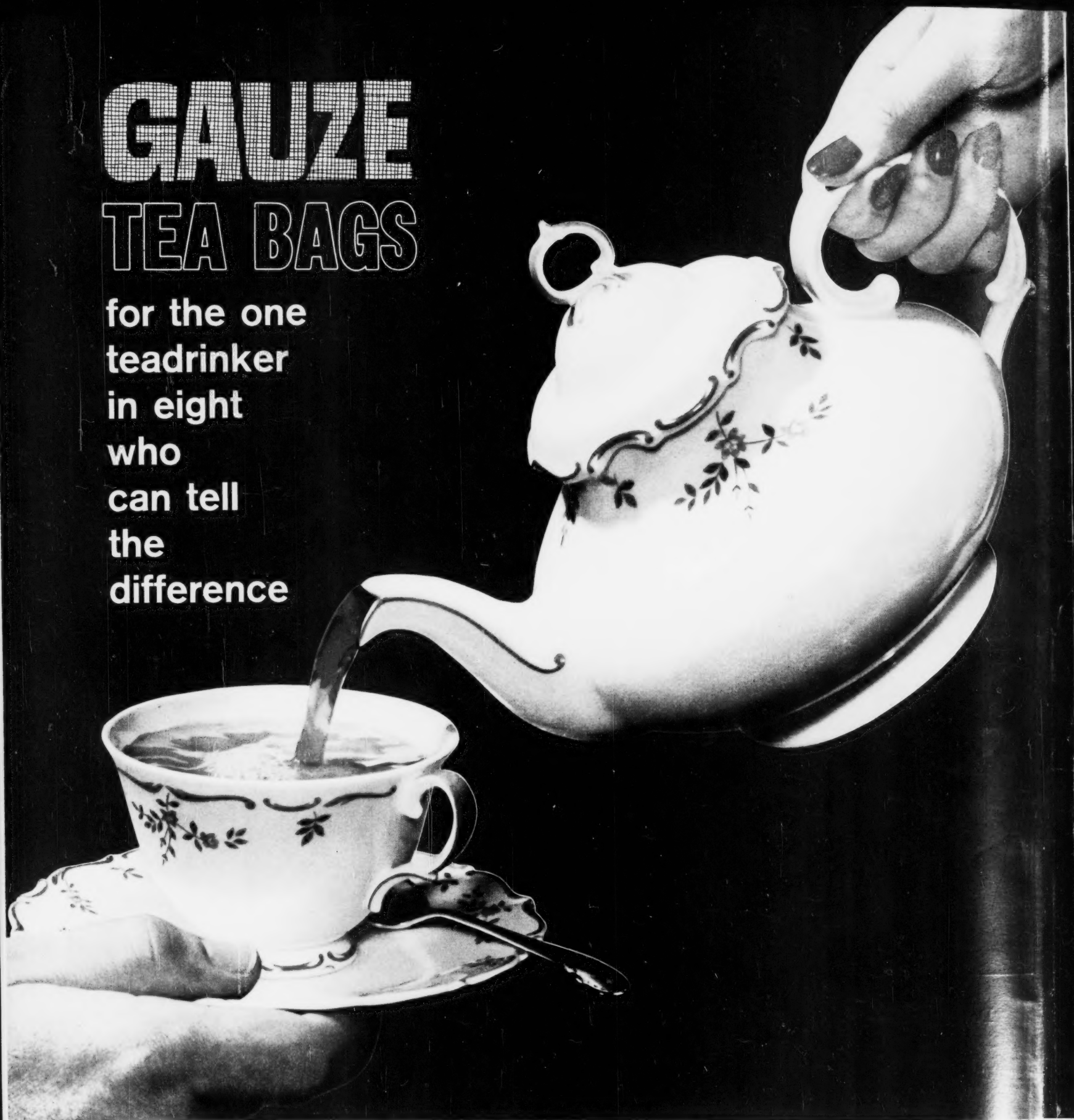
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You can feel the lovely difference
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